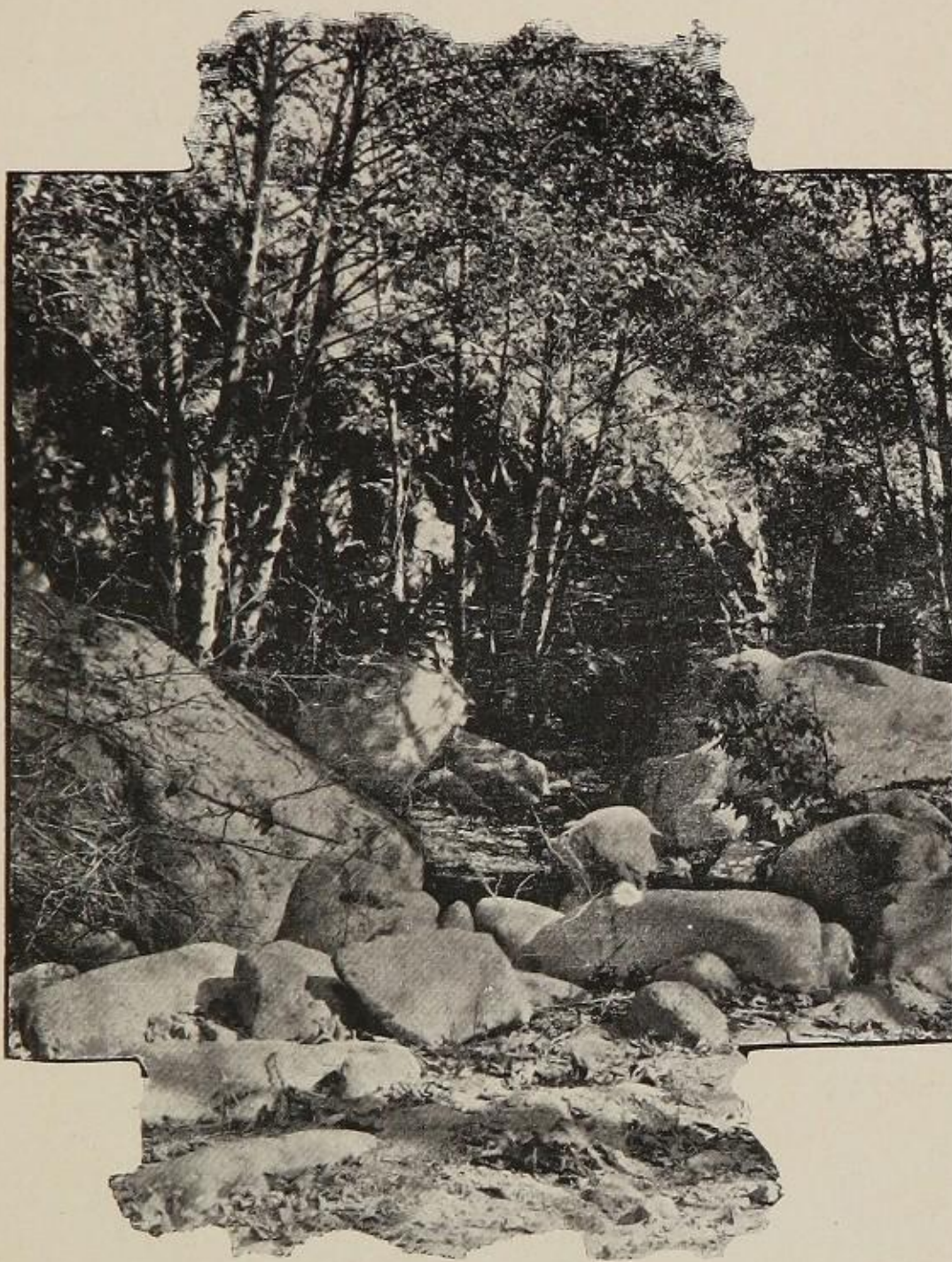


8783

1900



COURTESY LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RY.

..... WHO DID IT

Typography and Presswork
GEO. RICE & SONS

Photographs
MARCEAU
SCHUMACHER
LIPPINCOTT

Engravings
AMERICAN ENGRAVING CO.

Binding
KAESTNER & BROWN



To Be ::: or Not To Be

THAT is the question propounded by each individual at some stage of his existence. But it is a question born of ignorance—wisdom never propounds it. But the mission of this school is not to deal with metaphysical problems. Its work is to prepare young people for the stern realities of life. Bread and butter is the first concern of each human being. To earn one's bread and butter one must know something. The more he knows the better, **provided he knows how to use what he knows.** The ultimate end of all knowledge is utility. They become practical. Our commercial course develops thinkers as well as workers. Intelligence coupled with ability to work is what moves mountains. Our shorthand department is very strong—the best on the coast without a question. Visitors always welcome. All inquiries carefully answered.

Vacation? We have none, but during the public school vacation we make a specialty of short, crisp courses in **Bookkeeping, Shorthand and English.** Full particulars by letter, personally or by telephone.

Los Angeles
Business College

212 W. Third Street.

**TELEPHONE
BLACK . . . 2651**

H. A. GETZ

Fine Tailoring

229 W. Third St.

BLUE AND WHITE

THE MAN who fails to dress well is usually underrated and generally regarded as a shiftless fellow, and because of his disregard for personal appearance is often the object of rigid examination to prove that he is not as bad as he appears to be, before he can command due respect or confidence.

An artistic cutter will bring out the good points, and, as far as possible, conceal the bad ones of the figure he has to fit.

To dress you as you should be dressed, your tailor should be a man with a keen comprehension of the sartorial needs of a gentleman; he should know best just what is correct for this occasion or that, as well as what patterns and colors of cloth will or will not become this figure or that.

Leave your order with

H. A. GETZ

Fine Tailoring

229 W. Third St.



*Educational Pictures
suitable for School Rooms*



H. C. Lichtenberger

(Class of '86)

Artistic Picture Frames

Art Materials

*Sole Agent for
Soule's Unmounted Photos*



*Wilcox
Building*

202-204 S. Spring St.

The Southwest Official Guide has a Hotel Directory

**Los Angeles
Terminal
Railway**



The ISLAND ROUTE

The Direct Line from
Los Angeles and Pasadena to

CATALINA ISLAND
LONG BEACH
TERMINAL ISLAND
GORDON ARMS
ALAMITOS BEACH
SAN PEDRO

** Only Resorts for Surf and Still-Water
Bathing, Yachting, Boating and Fishing *
Elegant Hotels, Marine and Mountain
Views * * * * **

F. K. RULE, Gen. Mgr.

T. C. PECK, Gen'l Pass. Agent

WESTERN GRAPHIC

An Illustrated Family Weekly of the Southwest

25 Cents the Month

Collected by Prepaid Mail Remittance Card.
You are welcome to a sample copy for the
asking:: GEO. RICE & SONS (INC.), LOS ANGELES

Ask the

BLUE and WHITE

✿ BOYS ✿

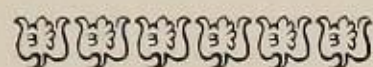
*If You Have Printing to do
and are Looking for....*

QUALITY

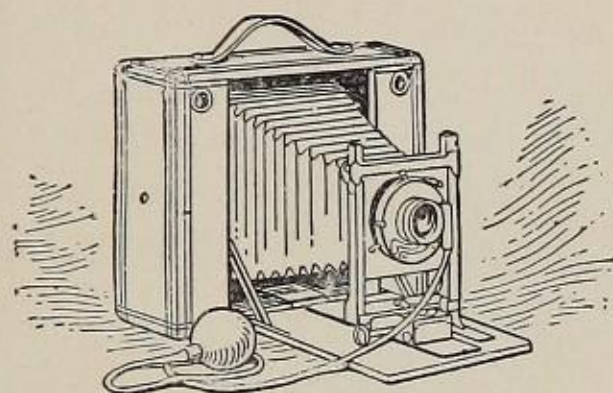
and SPEED ✿

*GEO. RICE & SONS, Inc.,
LOS ANGELES*

Kodaks, Cameras Photo Supplies...



FURNISHINGS FOR
AMATEURS



BEST & CO.
536 South Broadway



Security Savings Bank

N. E. Cor. Main and Second Streets



Capital Paid Up	- - \$	100,000.00
Surplus and Reserve		50,000.00
Deposits	- - -	1,525,000.00



J. F. SARTORI	- -	President
MAURICE S. HELLMAN	- -	Vice-Pres.
W. D. LONGYEAR	- -	Cashier

DIRECTORS:—H. W. Hellman, J. F. Sartori, H. J. Fleishman, C. A. Shaw, F. O. Johnson, J. H. Shankland, J. A. Graves, M. L. Fleming, W. L. Graves, M. S. Hellman, W. D. Longyear.



“Hotel del Coronado” Agency, 200 Spring street, is the place for you to learn all about the hotel or the New Tent City at Coronado Beach. Call, and H. F. Norcross, the agent, will give you a book descriptive of the big Hotel and Camp Coronado, with rates, etc., etc.

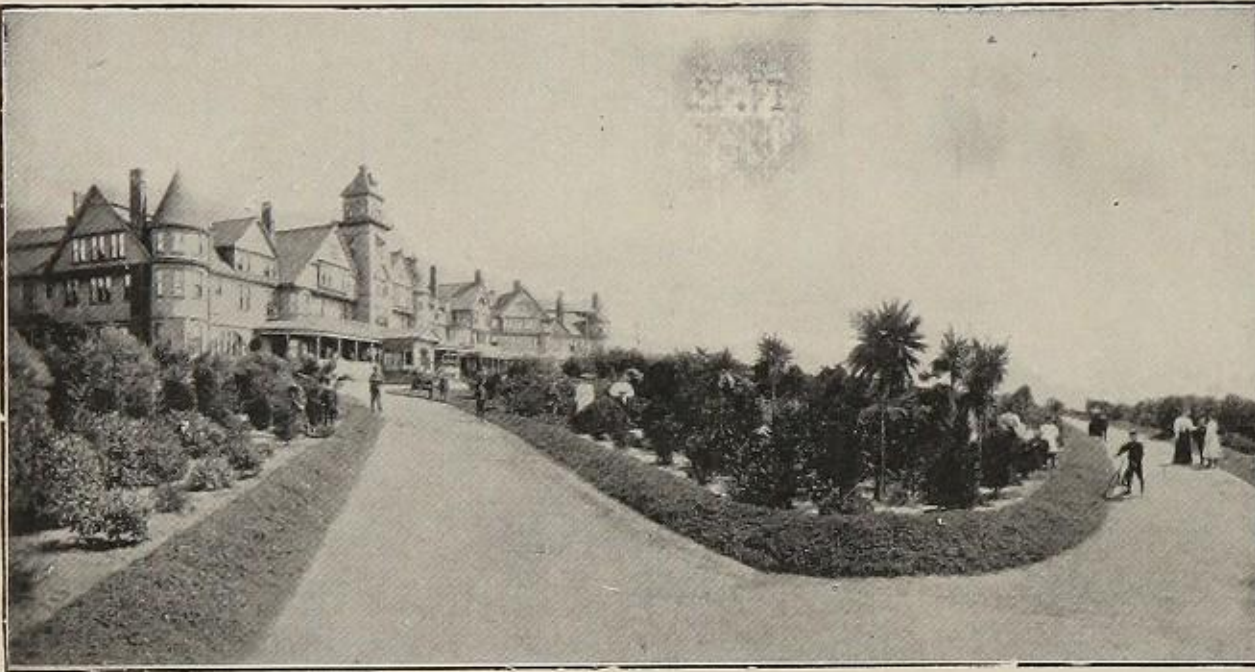
Bryant Mathews (in Senior B English)—Why, it was not Hastings’ fault that he fell in love; he couldn’t help it. Experience!

Since the Middle A picnic, Cupid and Psyche are very prominent in our halls.

Where am I going for my vacation? Why there is only one place I’d think of going this year, and that is the “TENT CITY” at Coronado Beach. New and clean, and cheap, and everything the best.

REDONDO BEACH

Eighteen Miles from Los Angeles



Two
Lines
of
Railroad

....

Go one
way and
Return
Another

....

Tickets
Inter-
changeable

SEE joint Time Card of Los Angeles and Redondo Railway and Santa Fe. **Hotel Redondo** is second to none on the Pacific coast. For bathing, boating, fishing and all outdoor sports or pastimes, **Redondo Beach** is admittedly in the lead.

**Call at 246 South Spring Street
Los Angeles** Or Write for
Descriptive Circulars

Summer Time Card

Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.

In effect June 3, 1900. Depot corner Grand avenue and Jefferson streets.

EVERY DAY

Trains leave Los Ang's	Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles
------------------------	---

8.10 a. m.	7.00 a. m.
11.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	1.30 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	5.00 p. m.
12.00 p. m.	*11.00 a. m.

*Every day but Sunday

Santa Fe schedule opposite.
Tickets interchangeable.
City ticket office 246 South
Spring street. Telephone M.
1031. Freight and passenger
depot, Grand ave. and Jeff-
erson streets. 'Phone West 1.
L. J. PERRY, Supt.

Daily Time Card

Santa Fe Route

Leaves Los Angeles	Leaves Redondo
8.30 a. m.	7.50 a. m.
9.55 a. m.	11.00 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	3.45 p. m.
5.35 p. m.	6.35 p. m.
*9.00 p. m.	*8.00 a. m.

*Sunday only.

Tickets interchangeable with
Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.

**Redondo Floral Company
have Fifteen Acres of
Carnations at Redondo**

Improve your vacation by studying the

Banjo, Mandolin or Guitar

with C. S. De Lano
356 South Broadway

If
You
are
Thinking

OF having your class photograph made you will do well to compare our work in this book, as well as pictures of previous classes with those of other studios. Our aim has been to please each and everyone, to furnish the best that can be made, and this we will leave to you to decide how well we have succeeded. Our studio has the reputation of doing the highest grade work known to the art, and has received one of the highest awards at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, and first prize, gold medal, above all other competitors at the Midwinter Fair 1894.

Work made for the classes has always been the finest we could turn out and especial care is taken to have this do us credit as well as please our patrons.



107
North
Spring
Los Angeles

Schumacher
PHOTO.

Where does Maude Bigelow get all of her pretty flowers?

Boynton (reciting in English)—Morpheus was the God of Music, and——

There, Mr. Boynton doesn't know everything!!!

Hugh Shinn has started a new fad among the boys by parting his hair on the side. It is very becoming, Hugh.

The new "Tent City" at Coronado Beach is the popular resort this season. Everything is new and the rates are lower than ever, only \$4 round trip to Coronado. Plenty of restaurants and stores.

We want some of the Senior B girls to understand that Senior A girls never flirt. We do not think it becoming the dignity of a Senior.

THE HALF-TONES IN THIS BOOK ARE MADE
FROM FOTOGRAFS BY

Marceau

THE ONLY

☺☺☺ **Fotografer**

who positively guarantees and gives every
patron perfect satisfaction

Los Angeles Theatre
Building ☺☺☺



FRONTISPIECE

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

Young Men's Furnishings



Coulter's is the store of stores in this city where a young man is sure to find whatever he may fancy in the way of furnishings. The latest colors, the newest styles and the most up-to-date ideas are always to be found at our furnishing department. Shirts, both stiff and soft bosoms, pretty washable neckwear, fancy hose and summer underwear in all styles and makes.

317-325 South Broadway

Between Third and Fourth, Los Angeles, Cal.

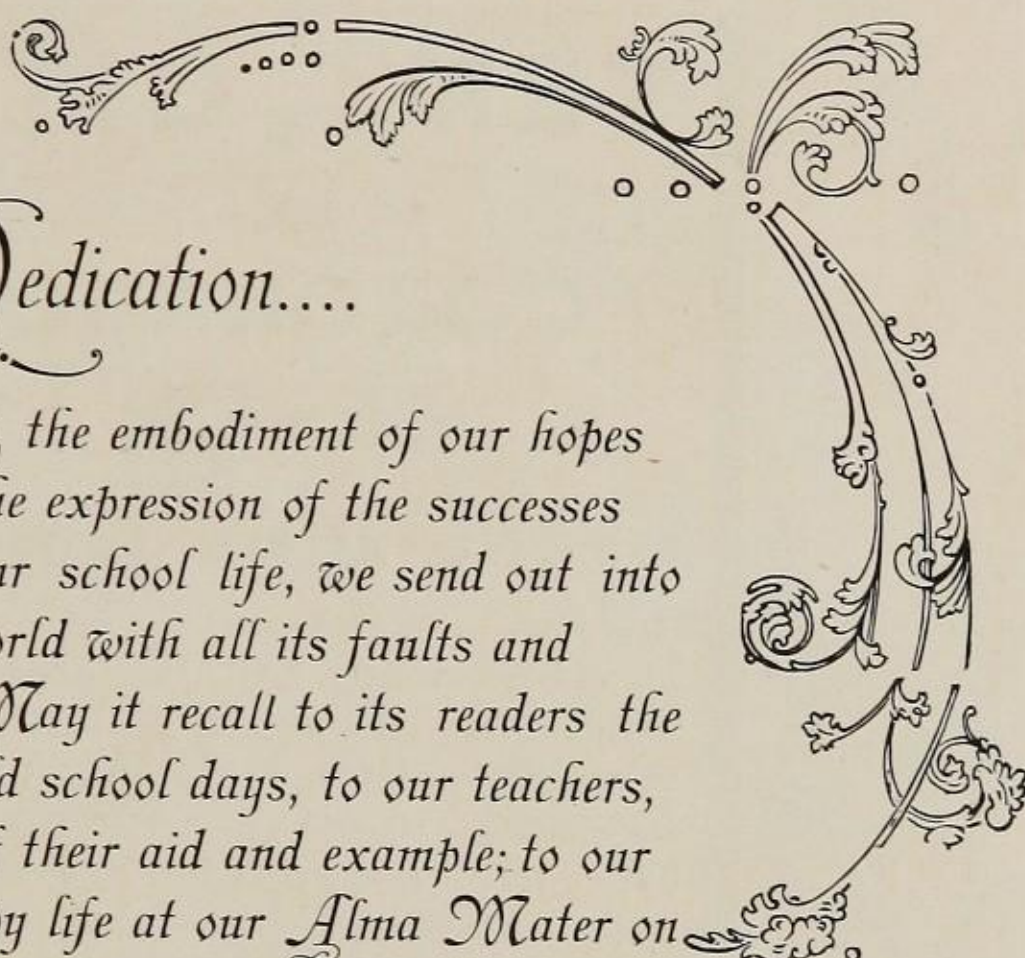
If you are building a home

You will need GAS or ELECTRIC FIXTURES. We are manufacturers of everything in this line, also grills and all kinds of ornamental brass and iron work. We guarantee to please you both in price and design.

Los Angeles Gas & Electric Fixture Manufacturing Co.

Salesroom, 343-345 S. Spring St.

Factory, 139-141 S. Los Angeles St.

A large, ornate decorative flourish on the right side of the page, featuring a central vertical stem with various scrolls, leaves, and small circles branching out from it.

Dedication....

This little book, the embodiment of our hopes and fears; the expression of the successes and failures of our school life, we send out into the wide, wide world with all its faults and imperfections. May it recall to its readers the memory of dear old school days, to our teachers, our appreciation of their aid and example; to our Alumni, the happy life at our Alma Mater on the hill; to our own class, our memorable struggles, onward and upward, the merry times in our senior year, the common ties which keep us united, and the memories and associations of 16; to succeeding classes a pleasant recollection of

Summer Noughty-Nought.

TENT CITY

AT

CORONADO BEACH

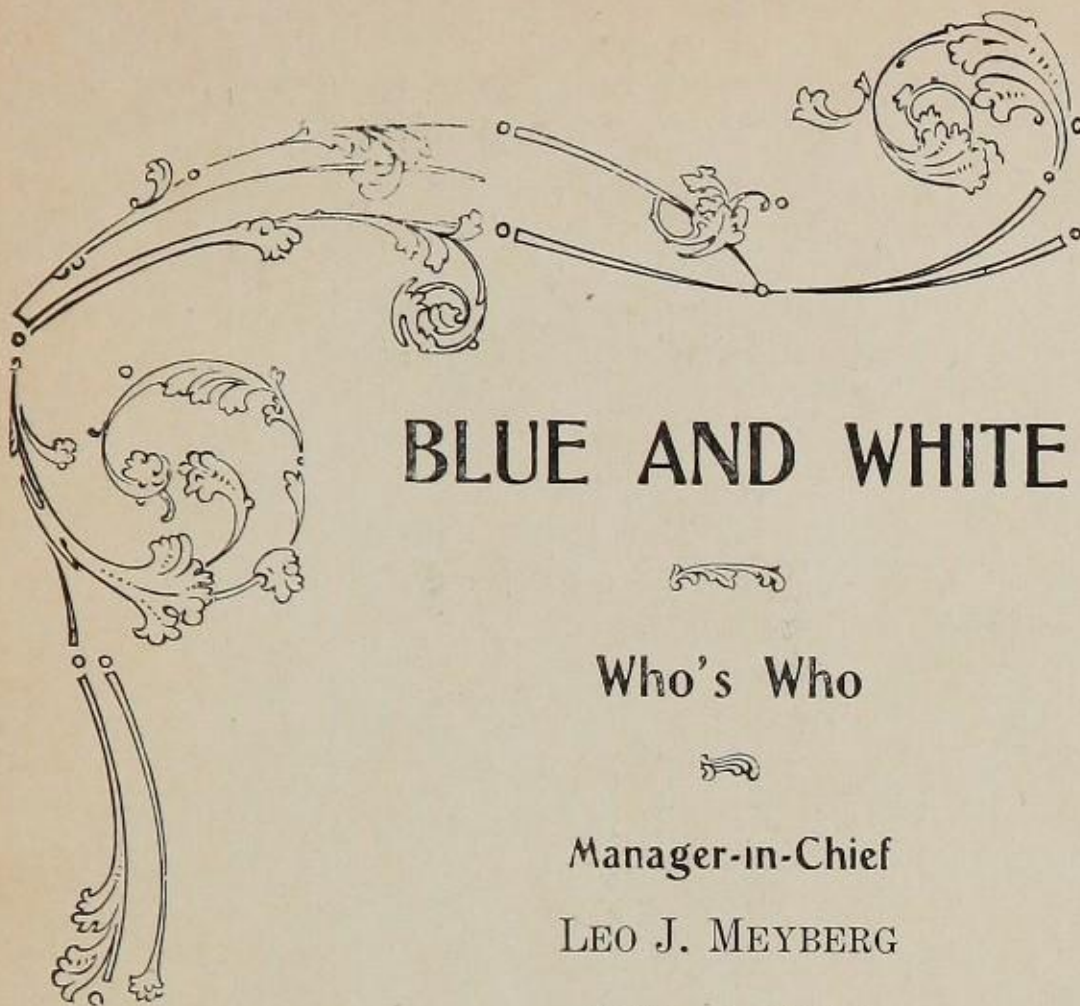
OPENS JUNE 1, 1900

In addition to the peerless attractions of former summer seasons at Coronado Beach, the new and unique attraction of a Tent City is provided for those who choose the freedom of the tent rather than the luxury of the Hotel.

Excursion Tickets at extremely low rates will be sold by the

Santa Fe Route





BLUE AND WHITE

Who's Who

Manager-in-Chief

LEO J. MEYBERG

Editor-in-Chief

HARRY LANAGAN

Managerial Staff

JESSE STEPHENS

J. L. VAN NORMAN

A. G. WYNN

Artist

ALICE MORTON

Associate Editors

ALMA MATER—Gertrude Price

SENIOR A—Isabelle Teal

LITERARY—Blanch Walker

ATHLETICS—Victor Watkins

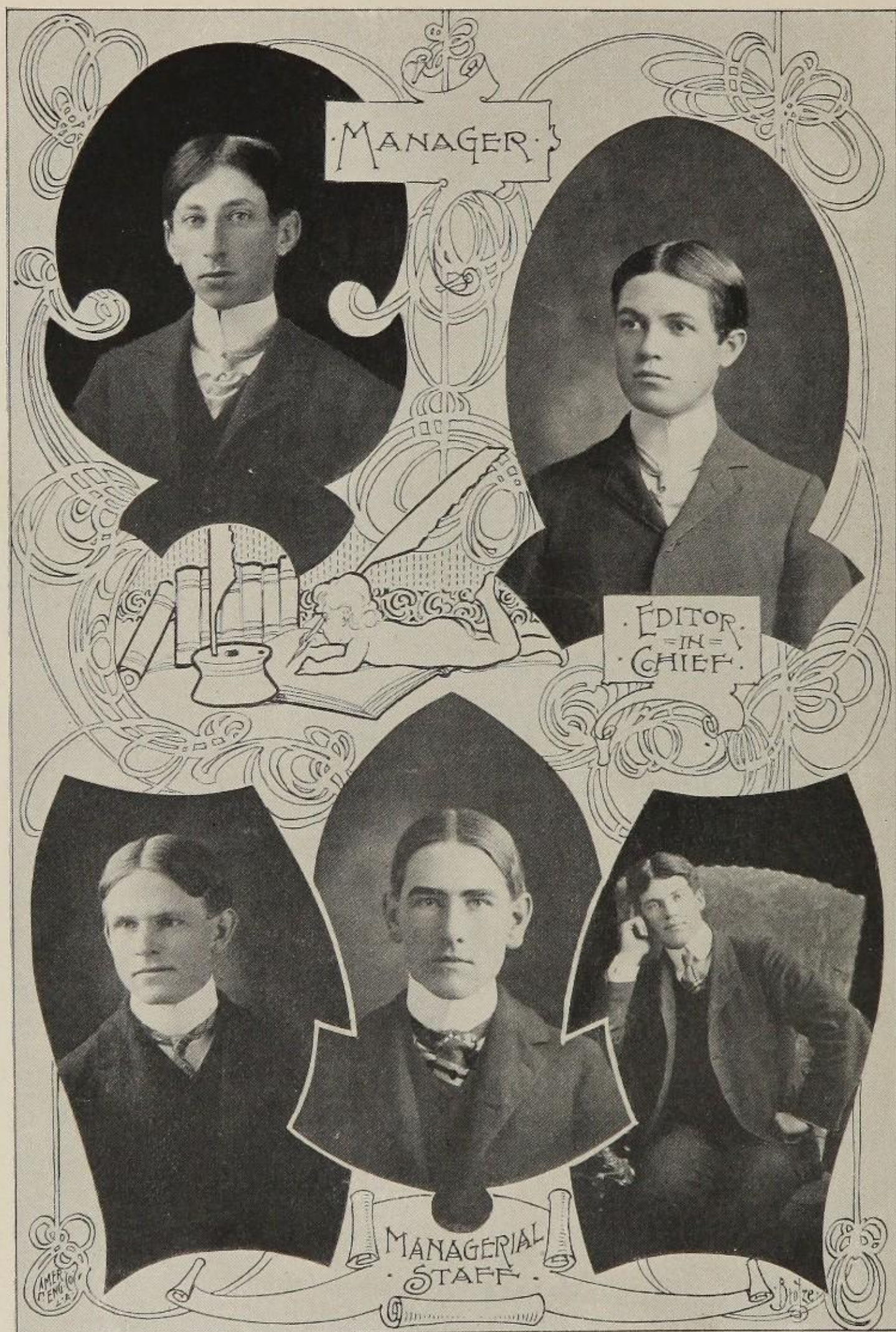
ORGANIZATIONS—Hubert Morrow

SOCIETY—Renna Kane

COMMERCIAL—Eugene Conway, Wallace Canfield

FRATERNITIES—Francis Coulter

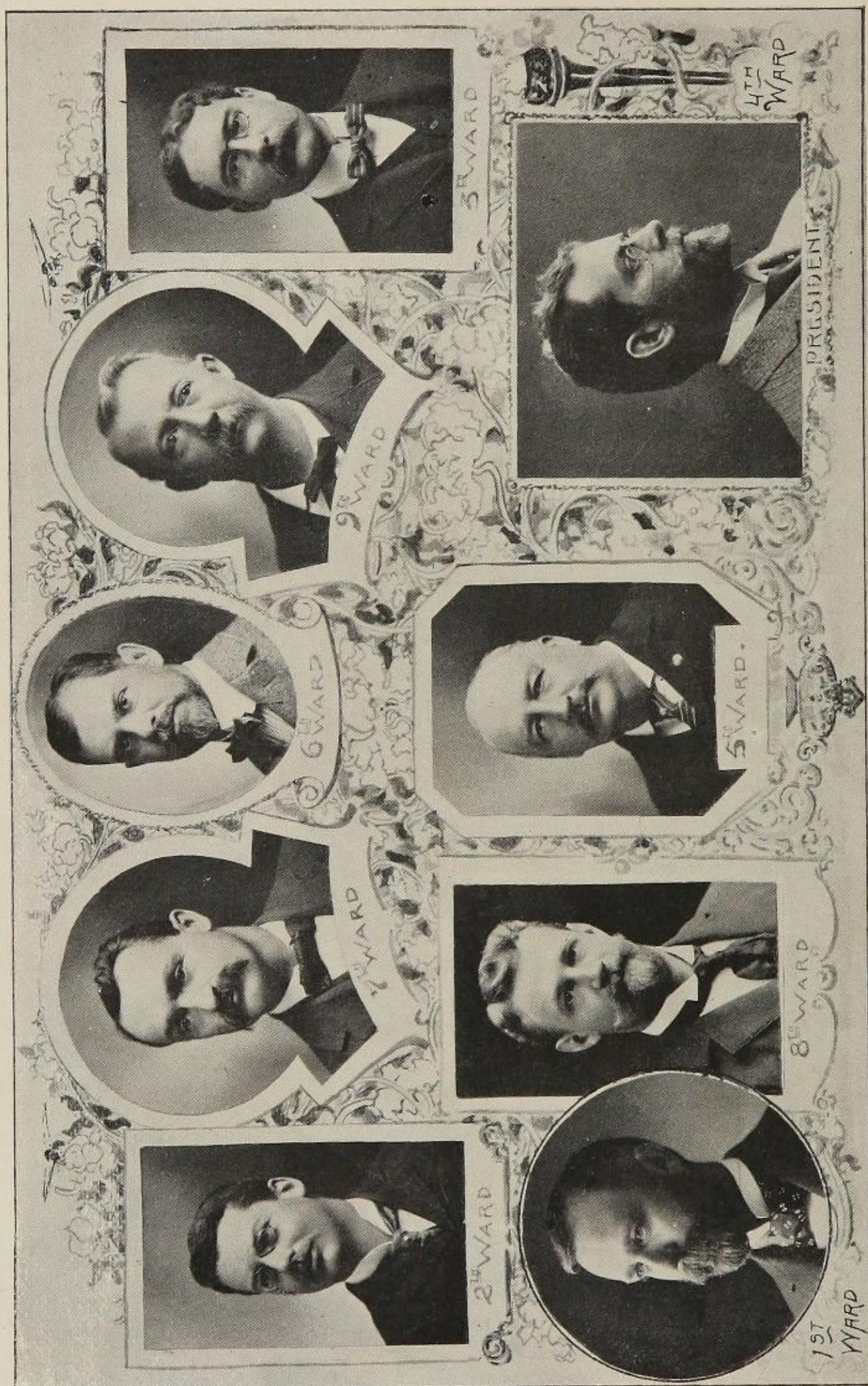
PERSONALS—Eva Perry, Ray Haward



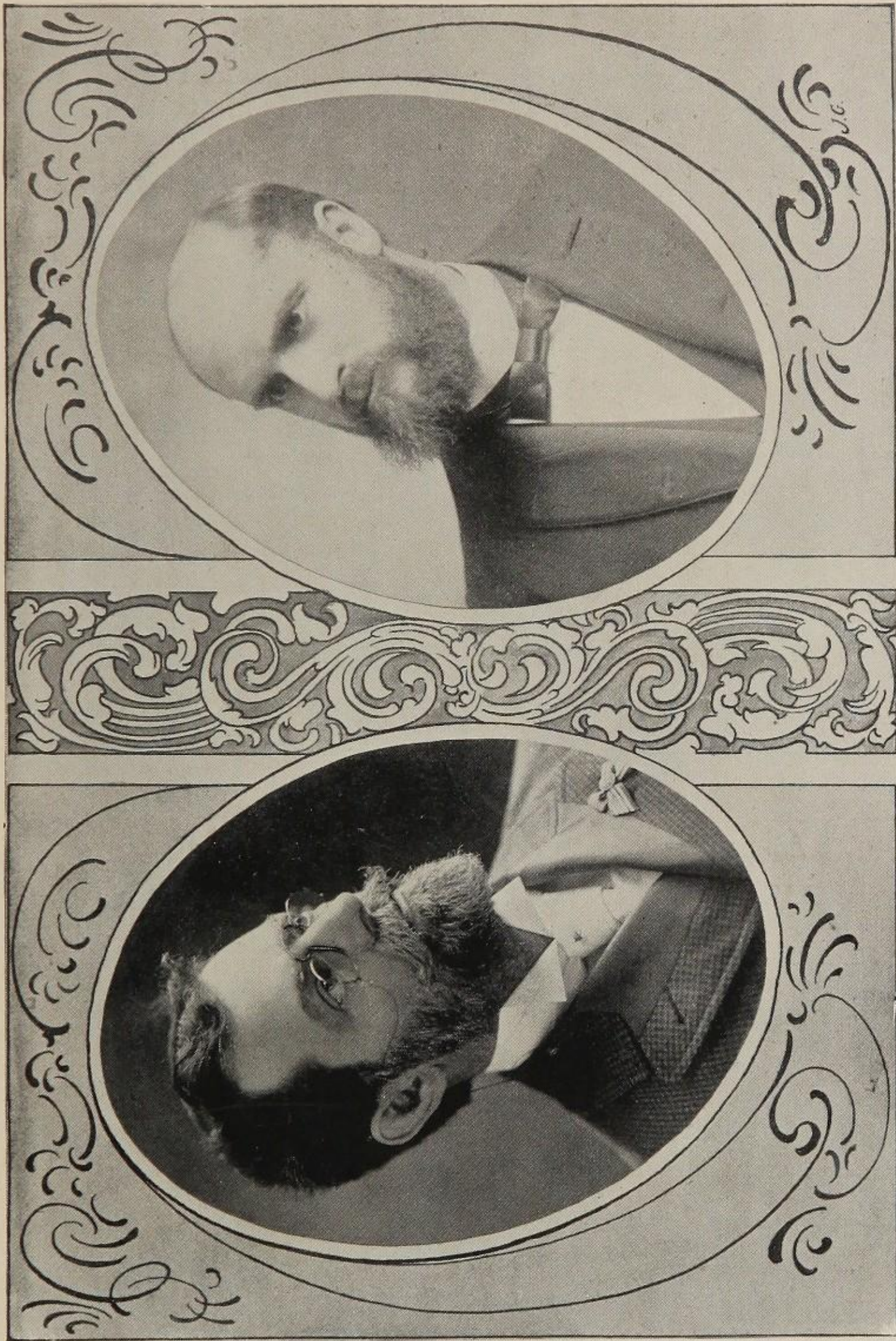
Marceau Foto



Marceau Foto

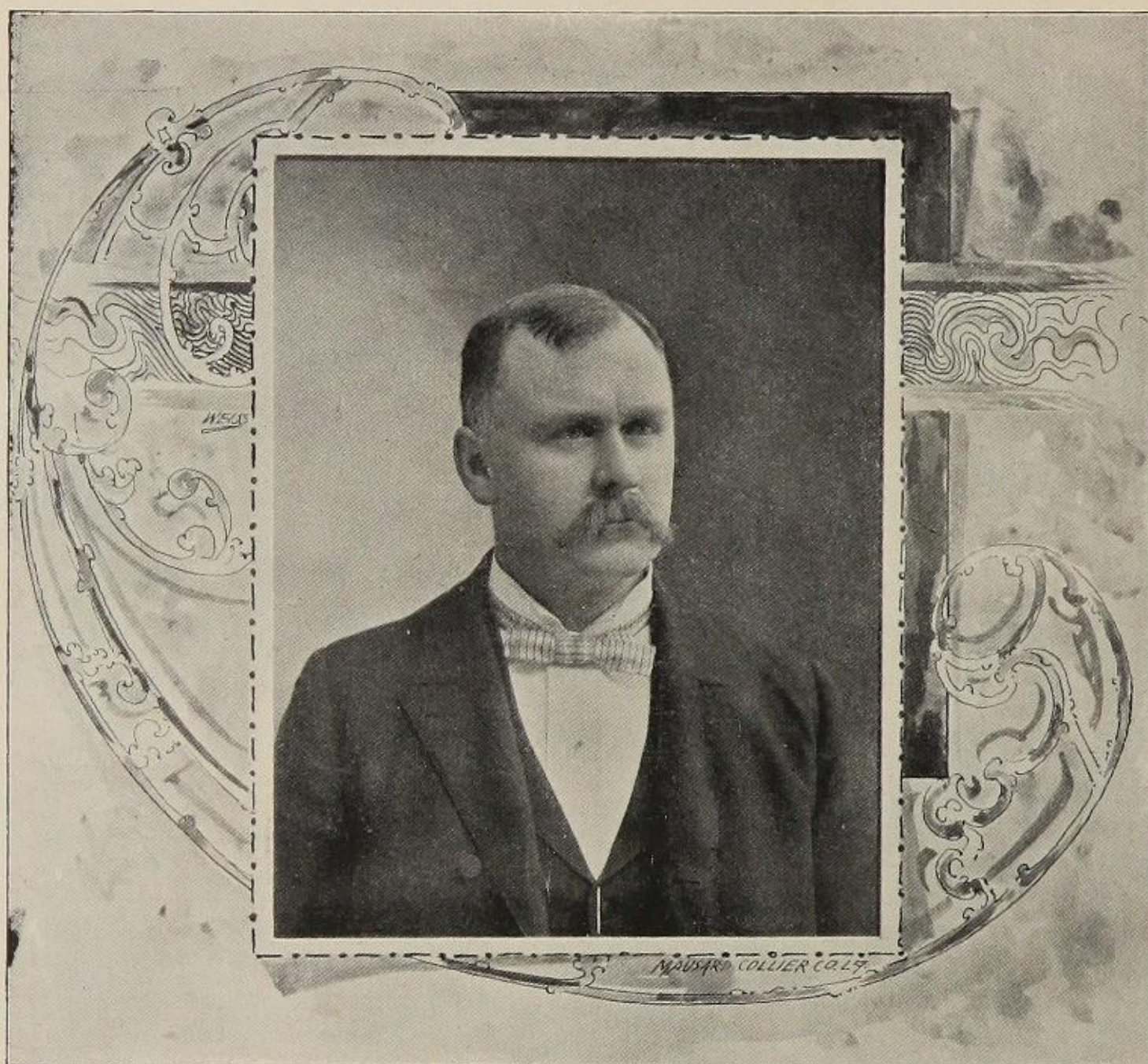


BOARD OF EDUCATION

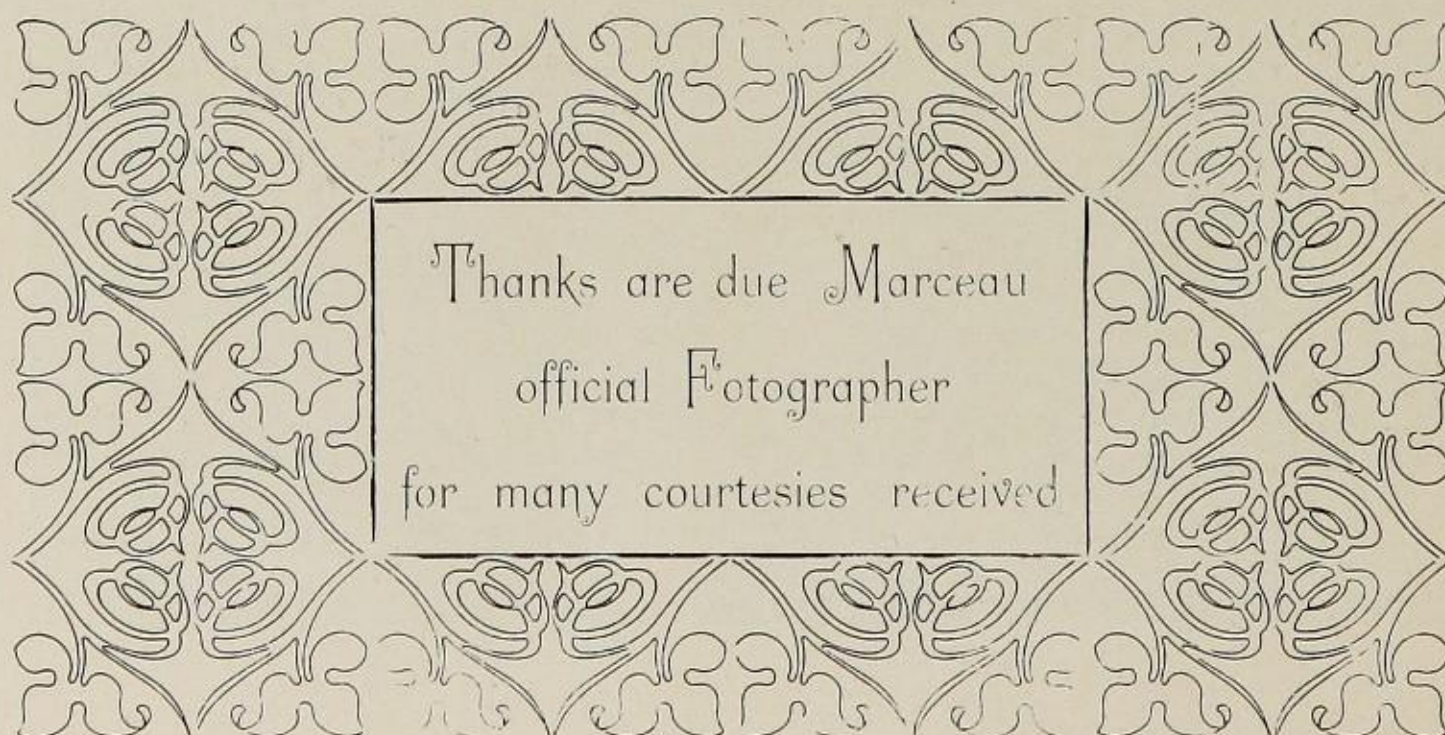


C. M. DAVIS, President Board of Education

JAMES A. FOSHAY, Supt. of Schools



C. L. ENNIS, Deputy Supt. of Schools







W. H. HOUSH
OUR PRINCIPAL



MRS. MARGARET FRICK, OUR VICE-PRINCIPAL

Faculty Los Angeles High School



W. H. HOUSH, Principal

English Department

MRS. M. J. FRICK, Head of Department

MISS HELEN W. DAVIS	MISS GERTRUDE HENDERSON	MISS STELLA YOUNG
MISS BERTHA HALL	MISS EMILY C. CLARK	
MISS BERTHA OLIVER	MISS KATHERINE V. MORRISSEY	

Classical Department

A. E. BAKER, Head of Department

MISS ALMA S. BRIGHAM	MISS HELEN M. WOOSTER
MRS. SUSAN M. DORSEY	KATHERINE C. CARR

Mathematical Department

J. M. MCPHERRON, Head of Department

MRS. REGINA DIXON	J. W. HENRY	MISS MARGARET PHILIPSON
MISS FRANCES V. HARROW	MISS ANNA STEWART	

Scientific Department

A. G. VAN GORDER	MISS ELIZABETH PALMER	S. E. COLEMAN
MISS MAUD BLANCHARD	H. A. PEAIRS	

Miscellaneous

History

MISS FLORENCE DUNHAM	MISS MARGARET HUSTON	MISS IDA M. FRYE
Spanish—CARLOS BRANSBY	German—WM. HAVEMANN	
French—MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE		

Special Teachers

Drawing

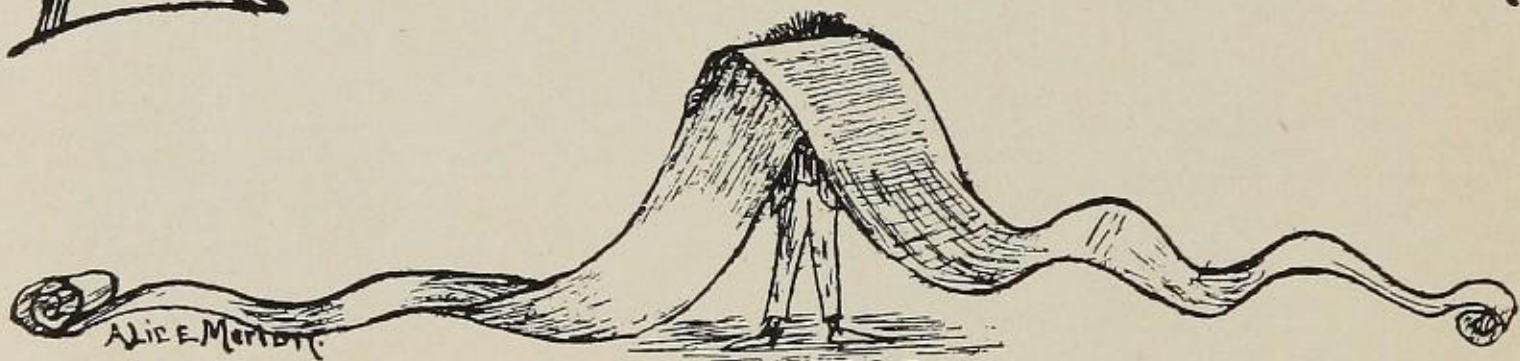
MRS. C. P. BRADFELD	MISS LOUISE M. HUTCHINSON
---------------------	---------------------------

Commercial Department

J. H. FRANCIS, Head of Department

MILTON CARLSON	MISS ELEANOR M. JOY	W. H. WAGNER	B. F. WRIGHT
B. H. DONNEL	W. A. ELLIS		

Editorial



IN ACCORDANCE with the custom established by our predecessors we, the Summer Class of Nineteen Hundred, present to the school this the seventh edition of the Blue and White.

When the Winter Class of Ninety-seven first established the small and modest volume known as the Blue and White, they probably did not imagine to what proportions it would grow. But it has grown, and grown very rapidly, for it has always been the endeavor of each class to surpass all preceding editions. This, we, too, have endeavored to do, and we hope that, in the opinion of the school, we have succeeded.

We also hope that the subsequent editions will surpass ours, and that the Blue and White will acquire a national, in addition to its local, reputation.

It represents to the world the work done by the pupils of this High School, and therefore it should not be merely a matter of class rivalry, but something in which the whole school is interested.

REVIEW OF THE TERM.—The last term has been a very successful one in a great many ways. The graduating class is the largest one in the history of the school; and yet it is a class united, not split up into factions, as is the tendency of large classes in general. The class has worked hard to make this issue a success, and for this deserves the thanks not only of those in charge of the work, but of the whole school as well.

The Star and Crescent programs have all been excellent and original, and we hope to see this high standard kept up. But there is a growing tendency to make the programs less literary and more of a musical or comical nature. The introduction of a regular series of debates, open to the house, would add greatly to the benefits to be derived by students from the society. The ability to think while on the floor, and put one's arguments in logical order before a large assembly, is of much more value than to be able to sing or recite. There should be more attention given in the society to the cultivation of extemporaneous speaking. If, in the three years given to Star and Crescent, each pupil would learn to get up without fear and trembling and talk clearly before the society, these would be three years well spent, and the Star and Crescent would become just as important as Latin or Algebra.

In former years, when the school was small, practice in debate was required of everyone; but now that the society is so large that it is impossible to put everyone on the program, the students themselves should make up for this by voluntary speaking and debating.

ATHLETICS.—During the past term, the work in athletics has been rather slow after the excitement of the football season.

The baseball team has worked hard and deserves great praise. But the team lacked the encouragement from the school which it should have had. If the whole school had taken an interest in the team, as they did in the football team, there is no doubt but that the boys would have done better work. They would have felt there was something to work for—not merely the pleasure of winning, but the knowledge that the school appreciated their efforts, and was proud of the team even though it was beaten.

As it is, most of us are too willing to let the team do the best it can, praising it when it wins, and criticising it when it loses. Instead of doing this, we should all take an active interest in the work of the team, praise them when they win and encourage them when they are beaten.

In tennis we are still champions, and, represented by such

able wielders of the racquet as the present champions, we should remain so for many years to come.

OUR PRESENT NEEDS.—The first and greatest need of this school is a new building. It is positively disgraceful for a city as large as Los Angeles not to have a good high school building.

The present course of study is excellent, and the faculty is very efficient, but they are under a great disadvantage on account of the lack of accommodations for pupils. Nearly every class is so crowded that it is impossible for the teachers to give the amount of time and attention to each pupil which he should have.

Another important thing which we are in need of is a gymnasium. Nearly every other high school and academy in the country has either military drill or gymnasium instruction. The training of the body is certainly as important as the training of the mind, and, in a school where comparatively few can engage in outdoor athletics, it should not be neglected.

With a larger faculty and a better building in a more accessible part of the city, there is no reason why the Los Angeles High School should not be equal to any in the country.

Notes

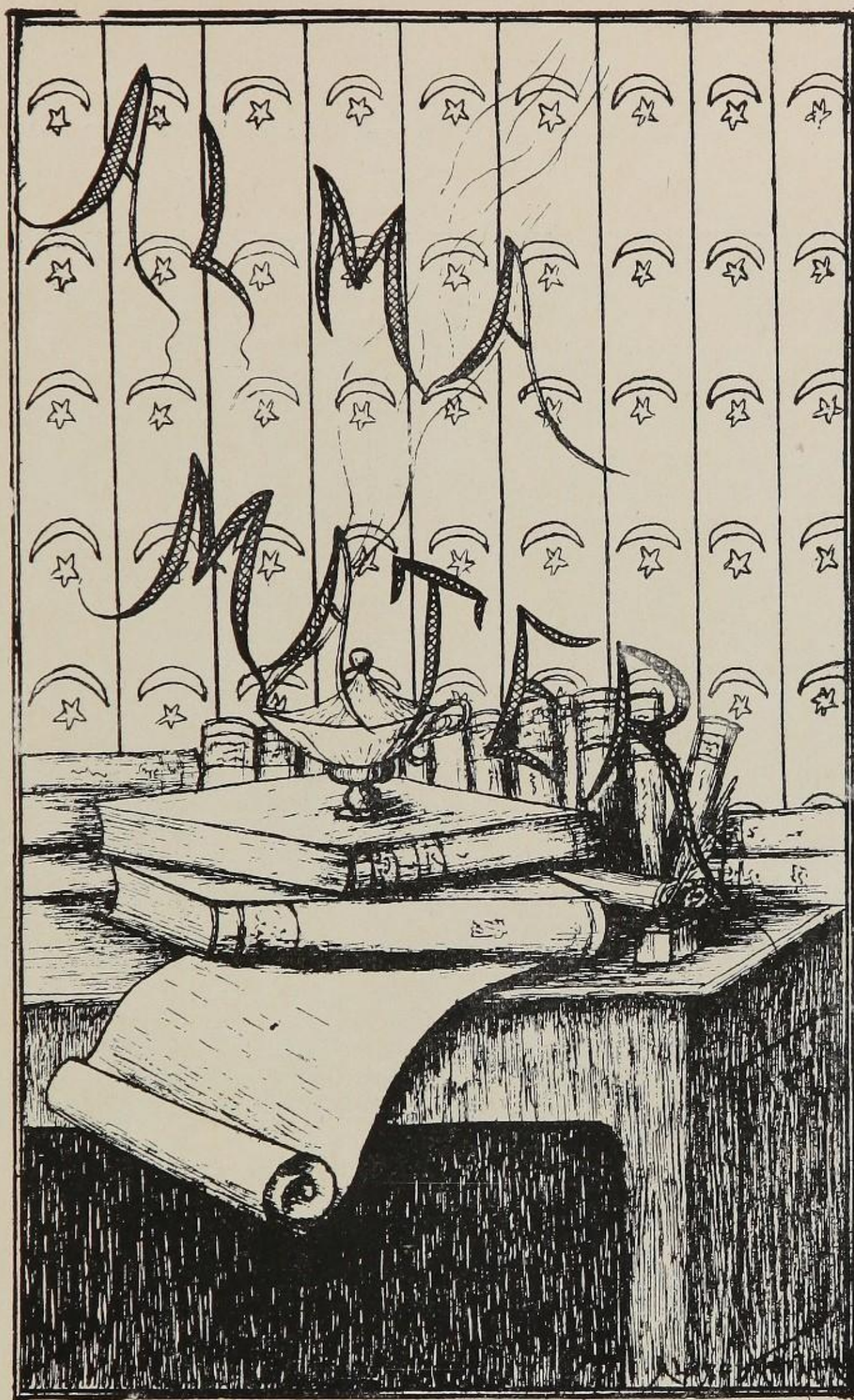
The management and the editorial staff desire to express their thanks to the school, and in particular to the Senior A class, for the assistance which they have received in their work.

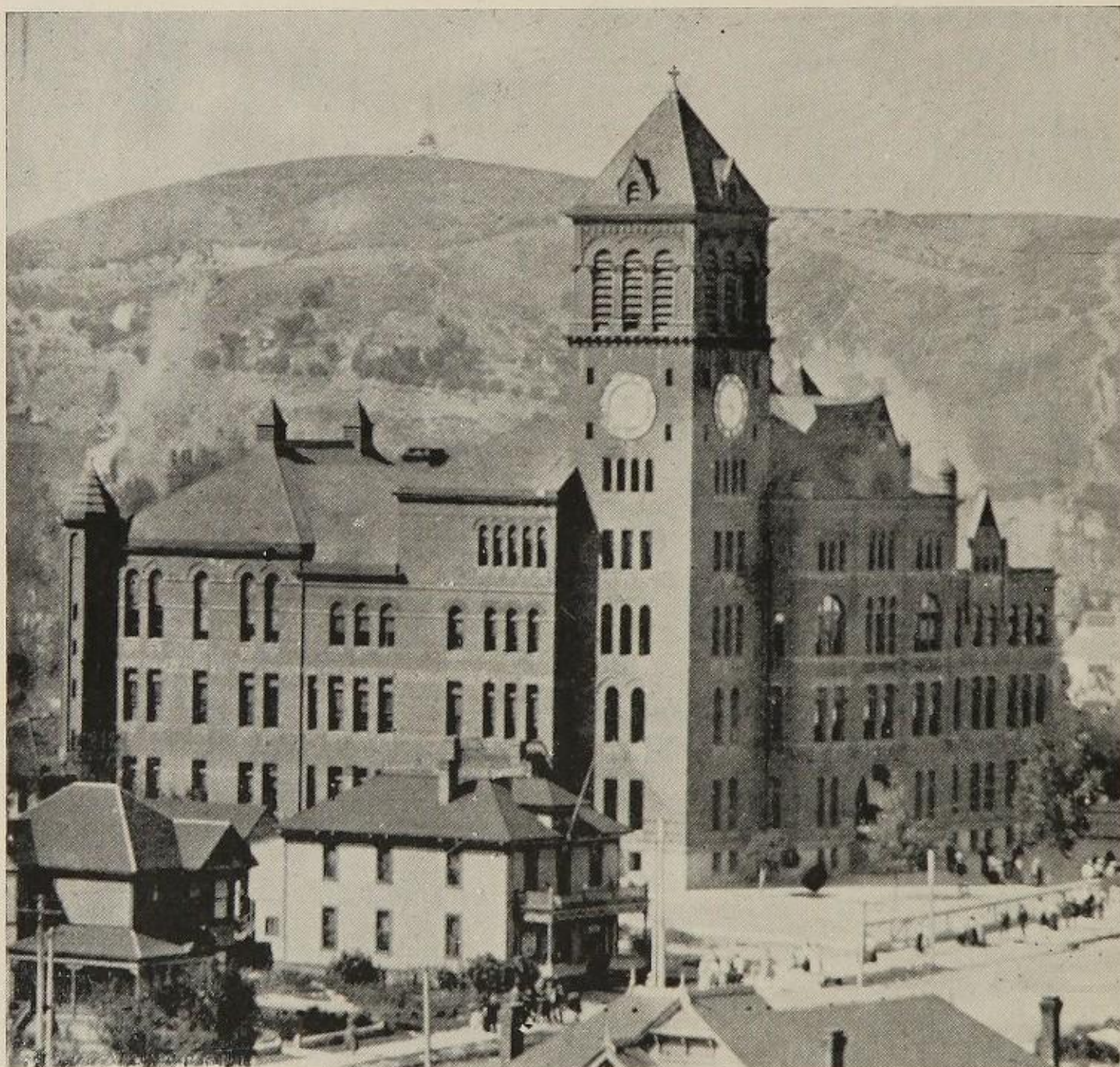
To the faculty, and especially to Mr. Housh and Mrs. Frick, who have had general supervision over all our work, we extend our hearty thanks.

The thanks of the editors are due to the staff for their conscientious work in preparing their departments; and also to the manager, who has proved beyond a doubt that a class can manage a paper without outside assistance. The financial success of the book is largely due to his efforts.

And now in parting, we wish the High School, its teachers, and its pupils, all success in the future. We leave this volume as a souvenir of our struggles, hoping that it may help you to remember the Summer Class of Nineteen Hundred.

WILLIAM HENRY LANAGAN.





LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL.

HIGH SCHOOL AND ITS NEEDS

I N THIS present day, education is our aim. Whether we be high or low, old or young, rich or poor, we are all seeking after knowledge. And because of this universal desire, it has become necessary that we should each choose a special subject, and then try to become proficient in that one thing.

That we may the better work toward this object, High Schools have been provided for the students' use.

Now there are High Schools *and* High Schools, but ours should be *the* High School. The principal, the teachers and the students are indefatigable in their efforts to make Los Angeles High School the pride of the town, and success has followed their efforts in many lines.

If you ask for our moral standing, we will point you to the men and women of our Alumni, who live among you as citizens. If you ask for our educational standard we will send to these same men and women and to the colleges; but can you expect us to keep our standard of excellence, when our High School has something like 1400 pupils in it, and an additional 200 waiting to enter in September, while there is merely ample room for about 700? Can you wonder that our teachers are tired, or that our students are always rushed, when each teacher must instruct, personally one hundred to two hundred students every day, where only seventy-five or one hundred, at most, could be satisfactorily taught? Are you surprised that our principal is tired, or wonder when he says he is busy, when you remember that every room in our building is filled to overflowing and still more are coming who must not only be assigned to classes, but for whom space must be found to grow in? Do you expect our students' faces to be happy, when they live in the midst of the dead? Or do you think our boys should win all the trophies, when you do not give them an inch of ground to call their own, on which to practice?

You say we have at least a beautiful position away from the din of the town, and we answer you—that in summer we toil up that hill in the heat, and in winter we splash up through the wet; because there is no car that passes near our school.

We are living a hygienic age—yes, surely; but our L. A.

H. S. is not an hygienic school. We believe nowadays in good ventilation, and above all things in good water; but we allow our L. A. H. S.—the place where hundreds of the coming generation are nurtured—to be fed on impure water, and to have defective plumbing for the culture of germs of all diseases, and to abound in draughts that in spite of every effort on our teachers' parts, cannot be done away with.

May we show you another side of our High School life? We have a library, you say; oh, yes, we have one, but alas, how sadly do we miss the many books needed for the aspiring needs of earnest students. We have a literary society? Oh, yes, and we have some splendid programs, too. We are not lacking in talent; but owing to the fact that the school building is not safely constructed we must not clap too much, nor too vigorously show our appreciation; and owing to the inadequacy of our assembly room, only about one third of the school can attend the meetings.

You say, "what can you do?"—you will try and build an annex across the street in some one's vacant lot? No, no—we beg of you—no; look beyond the present needs and see in a year's time or less, the self-same problem confronting you. Why not—you citizens of Los Angeles—why not provide your hungry children?

Is it not a grievous sin? Think of a city with its courthouse, its city hall, its theaters, its race course, its bicycle tracks, its churches, and its clubs for the furtherance of education, and then remember that *you*—the proud citizens of the beautiful city of Los Angeles, have to crowd hundreds of bright young faces into small rooms, with poor lights, and bad ventilation, all because you do not see any easy way to provide a more fitting home for your children.

With a *new* High School, good water, good light, a good library and plenty of room—there is no reason why the L. A. H. S. should not look from its heights far down upon every other High School in California.

G. PRICE.



A. G. WYNN
CHAS. HOPPER

JOSEPHINE LEWIS
MAUDE TANNER

STAR AND CRESCENT

Have you heard of our Star and Crescent Society? It is the literary feature of the High School. In it, we may find a few hours repite from study, and enjoy the excellent varieties of home and foreign talent provided for us.

Through our society, every members who graduates from the school, is awarded a gold Star and Crescent pin as a memento of his or her happy school days.

The Star and Crescent is the means of cultivating and developing hidden abilities. It is most probable, that in a school of several hundred students, many among them will prove capable of distinct progress in certain lines. Our programs, which are varied and interesting give ample opportunity for the display of oratorical and dramatic power, and literary and musical aptitude.

Often too, we are favored by the incoming of city talent, and so we learn our own deficiencies, and at the same time are inspired to higher aims.

It is by the aid of the Star and Crescent that money is provided for the carrying on of our athletics.

To be an officer in this society, is an honor, for which the lucky members—must have truly worked—as falling below the standard in any subject debars one from the privilege of becoming an officer.

So you see, though some think it all play, they are mistaken.

Sadly and anxiously are we waiting for the time when we may say that we have a gymnasium for the physical society, which is the needful offset to a good literary society in any High School.

GERTRUDE PRICE.

An Honor to the School

Jess Stephens of A 12—S. '00 Class—won the "Examiner" trip to the Republican and Democratic conventions. He had 314 competitors in this county alone.

Fifteen boys were chosen out of 10,000 that took the examination.

ALUMNI NOTES

An alumnus of the H. S., Mr. Adolph Straus, has just presented to the school a collection of minerals and woods from Arizona. Mr. Straus graduated in class of '83. He passed through the city on his way to Alaska gold mines.

Mr. William Clark Haswell, class of '96, has just been awarded a post graduate scholarship in the College of Commerce, U. C. This includes a year's trip to the Philippine Islands.

Charles Seyler, '96, has gone to Europe to attend the Paris Exposition in charge of the Southern Pacific's exhibit there. He will be gone for a year.

Victor Henderson, '95, is private secretary of President Wheeler of the University of California. He has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa, the national honorary graduate fraternity.

Miss Minnie Baxter, '83, after eight years teaching in Las Paulo, South America, is now home for a year's vacation.

Elon Kanagy, '95, has gone east to study dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ernest Oliver, '95, Edward Kuster, '96, Victor Henderson, '95, Fern West, '96, Berle Bottoms, '96, graduated this year from the University of California.

Edward North has just received an appointment with a surveying company of Montana. He was recommended for the position by President Jordan of Stanford. The work will probably keep him from going back to Stanford this year.

The Class of '96 is to have a reunion at the home of Faith Hildreth, June 7th. This is the anniversary of their graduation, for that year the funds gave out and school closed on June 7th.

The Class of '95 intends to have reunion this month, but have not set the date yet.

Clinton Judy, summer '99, has been awarded a U. C. scholarship for the coming year.

Ethyl Kennedy, '98, is now in Europe studying music.

Robert N. Frick, '90, has been sent by the government to Honolulu to organize the Revenue Office there, and to confer with President Dole as to appointments in the office. He will be gone about two months.

THE PSALM OF SCHOOL LIFE

TELL me not in mournful number,"
School-life is an empty dream,
Some there be who 'round us slumber,
But they're weary, it would seem.

School is real, school is earnest,
And the graveyard is the goal,
And to climb the hill of learning,
You must wear out many a sole.

Not to "cheat" and not to "borrow,"
But to hasten and not to stop,
"And to act that each tomorrow"
Finds us there at nine o'clock.

Hills are long and time goes fleeting,
And our hearts are light and gay;
Still, we hear "those bells a-ringing,"
As we hasten on our way.

In the school's broad field of battle,
For the highest markings strive,
"Be not like dumb driven cattle,"
Be like bees within a hive.

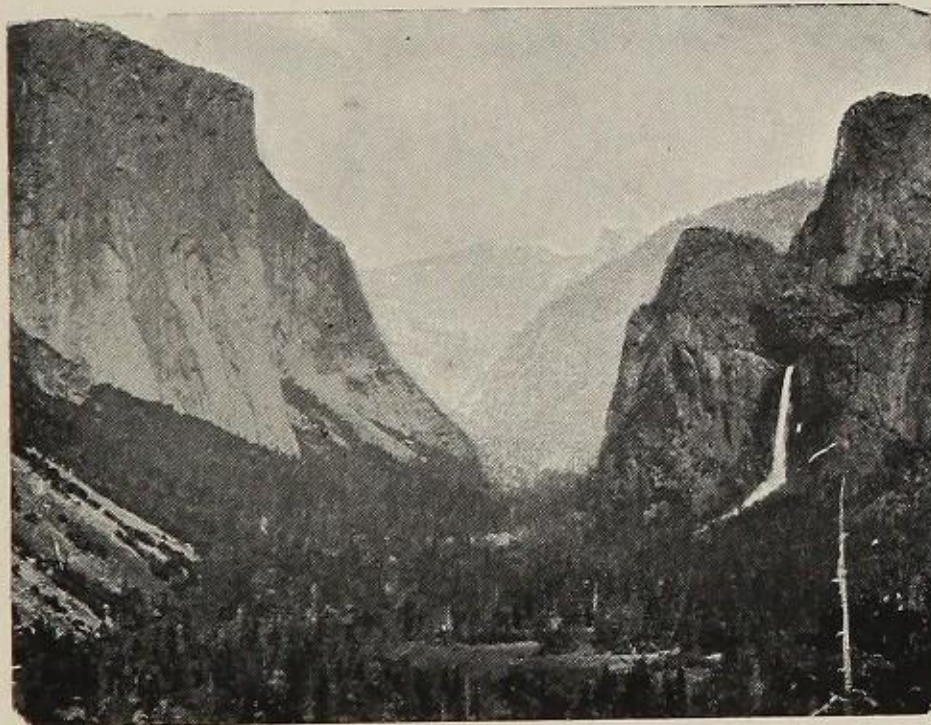
"Trust no future howe'er pleasant,
Strive your teachers well to please;
"Act, act to the living Present,"
And be sure to get no threes.

Lives of Senior A's remind us
"We can live our lives as well,
And departing leave behind us
Such examples as shall tell."

"Such examples that another,"
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn and falt'ring brother
Shall our good example court.

"Let us then be up and doing,"
And our graduation set,
"Still contriving, still pursuing,"
All the learning we can get.

—LULU SCOTT.



SOLILOQUY OF A HIGH SCHOOL DESK

I AM a poor old High School desk; my useful years are nearly over; long ago I passed my prime. Dear me! I wish I could remember how old I am! But alas! my memory is fast failing. I shall be soon cast aside as nothing but rubbish. How glad I am that the marks of time are visible on my face, that passersby may see and pity me. Just think of all the disgrace to which I have been compelled to submit!

Once my face was as smooth and shining as a little child's fresh from a bath. But now all is changed. How well, even now in my fullness, do I remember that day shortly after I came to live in this High School, when I was assigned to a restless, mischievous boy who wanted to know everything. I suppose he wondered if I were anything like his sister, homely in the forenoon; but in the afternoon, when she went down town, beautiful beyond measure, with her striking, dark eyebrows, fair forehead and rosy cheeks. He wanted to find out if my beauty, too, was not even skin deep; so taking out his new knife, cut one great gash, nearly the whole length of my face. Not satisfied with this, he cut another at an angle of about forty-five degrees. His bright brain instantly conceived the idea that this might make an outline of an Indian tepee, so he finished it off with poles coming out of the top. Dear me! how he hurt, for sometimes his knife went down below the skin, right into my flesh. How I wanted to jump; but there my feet were screwed tight to the floor, and I was compelled to grin and bear it. This gash was beginning to heal when a silly society girl scratched on the other side of my face a heart pierced by an arrow. Whether it was hers or not, I did not inquire. Some cut initials, while others wrote dates or drew geometrical figures, so as to have them in case of an emergency, I suppose. My blood fairly boils even now, as I think of one lad who never cheated, oh no! He wouldn't do that for anything! He simply wrote down a few Latin and French words with their meanings, and the declensions of a few others, and when the teacher came around, slipped his arm or blotter over them. That was all he did. Here is the picture of that horrid girl who told on him, and here is the

head of that doubly horrid teacher who arranged a little conference between him and the principal. Yes, yes; here are dollar signs, and pulleys, levers, and the earth with the sun and moon attached with an almost invisible thread, and dear knows what else!

How utterly thoughtless some children are! They pack my pocket just full, never once thinking how my poor old back must ache supporting all those books. Some seem to think it is made of rubber, for they keep jamming more in every term. What a relief it is to have a quiet girl keep everything in spic-span order, after a bustling, hurrying boy has tossed his things in regardless of order or anything else.

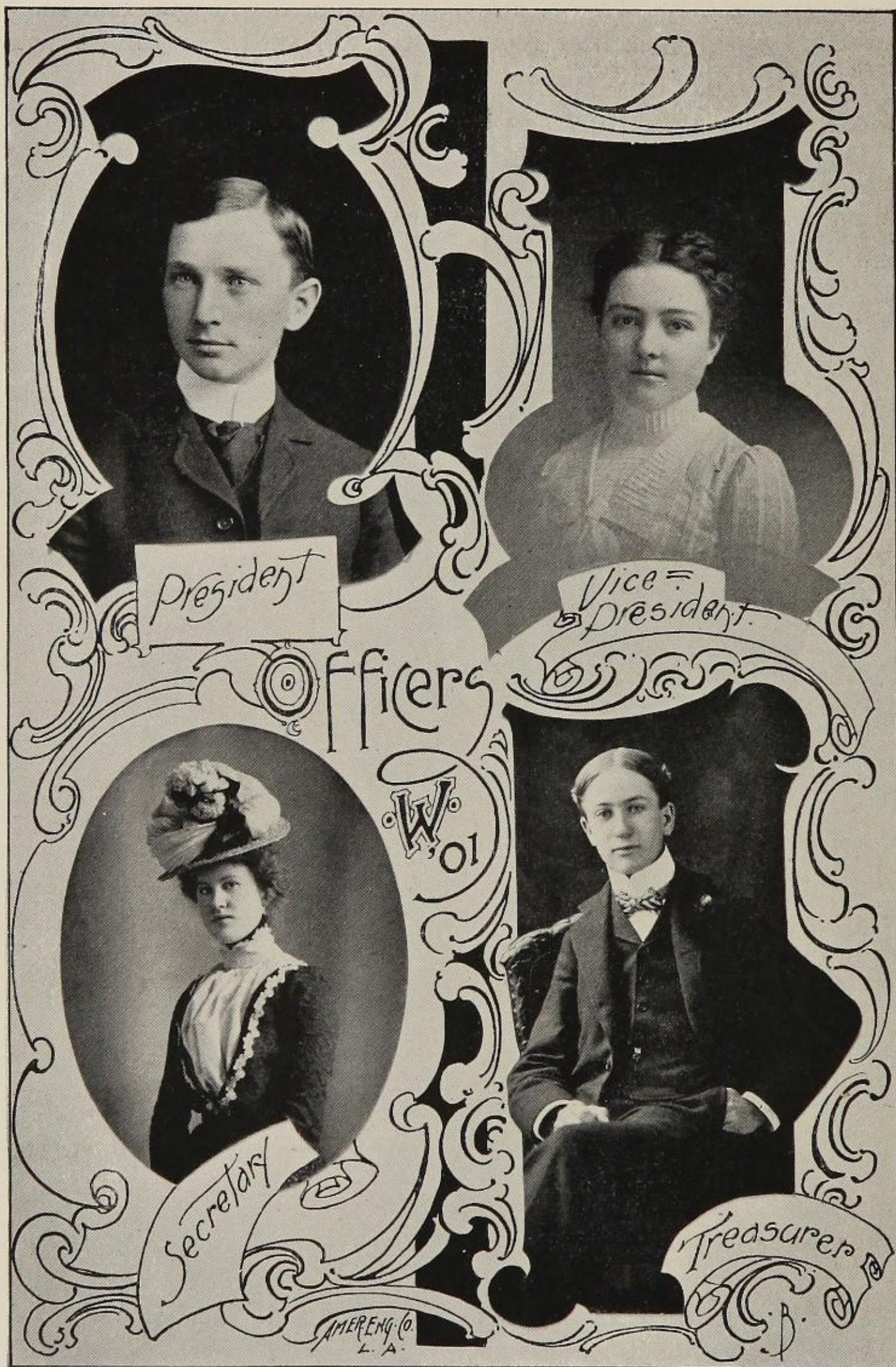
How thankful I am that all through my life I have kept up my reputation for honesty! But how hard at times it has been, especially when a nice lunch was left with me till noon! What a temptation it was just to take a little; but how glad I am that I have always had such strength of character that I could withstand such things.

But if there is one thing I have always been more thankful for than another, it is this: that I have never had a corn or bunion or other common foot ailment. As long as I can remember, my toes have been trampled on (in more senses than one), and how could I have endured it if I had had any of these foot troubles, for it was bad enough as it was. There has, however, always been one trouble with my feet: that is, that they have been screwed to the floor so tightly that I have never been able to get them loose to show people that I have rights as well as they.

Surely my lot has always been a hard one. I do hope that during the remaining years of my usefulness, I shall have the good fortune to those who are considerate of old age.

MILA A. JACKSON, Winter '01.





CLASS HISTORY OF WINTER CLASS OF 1901

A FEW days ago I heard somebody say "12 to 2." I turned and found a group of students talking about the game. At this point the Wise Young Man said: "Any one could have foreseen that the result would be a victory for the boys of the Senior B's. Of course the Senior A's had more boys and heavier boys, and thus they thought that they could win the game with the greatest ease. But it was simply another case of quantity against quality, weight against well-trained minds and bodies, and so the Senior B's had twelve and the Senior A's two. Besides our pitcher, Mr. Hendricks, has a keen eye, a strong arm and good judgment."

At this point the Wise Young Man stopped for lack of breath, and the Talkative Young Lady said: "Well, say, don't you know, our class has always been the wonder of all the teachers and scholars since we came here in February. We understand everything right away, without asking any foolish questions about rooms. In the Scrub class and in the Junior B and A we could show our worth by our good work and hard study only. We showed that we were going to be one of the High School's best classes. We were——"

"But I think," said the Girl Who Never Interrupts, "that the nice part of school life begins in the Middle B and A. We had the party at the home of Miss Morris, and the Scientifics such a nice evening at the home of——"

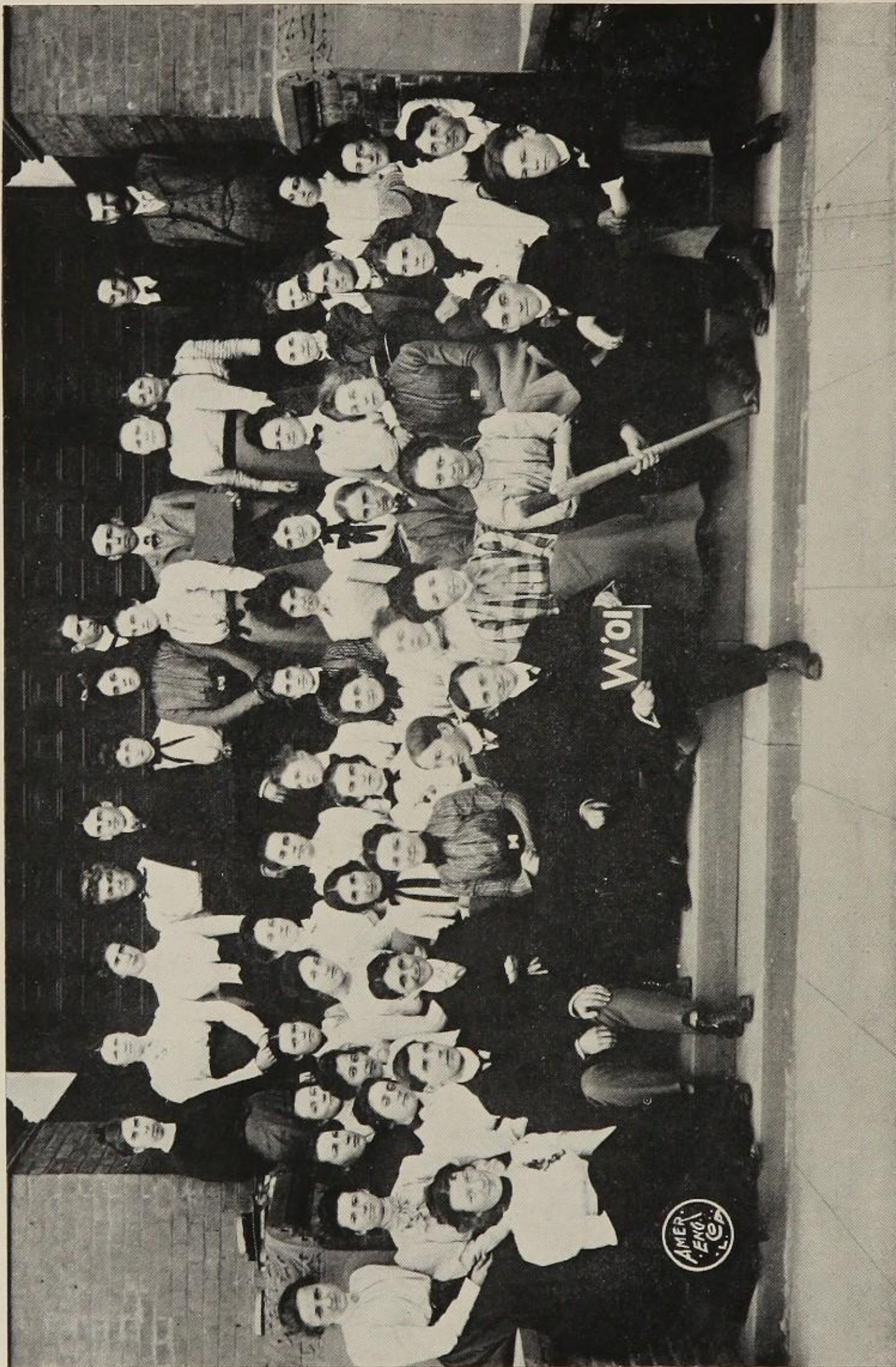
"The real class parties and picnics which come in the Senior B class are the ones in which the Latins and Scientifics get well acquainted. We had an enjoyable party at Miss Burkhalter's house in spite of the rain," said the Girl Who Knows.

"Purple and Lavender are the best class colors to please everybody," said the Society Girl. Everybody who sees our colors says that the color committee must have artistic taste to make such a selection and that they are in much better taste than the colors of some classes."

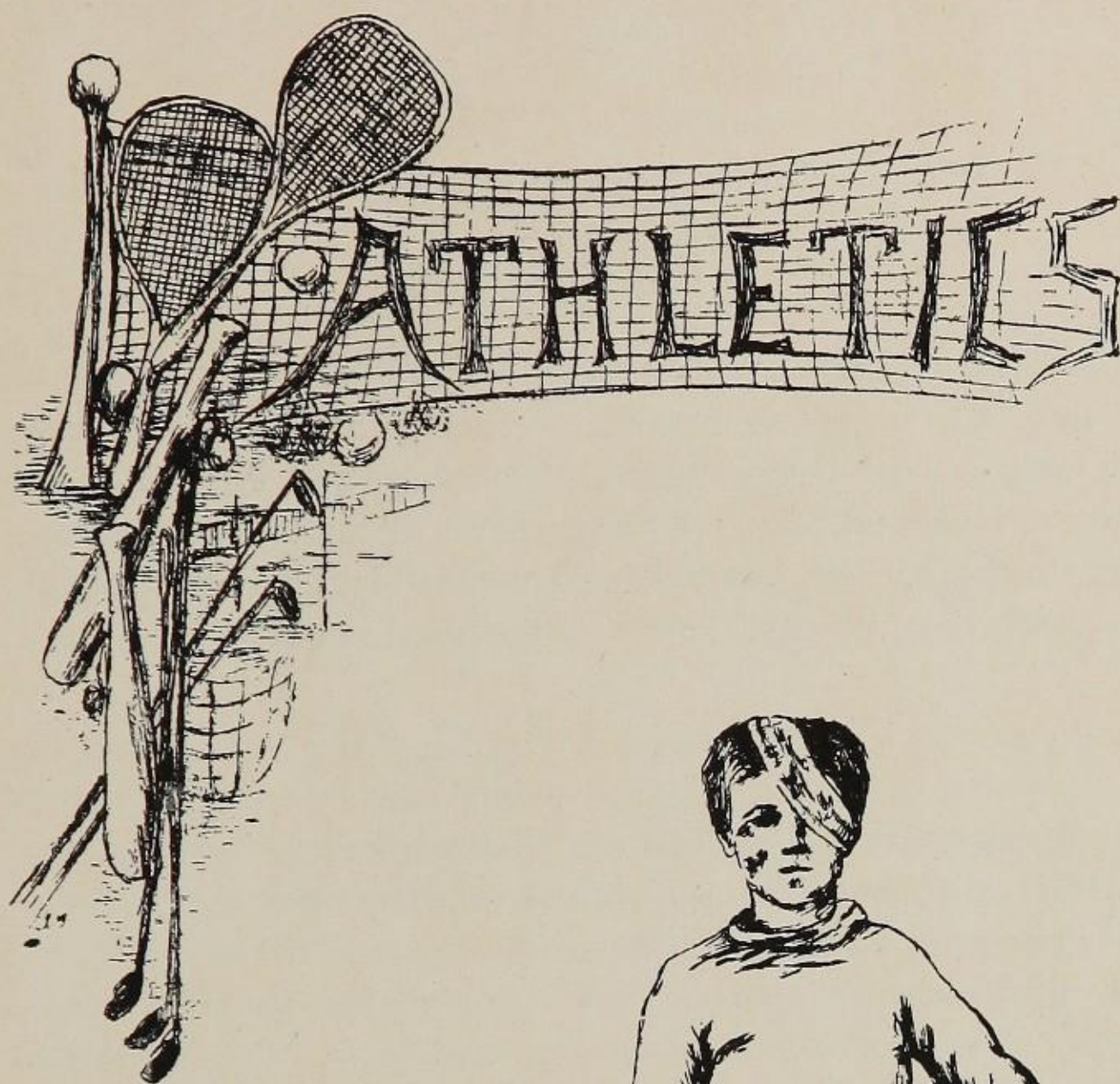
At this point Willie was seen in his long ——(?) and everybody had to go and tell him how nice he looked, and how much like a man. Then some one said that he thought that Mr. Thorpe kept good order at class meetings when he was present, and when Mr. Thorpe was not there, the vice-president, Miss Stucker, was able to perform the duties. And the secretary, Miss Olive Smith, kept the minutes very well. At this point the bell rang and students took their seats just as they had taken them ever since they were little Scrubs.

CLARENCE OSBORNE,

Class Historian.



CLASS, WINTER 1900



ATHLETICS

WHEN our "new High School" materializes, which we all hope it will, in the near future, let us all hope again that we will have a yard large enough to turn around in. And why couldn't we have a place where the girls may practice their basketball and the boys their baseball and football? One thing more, where could we put that "gym" promised us with our new school?

We do not lack the material for putting up teams equal to any of Southern California, but we do lack the interest for bringing out this material. If we had the advantages mentioned above, I am sure no northern amateur team would come to our city and triumph over us in a game of football, or baseball either.

It would be surprising to see what a showing we could make in athletics if we had the facilities for training. We could then show that which should go with our school work, a sound body.

The lack of that "old gymnasium" may have been the cause of our non-representation at the meeting of the Southern Californian Interscholastic Association in Ventura county of the present year.

Track Athletics

The Long Beach High School Athletic Association, upon opening their park, tried conclusions with our boys in a varied programme. In events otherwise than the baseball game, we did not have a full team, and the honors as computed by the point system went to the Long Beachers by a score of 20 to 23.

The first event of the day was the mile bicycle, which Harry Lyman of our school won over Ray Julian of Long Beach. Time—2 min. 45 sec. The running high jump was won by Albert Paul of L. A. H. S., Guy Fortune of L. B. H. S. taking second place. Height—5 ft. 2 in. The 100-yard dash fell to Claire Morris of L. A., Howell Dunby of Long Beach coming in second.

Time—11 sec. We were not represented in the shot-put, so the Long Beachers received this for themselves. Elmer Hammond of the school by the sea, won the standing three jump contest over Claire Morris of L. A. They also won the 50-yard three-legged race, as Dunby and Dunham proved too swift for Oxnam and Morris of L. A. Albert Paul of L. A. H. S. won the standing high jump, Elmer Mammond of L. B. H. S. second. Height—4 ft. 4 in. The quarter-mile bicycle race was an easy victory for Harry Lyman of L. A., over Richard Gallaway of L. B. Time—40 sec. Fred Dunham of the latter school took the 880-yard foot race from competition of his own school. The five-mile bicycle race was not completed, as Harry Lyman of our school so complete run away from the Long Beach Peddler, that he gave up.

Tennis

A year ago last April, the Ojai Valley Tennis Club of Ventura county organized an association for promoting the game of tennis in the school, and all the public High Schools and preparatory schools of Southern California that wished to join, were included in it.

The same year the schools which joined the association met upon the courts of Ojai Valley to decide the championship of Southern California. Our school was represented by Trow Hendrick and Robert Variel, who carried away the honors of the day and the silver cup. The second contest among these schools was held on April 6th and 7th of the present year. In the singles, as a result of the first day's play, the field narrowed down to four players who met in the finals and semi-finals the next day. Trow Hendrick of L. A. H. S., winner of the open matches last year; R. H. F. Variel, Jr., of the same school; Stephen Barrows and E. J. Gridley, both of Thatcher School, were the survivors of the first day's interscholastic singles. In the doubles, Hendrick and Variel of L. A., Baker and Wineman of Ventura, Gridley and Barrows of Thatcher school, were matched for Saturday, having come out of the first day's game with flying colors. At the close of play in the Ojai championship singles, there were six contestants who had victories to their credit. The following met on the next day to decide the champion: Hendrick of L. A., W. S. Thatcher of Thatcher school; Harry Lane of Alhambra; Harry

Farman of Newhall; Simpson Sinsabaugh of L. A., and R. C. Noble of Chaffey College.

The open doubles brought out a large field of players who at the end of the first rounds, found three teams which contested for honors the next day: They were: Hendrick and Sinsabaugh of L. A., Bannan and Thatcher of Ventura, and Hendrickson and Isenberger of Santa Barbara.

Once more the "Blue and White" took the lead as Saturday's play ended with a complete victory for Hendrick and Variel as champions of the doubles, and Hendrick as the Champion of the singles; an election was held in the evening of the same day and Robert Variel took Hendrick's position as President of the Association for the ensuing year.

Our Baseball Nine

Last September a meeting of all the boys interested in athletics was held in the auditorium of our school and officers for the football and baseball teams were elected. In the one phase of athletics that now concerns us, that of baseball, Trow Hendrick was elected captain and John Cooper, manager. At the time of the organization of the team, in January, our legal manager was ill, so unable to take the management into his hands; Ed. Bosbyshell took his place.

When our team had had about two weeks of good practice, we played the first game: L. A. H. S. vs. L. B. H. S. Both teams were in good training and the game was interesting from beginning to end, although errors were made on both sides, which may be excused, as it was the first game of the season. The Long Beach team gradually led to the good and won by a score of 12 to 9.

Our second game was played against the Hilltops of this city. In the first six innings we had 22 runs to their 1; they would not finish the game for fear of being beaten worse, so it ended there.

The next game was equally victorious, which was played with the St. Vincents. Score, 29 to 1.

Well! would you believe Throop actually beat us in a game of baseball. She must be trying to make up for some of those football scores. The game was played on Throop grounds, and ended with a score of 12 to 9 in favor of the home team.

Our old rival, U. S. C., received a defeat at the hands of our

boys several weeks ago with a score of 9 to 2. A second game was played with the same team. It was the most exciting of the season, and was played with accuracy on both sides. In the first two innings we tallied five runs to their 0, but on putting in a new pitcher they gradually caught up with us and passed us by one run. Score, 8 to 7.

A third and last game will take place between the two teams soon.

Football

In a meeting held by the members of the first football team of '99, an election took place. Winsor Walton, captain of the second team of '99, was elected captain for the first team of the ensuing year.

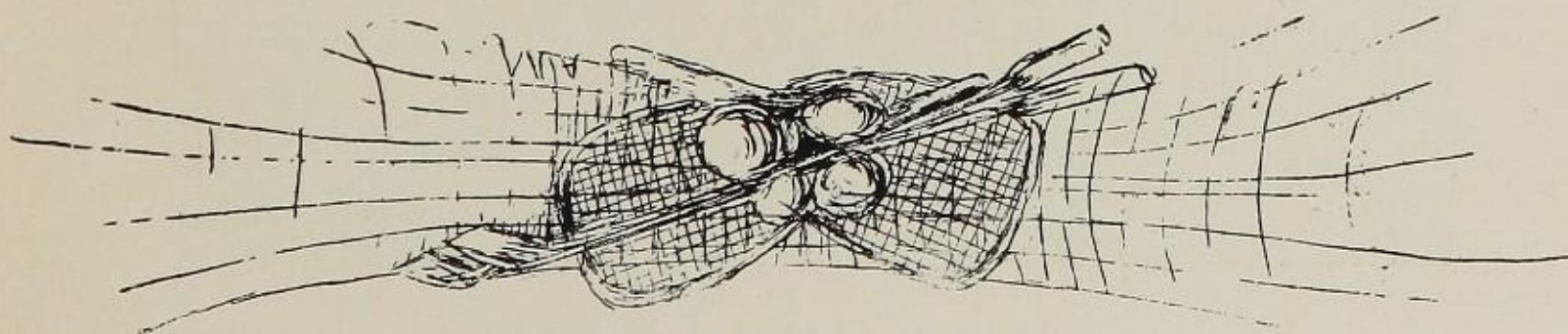
Several of our best players are finishing their course of study this year, so will not represent the High School again on the grid-iron.

The Greatest Game of the Season

Senior A vs. Senior B.

There seems to be a custom established that the two Senior classes of our school should engage in some form of athletics, according as the season may decide. It happened to be the baseball season, much to the disadvantage of the Senior A boys, as they are more skilled in the football lines than the baseball. Nevertheless the higher class sent a challenge to the B class for a game of baseball and it was most heartily received. The first day fixed for the game was rainy, so it was postponed a week.

The A class won the toss and chose the field to start the game. The Bs batted well in the first two innings and made several runs; the As too confident of success played carelessly at first and were not able afterwards to retrieve their plays. The game ended with a score of 12 to 2 in favor of the Bs.

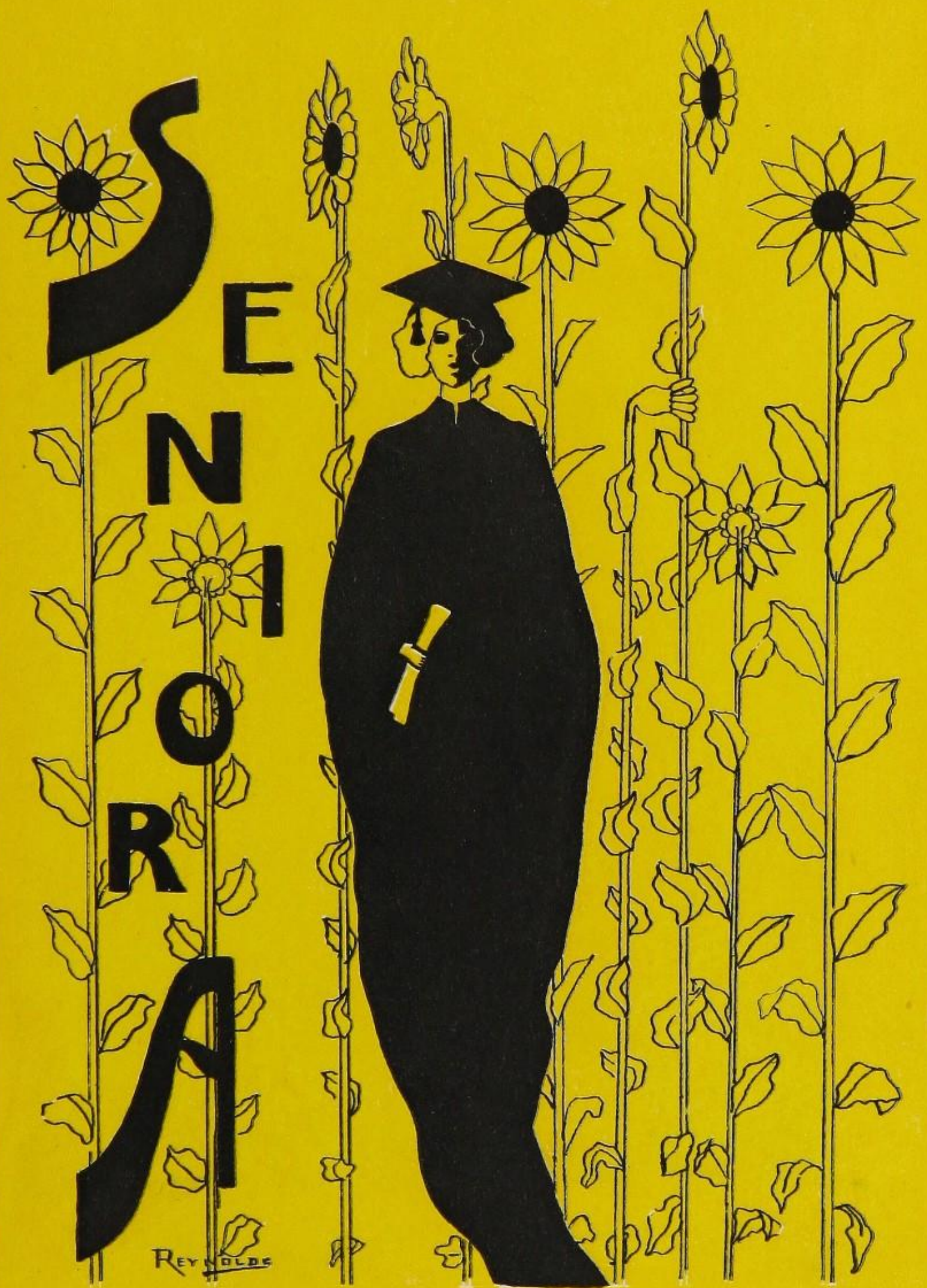




SENIOR A. BASEBALL TEAM



SENIOR B. BASEBALL TEAM



REYNOLDS

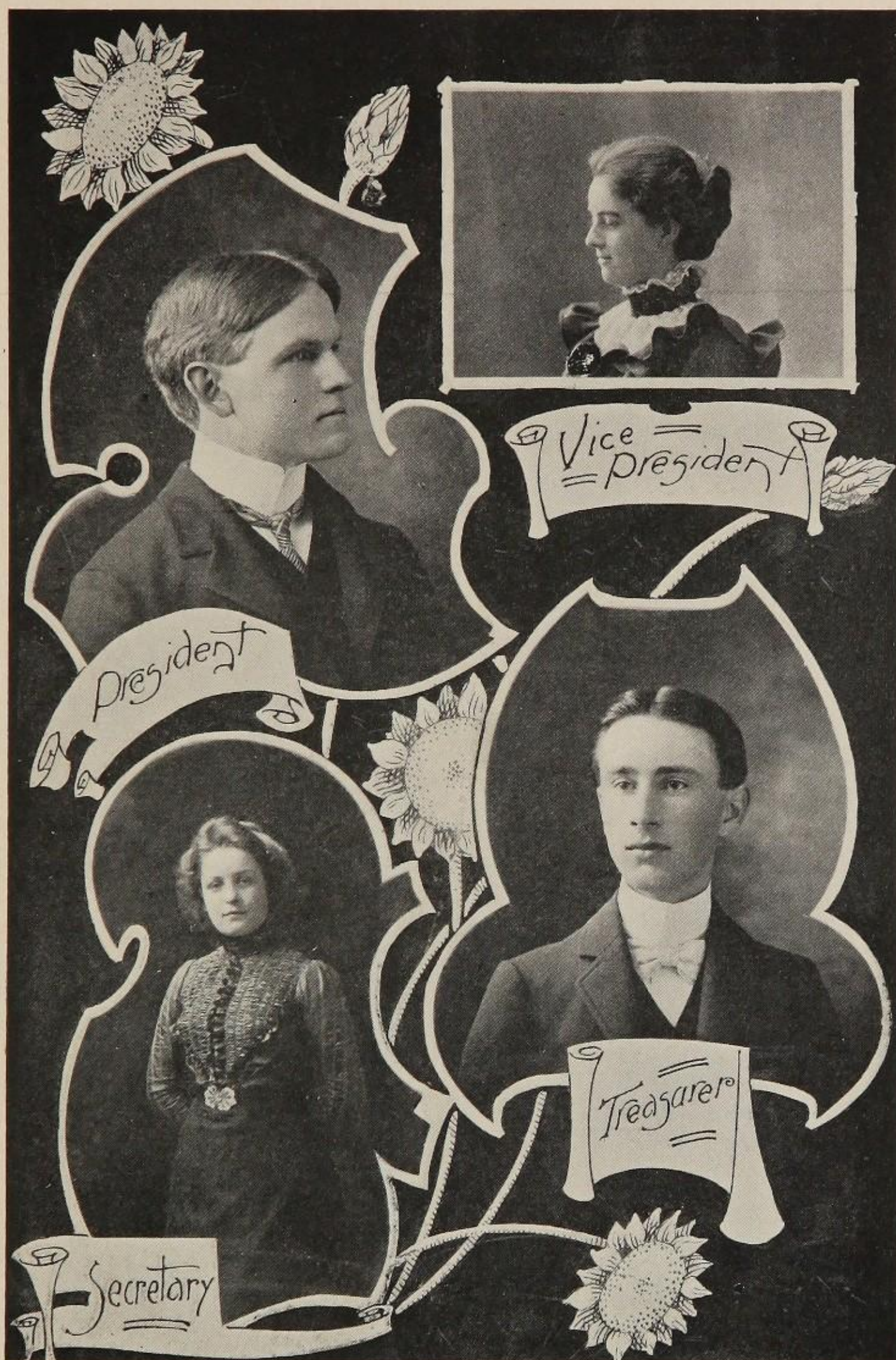


Foto by Marceau

J. Lynn Van Norman
Isabel C. Teal

Hersa L. Lea
Walter A. Bayley



Foto by Marceau

Hubert Morrow
Sue Van Wagnen
Grace Wilson
Burris Goudy

Louie Walter
Annesley Sayre
Harry Lanagan
Maude Bigelow

Willie Wiggins
Evangeline Perry
Eula Smith
Arthur Wynn

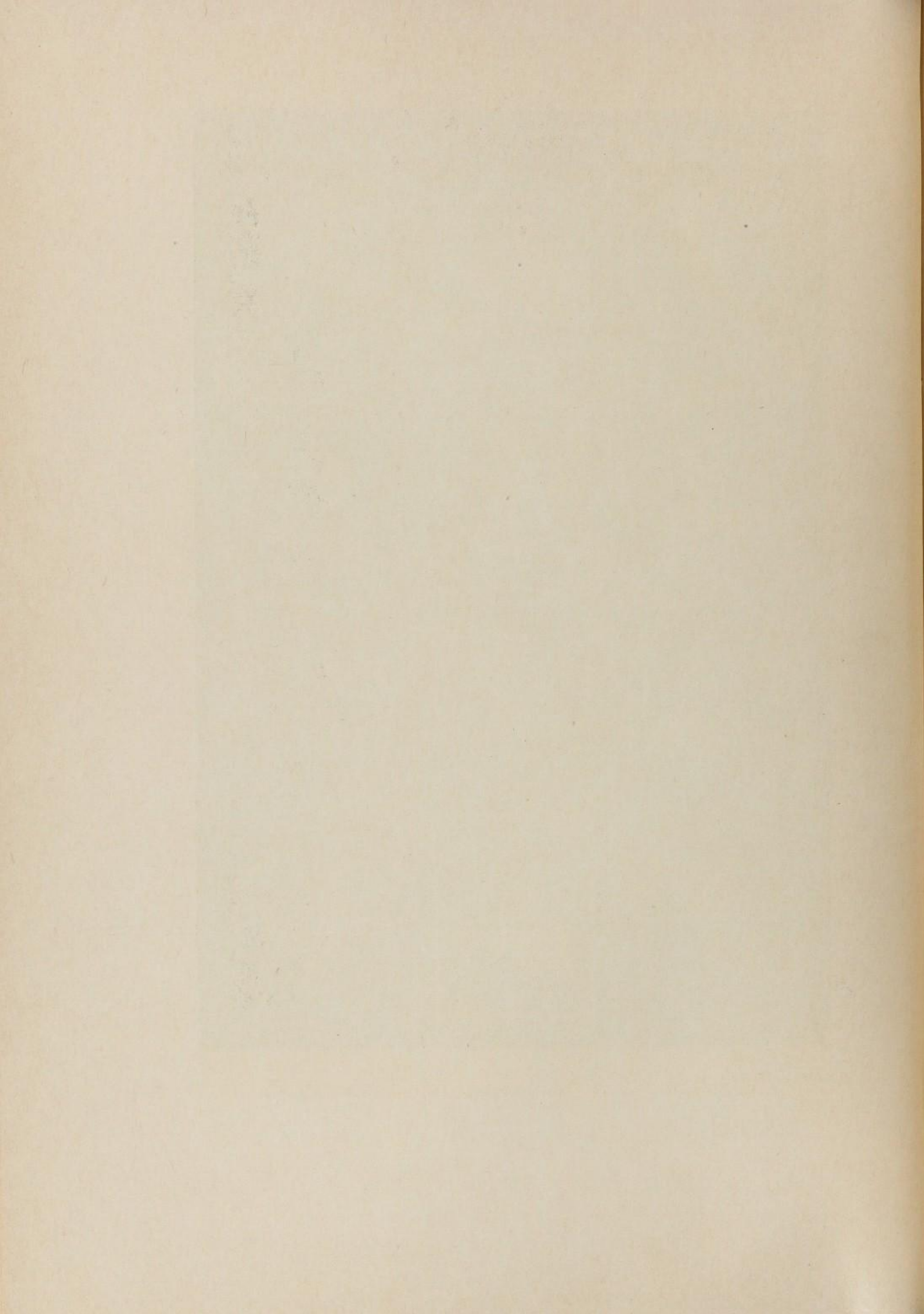




Foto by Marceau

Lucile Browne
Jeannette Rapsch
Pearl Hoag
Wallace Canfield

Maud Melrose
Edith Hornbeck
Randall Ling
Selma Espe

William Sherer
Elsa Lord
Rhoda Johnson
Morril Boynton



Foto by Marceau

Gertrude Price
 Clarence Armstrong
 June Miller
 Ivalo Porter

Florence McIntosh
 Adda Twiss
 Winefred Keese
 Alma Meeker

Bennie Harwood
 Anita Burchill
 William Gunn
 Alice Morton



Phot by Marceau

Silverita Etchepare
 Louis Bryant
 Christine Wurtz
 Ella Schmidt

Florence Lindsay
 Anita Win
 Edith Spencer
 George Jepson

Will Crowell
 Annie Moores
 Arthur Yorba
 Lucile Dixon



Foto by Marceau

Lola Strongren
Grace Cady
Pearl Putnam
Ray Howard

Lily Robson
Edward Morrison
Blanche Walker
Fay Lewis

Maurice Armstrong
Mamie Durand
Frances Coulter
Earnest Bingham



Foto by Marceau

Harry Baskerville
Edna Wyman
Jess Stephens
Louise Ehrmann

Renna Kane
Grace Winters
Lucy Clark
Albert Glass

Edith Bond
Leo Meyberg
Alma Hecht
May Langbean

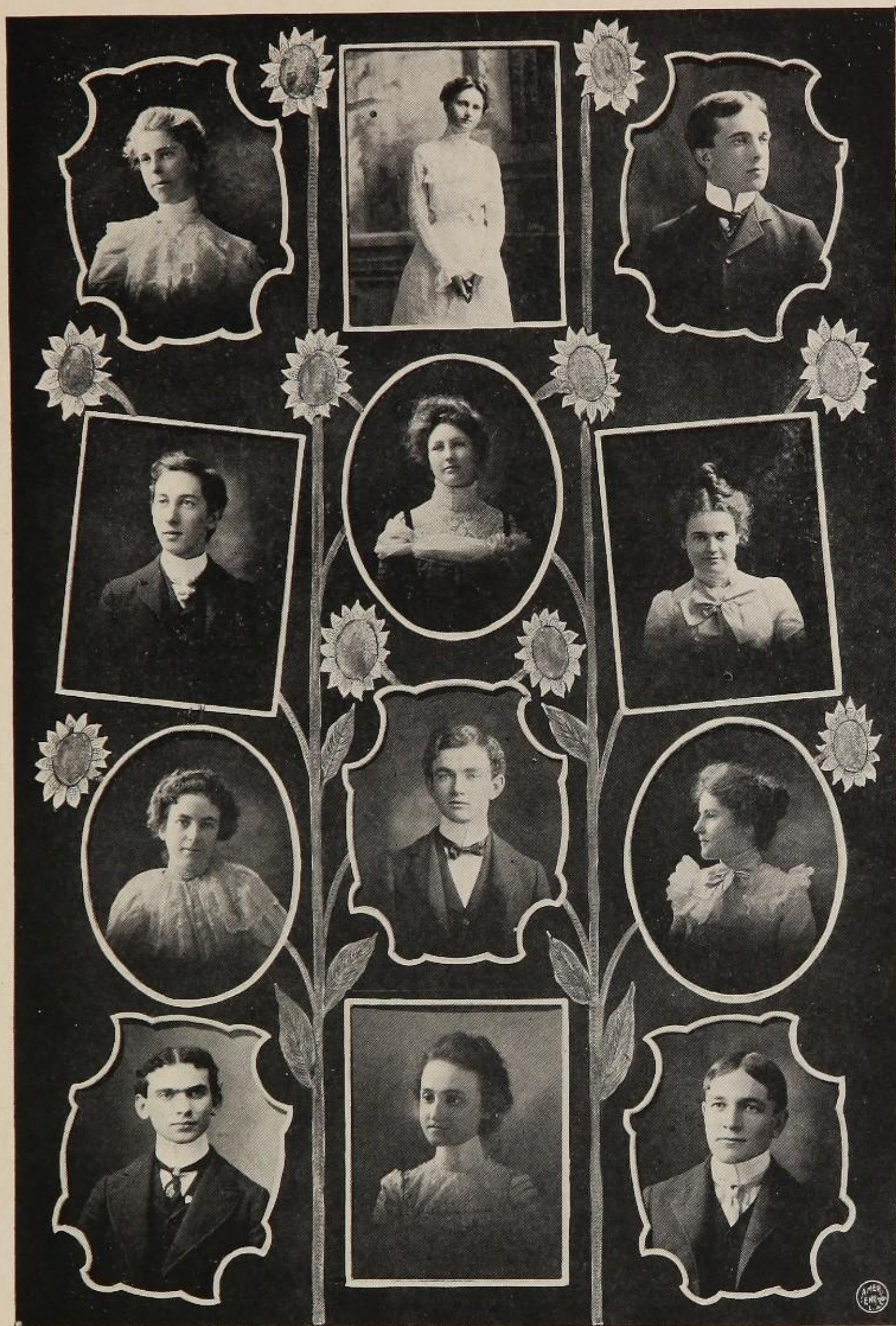


Foto by Marceau

Edith Bates
Harry Baxter
Ruth Clinton
Barney Shulman

Lulu Hunter
Martha Mayo
Reginald Whitaker
Hattie Lawler

Frank Perry
Jessie Balch
Etta Coverly
Victor Watkins

CLASS PROPHECY

IT WAS warm, very warm, and one need not look at the thermometer to know that it was getting warmer. The small pond under the trees was covered with a green scum, and the grass that had been so fresh and bright with the morning dew, seemed parched and withered. Suddenly the underbrush crackled and the head of a deer looked through the branches. He peered anxiously around, but seeing no one came out into the open and called, "Barney—say Barney—where are you?"

There was an answering bubble from the pond, ever widening circles of ripples and a large green frog climbed languidly on a big lily leaf and croaked angrily, "That was very inconsiderate of you, Lanagan. You know I always study Parliamentary Law on hot days; it's really the only way to keep cool. My! but isn't it hot? It's every bit as bad as June, 30th 1900, *n'est ce pas?*" "It is June 30th," replied the deer haughtily, "and if you weren't so stupid you'd remember that today is the one hundredth anniversary—listen! Isn't that Van?" A deep roar vibrated through the woods while the dull thud, thud of a heavy foot-ball was heard growing momentarily louder and clearer, until at last the huge form of a mountain lion crashed through the opening and stood before them. "Where are the rest?" he demanded gruffly. "That secretary—" "Here I am," a squeaky voice, followed by a quack, answered him, "Won't you please sharpen my quill?" The lion yawned, "Dear me, you're a duck aren't you? How did that happen?" "No," said the secretary mournfully, "I'm a goose; isn't that humiliating? I wish I'd believed in this in time and I'd have prepared for it? Now there's Eva Perry—" "Well, what about me? Isn't anybody else here yet? Why, how do you do, Van? So you're a lion at last are you? I remember hearing that you

were almost one in the American contingent at St. James several years ago. I wish I had a glass—that long trip has mussed my feathers dreadfully. Oh! there's Mr. Lanagan, he ought to have one; he always used to carry one. You have been a deer for a long time, haven't you? I read about that school of mines explosion. You were so young, too—only eighteen! Fancy! I recognized you right away; the eyes, I suppose, and—oh, my! my! there's a mouse!" Eva, I mean the magpie, gave a terrified little squawk and hurriedly flew out of reach.

"T-t-t-t," the mouse began meekly, "I didn't intend to scare you; I really beg your pardon. I'm Randall Ling, you know. I just thought I'd come to the meeting, 'cause I haven't seen any of you since I ended my career in that Dakota cyclone in 1930." "Look out there," the lion interrupted, "I almost stepped on you; you; you're so dreadfully small." "Yes," assented a drowsy voice from a hole in the trunk of the tree, "those old Senior B fines are still against him." The owl blinked his eyes, but stepped out his gloomy abode with such an air of profound wisdom as to cause the secretary to start with amazement. "Why, if there isn't Boynton!" she exclaimed to a swan standing near her. "You remember, Louie, he had a fatal attack of brain fever after the completion of his treatise on the 'Evolution of the Flea to the Mosquito'." But the swan's attention was elsewhere. "Just look," she whispered excitedly; "that's Maude over there, I'm sure; that parrot, I mean with the red tail and green wings." "Yes," grumbled the secretary, "her husband made lots of money after he married her. Let's go over there and talk to Harry; I hadn't the least idea that he was a goat!"

Baskerville, that is, the goat, was explaining somewhat breathlessly why he was late. "I started early enough, sure I did; fine, large, luscious morning, it was too, but I passed my great grandson fishing—fishing! I want you to know, when he should have been studying chemistry. However, he didn't know I was his grandfather; he thought I was just an ordinary old Billy goat. The long of it is that I chased him home and fooled around 'till I heard his mother tell him to study." The goat pulled his beard thoughtfully and added, "I hope the rest of you are interested in your descendants; it's only right to give them the benefit of our experiences."

"I second the motion," said a deep voice near him; it was an enormous grizzly who had come in quietly during the goat's speech. "I wish I had published a history of my congressional life." "I rise to a point of order," said the owl with a majestic

flap of his wings; "Mr. Wynn seconded a motion when there wasn't any, and so by Roberts"—The rest of the sentence was lost in a chorus of caws, and a whirring of wings as five black crows flew down in their midst. They ranged themselves in a row on the fence, and regarded the crowd critically. "I do think," said the one at the head of the line, "that this is the most heterogeneous mixture of birds and beasts that I ever saw, but you couldn't possibly doubt who they were, anybody"—(with an impatient toss of the head)—"yes, anybody would know that we had been school teachers and that you were Christine or you were Sue, and Mamie, why you could recognize her by her saucy expression. Nobody would know you though, Edna, you've got the big head because you taught in the High School, and we didn't." With this brief and rather unsatisfactory account of themselves, the crows became more sociable, and indulged in some startling bits of gossip. "Well," began Hersa again, looking around to see who was present, "I know three people that won't be here today. Mr. Crowell won't, for one. Just think, he's still a man. He made such a fine Sunday School teacher that when his first body grew old, his soul was just transferred to a younger one, and now he's doing it all over again. Then Mr. Whitaker, the French professor that was and the fox that is, we passed this afternoon with his paw in a steel trap. I passed Frank Perry, too, coming from Long Beach. He said that he'd come if it wasn't oyster time, and he didn't want to get caught, besides he was busy manufacturing pearls." Albert Glass, now a dazzling peacock, (but alas! possessing among other things the peacock's vocal qualities) volunteered the information that he and Perry had been rivals of Tiffany in the jewelry business, and added by way of explanation that he did the talking and—"Well, Frank did the rest." The peacock evinced his contempt for his fellow creatures by making a precipitate departure at the appearance on the scene of a small but agile ape, who was casting longing glances at the iridescent tail feathers. "There's Willie," growled the lion. "Now, young man, just let me warn you, there mustn't be any monkey business. Do you hear what I say? Stop chasing that mouse! Don't you know that's Mr. Ling?" "I can't help monkeying," replied the ape, apologetically; "I belong to that family, so I was born that way. When I was a boy people said I was degenerating, which wasn't so; I don't call changing into an ape degenerating, it's just being more original." With this Willie went sauntering off in search of fresh adventure.

There under a banana tree he found the goose, the swan and a pure white Belgian hare of undoubted pedigree, holding an exciting reunion. "No," the hare was saying, otherwise Annesly Sayre, "I didn't teach school after all. I went to Europe with my sister, and there I met the count and—and—" and the hares blushed as only hares can blush, and white ones in particular. "You married a count? Oh! you lucky mortal! and here I, Fannie Coulter, succumbed to an ordinary millionaire in New York!"

A sober, brown-coated wren was Fannie, sober in attire only, however, for she smiled with all her old-time gaiety at the deer, and fell to comparing notes with her old friend Renna, a fine white Leghorn hen. "Really, Fanny, I think you were dreadfully lucky. I couldn't find any one with more than \$500,000, and of course that was out of the question; so look what I became, just what I am now—an old hen! It's positively discouraging."

The hen picked savagely at an old stump where a Book Worm was apparently absorbed in an ancient copy of Virgil. "Lucy Clark, stop studying or I'll eat you up!" exclaimed the hen. "Just because you taught Latin at Wellesley is no reason why you should pore over it now." The worm closed the book and crawled nearer. "For goodness sake scare Mr. Jepson off. I know he's going to step on me," she said, watching with some anxiety the perilous proximity of a giraffe. "Oh, he won't hurt you," replied the hen. "Did you know that he used to be head of a Deaf Mute Institute in Boston? I guess he hasn't gotten over it yet; he hasn't said a word today."

The Giraffe stalked by with his head in the air, treating Mr. Bayley, who was crowing away with all his Rooster strength, to a look of utter disdain, and shaking his head impatiently when Mr. Watkins, the Bat, flew tantalizing around him. "Mr. Bayley's having been an auctioneer is his excuse for making so much noise," said Lily, the Cat, plaintively. "It almost makes my hair stand on end."

Ravens may not always be poets, but the one who began to speak now certainly was (?) or had been. "My life was like an echo from the Celestial sphere. I have gained immortal renown," he said complacently. "My grandfather was a friend of Edgar Allen Poe's. My brother Clarence was so disappointing: he was an architect and now he's a woodpecker." "O I don't know," said the Bat, "there isn't much to choose between you, Maurice, but if you desire a more artistic atmosphere, just go over there with Miss Clinton, the Canary Bird, she was a singer; or Miss

Morton, the Oriole; she used to be an artist you know. As for me, I'd rather play football any day—than be a poet."

"Bah," remarked the sheep, with a far-away look, "I spent my time getting out different editions of our Blue and White, which was far more exciting." "Why, Mr. Meyberg, do you call that exciting," exclaimed a little dove. "You should have been with Eula and me when we were Red Cross nurses in Africa, if you wanted any real excitement." "It was exciting, Grace," put in Eula, "and wasn't Jesse Stephens a fine doctor, though? Here he comes now, a yellow and black tiger. How patriotic!"

Just then a black curly dog and a turtle went hurriedly by them. "Ed. Morrison," panted the turtle, otherwise Mr. Goudy, "please don't go so fast; what's your hurry any way?" The dog turned around scornfully: "I saw a cat of course; I'm very partial to cats—some cats." The turtle gave up in despair and stopped. "I always was slow," he murmured, "even when I was President, but then it runs in the family and I can't help it. I wasn't as bad as Morrow, though he was a perfect snail." The turtle stopped again, but this time with surprise. "Why my dear old boy, do you mean to say that you really are a snail?" "You've hit it," replied the snail; "don't you want to sit down and talk. I'm tired chasing around here with everybody. I had an awful scare a few minutes ago; that American Eagle over there almost swallowed me—just recognized me in time. You remember him, Admiral Gunn; he succeeded Dewey. Who's that lamb over there?" "Oh, that's Miss Hornbeck; her husband invented the first successful flying machine. That butterfly talking to the owl is June Miller; she was quite a belle that winter in Rome, wasn't she?" "Yes and so was Miss Strongren," answered the turtle, moving into the shadow of the stump. "I see they're both butterflies. I wonder why Baxter isn't here. I heard that horse over there say that he used to be a fine musician. I think he's a coyote now, though."

"By the way, who is that horse?" asked the turtle; "I didn't see him come." "Mr. Bingham. Oh! surely you know him. I'll never forget the slump he made in the wheat market in 1950. That Lyre bird on the branch just over his head is Edith Bond; she was a royal harpist in Italy for a long time. Did you ever," added the snail, "read any of Blanche Walker's novels?" "Yes and I read them now, when I want something to keep me awake; she doesn't make a bad looking bluebird, does she?"

"I'm rested now, aren't you," said Goudy. "Let's go down to the pond and see Canfield; he's a beaver and his place is fine and

cool. I used to get all my hats from him; did you?" The snail gave a nod and the two went off slowly. The turtle raised his hat as they passed a dragon fly. The snail looked up. "Whom did you speak to?" "Why that was Edith Bates; her scholars were dreadfully afraid of her; but then she did not teach very long; she married the French Ambassador, and her receptions in Washington were worth attending, I tell you. That's where I met May Langbean just before her wedding; its easily understood why she's a bird of paradise."

"Well," said the snail, stopping to rest for the fifth time, "I don't think we'd better go any further; it's longer than I thought. Has Van called the meeting yet, Miss Hecht?" he inquired of a lamb. "I don't think we had better miss that." "He's going to in a minute," she replied. "Have you seen Miss Meeker or Miss Burchel? I was sent after them and can't find them anywhere."

Before he had time to answer her, a flock of blackbirds alighted on the grass and commenced to chatter noisily. "Why, if here isn't the whole crowd," exclaimed the lamb; "here's Hattie Lawler, Maude Melrose and Adda, and Pearl Putnam, yes, and I do believe there's Gertrude Price and Miss Coverly!" "There's Miss McIntosh, too, and Mattie Mayo," remarked the snail, "and Lucille over there with Lulu Hunter and Miss Win; you know they all went on an excursion to Catalina and the boat capsized; they were all talking so much that they didn't notice until too late; except Miss Lindsay and Miss Espe, they swam ashore and told the tale, but they were always afraid to go back, so they started a hotel there. I think Silverita Etchepare started one in opposition with Miss Johnson, but I don't know whether it was a success or not."

Suddenly the crows gave a frightened cry. "For goodness sakes," exclaimed Hersa, "it's almost dark and we can't see to get home if we don't hurry; it's too bad, because I was just dying to see Elsa Lord and Winifred and Edith Spencer over there in that swarm of bees. Ivalu Porter, too, and Jessie Balch are there; they had the jolliest flat together in New York. What on earth is Ray Howard doing over there with them?" Then she began to laugh merrily. "He's a drone, Mamie, don't you see?" but then she sighed. Then one by one they began to depart.

The tearful parting made a confused babble of sounds; the owl looked sadly around in search of something, and then started up with a wondering expression—"Where was Louise?" The American Eagle answered him, his voice growing fainter and

fainter as he ascended higher and higher: "I think," was his parting shot, "I think she's still on earth."

Now all was quiet again. The frog croaked dismally in his loneliness, and the cricket kept him company. When the moon rose, and surveyed the trampled grass, she didn't even sigh—what difference did it make to her if we had all parted again for a hundred years?

ISABEL CHARLOTTE TEAL, S. '00.



LETTER BOX

Dear Miss Editress:

The moon is shedding a soft radiance over a sleeping world,
the nightingales chant a lullaby under my window,—but in
vain—

My heart is heavy within,
My eyelids refuse to close,
And my soul is filled with agony
Of my greatest of woeful woes!

Again have I been called Morris!

What will become of my poetical aspirations if that is re-
peated?

Your Tempest-tossed Contemporary,

MOREECE ARMSTRONG.

Dear mis editres:

i want to go to berkely colege when i get threw this schule,
but if i dont i want to get married. have yu a marage burow?
if you have eny rich aplicants plese tell them about me. I am
reel prety, 16 yrs. old and a fast walker.

MARY PLUMMER DURAND.

Dear Miss Editress:

Did you ever hear of a note I lost in the hall the other day?
If you find it wont you please return it to me? It wasn't from a
Senior A and it had some words in Spanish at the end, so you
can't make a mistake. I hope you will find it because I want to
keep them all.

Yours in Suspense,

RENNA KANE.

Dear Miss Editress:

I don't like being personal editor a little bit, 'cause I couldn't
let any personals go in about me, that's the reason I'm writing to
you—I wanted to get in somewhere.

I suppose you sympathize with me.

Your disappointed colleague,

RAY HOWARD.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS

"On Friday nights it always rains,"
Says Louie with a pout;
"For though I don't mind staying in,
Some one else might not go out."

Mr. Bingham went to a party
All in a shower of rain,
But as he took a carriage,
With no intent to disparage,
Perhaps he'll be welcome again.

Eddie trim and Lily slim
Went walking out one Sunday,
Said Eddie trim to Lily slim
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

—o—

A Little Boy that was Late to School

One nice, bright May morn-ing a ver-y good lit-tle boy start-ed to school. His face was wash-ed ver-y clean, his neck-tie was tied ver-y neat-ly un-der his chin, and his shoes were black-en-ed un-til you could see your face in them. This lit-tle boy's name was Mor-ril Boyn-ton. He tied his books on the han-dle-bars of his brand new bi-cy-cle, and went off ver-y fast. By and by he came to a street that was not nice and clean. Now, Mor-ril was such a neat lit-tle boy that he did not want to get his brand new bi-cy-cle all dir-ty, so he rode along on the side-walk. Was-n't that a care-ful lit-tle boy? Then while he was rid-ing a-long so fast, be-cause he did not want to be late to school, a great, big, bad man jumped out at him and said, "Halt!" Poor lit-tle Mor-ril was so scared that he al-most fell o-ver. And this great, big, bad man said in a great, big, rough voice, "You come with me." Then this great, big, bad man scold-ed him and took all his mon-ey and made poor lit-tle Mor-ril late to school. Wasn't that dread-ful? There is-n't an-y o-ther mor-al to this stor-y.

BALLAD TO WILLIE

The ballad of our Willie dear
In few words I'll relate;
How he long pantaloons put on
Because he couldn't wait.

We are oppressed with Summer days,
The Wintry days we hate,
But more we grieve that our Willie
For long pants could not wait.

He was our pride, our hope, our joy,
The pet of all the school,
But now he's fallen in our hearts
And there no more he'll rule.

Those trousers long have changed him so,
A child no more he seems,
But more an old man in his youth
As we see in our dreams.

I've talked and talked with Willie,
And, Gordon, so have you,
But we've wasted time and breath it seems,
What shall we ever do? —E. M.

CLASS HISTORY

September, 1896

*all 9th Grade Pupils
go to the Annex.*

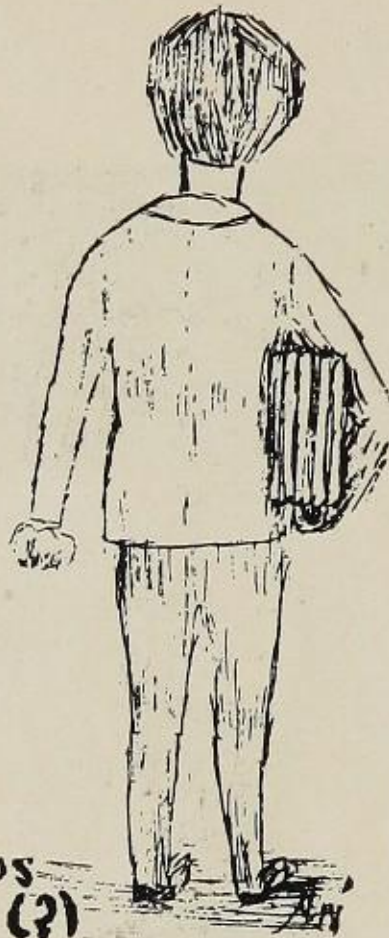


September 1897

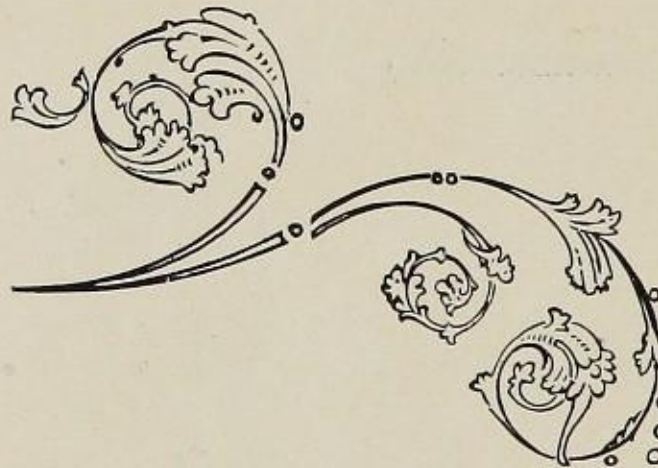
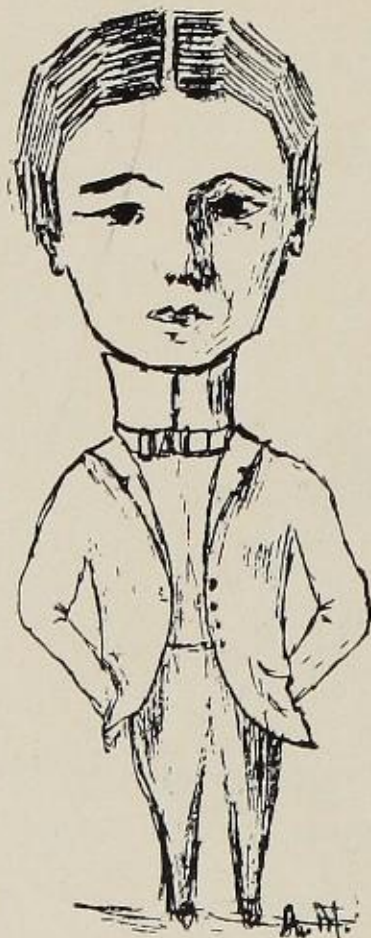


FIRST ADMITTANCE TO STAR AND CRESCENT

September 1898

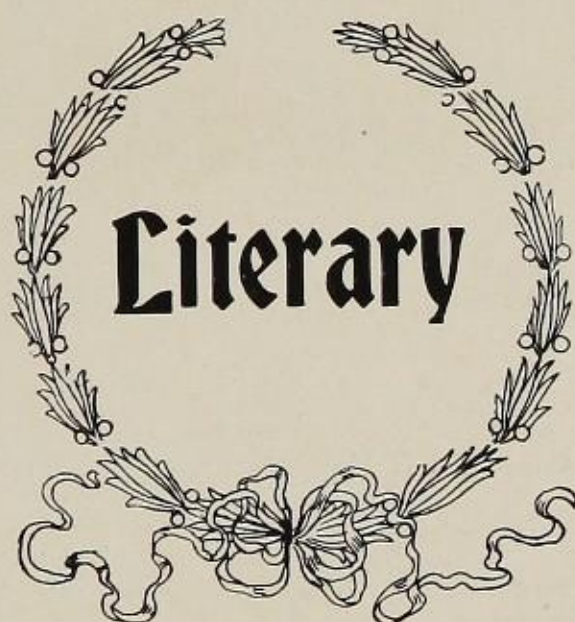


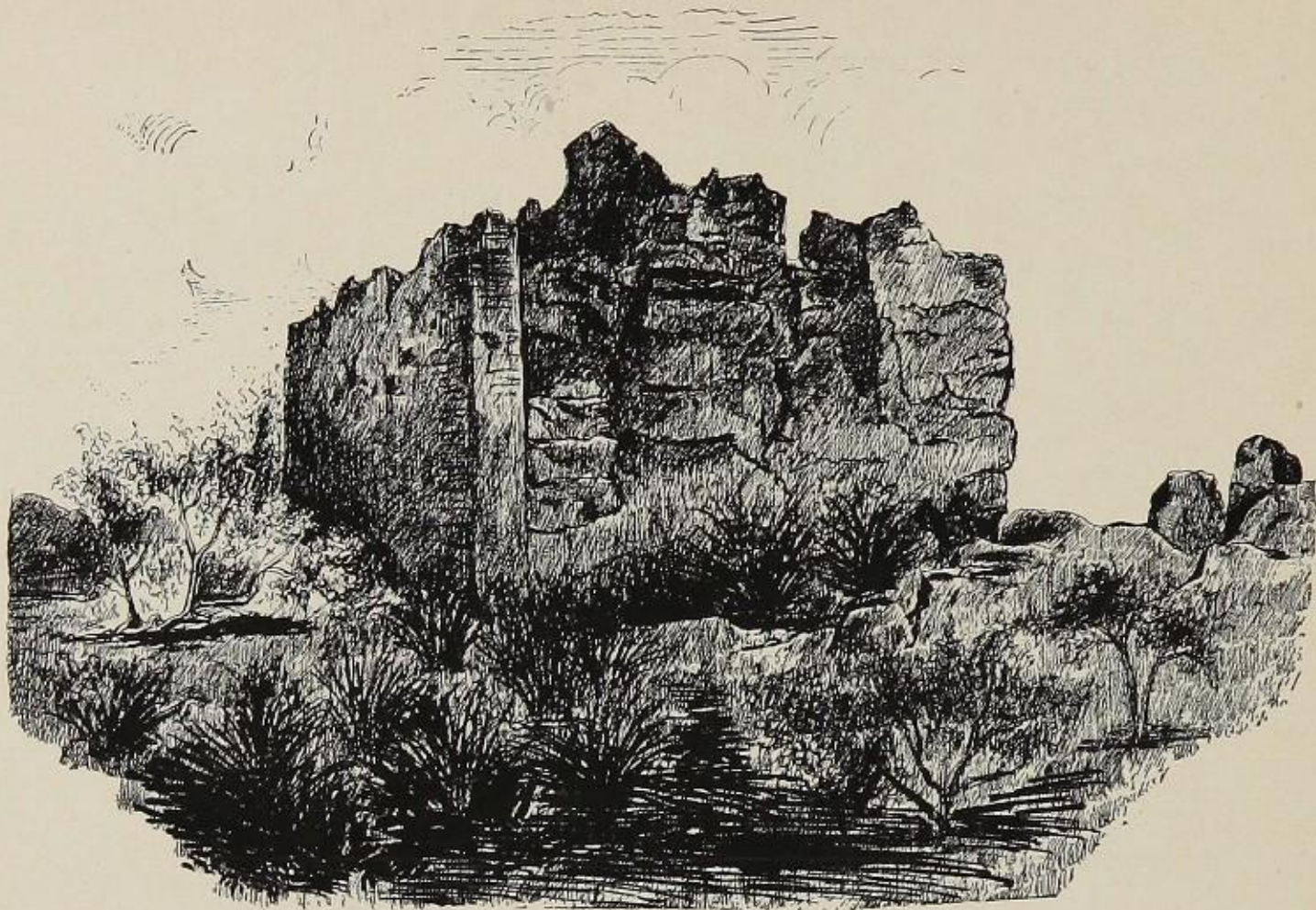
September 1899-June 1900



... I M A G I N E having to write about
what WE'VE done this year!
if any one does NOT know, he doesn't
deserve to be told.

(This is supposed to be a good portrait
of our most prominent member.)





THE LEGEND OF CASA GRANDE

IT WAS on the first day of May that my two cousins and I reached the hot, dusty station of Casa Grande in the Southern part of Arizona. We had often wished to see the mysterious Casa, and now that our hopes were about to be realized we could hardly wait until a suitable guide was procured, for we had ten miles yet to go, before we pitched out tents. Indeed, it was difficult to choose from the many Indians and Mexicans who were very willing to direct us. Finally an ancient Yuma Indian was chosen; in fact we had no other alternative, for when he presented himself the rest of the competitors quietly slunk away, to our amazement.

Yuma was a silent old man, resembling an Egyptian mummy, more than one whose life blood still coursed through his veins. Nevertheless he was faithful, and we had no reason to regret our choice of a guide.

We reached our destination in about an hour and a half, and were delighted to see the plains covered with tender grass. The winter rains had caused the grass and flowers to spring up abundantly, and nature seemed to be doing her best to atone, as it were, for the ruin which had been caused by withholding the

showers for so long; but if we are to believe the Indians, the whole country will bloom again, when the Great Spirit wills it.

We rested until sundown in the shadow of the Casa, then began to pitch our tents, while Yuma cared for our horses, and brought wood for the fire, over which we cooked our supper.

After we had been there several days, we were attracted by the strange actions of our guide. He often stood silently watching the old ruin with a very sad, earnest gaze, and one could imagine that just such as he held the secret of the brown, sunbaked old pile.

The next day after our arrival we began to look through the different apartments. The walls were from six to eight feet thick, and the original height is supposed to have been about six stories.

On the eighth day, Yuma came to us, and spoke in Spanish, saying he wished us to go with him. We consented, and he led us through brush and over stones until we came to what seemed to us to have been the bed of a lake. Without saying anything, he turned and retraced his steps, beckoning us after him.

In the evening when we were quietly resting he asked if we would like to know the reason for all that desolation. We all felt that at last we were to hear what no man of the white race had been able to learn. Seeing how eager we were, his vanity seemed gratified and he began:

"Many years ago my ancestors, the Toltecs, lived in Central America, and were prosperous and happy. The pride of the kingdom was Ciuhuana, the fair daughter of the king. She had no cares, and was lighthearted and as free as a bird.

One day a stranger with an army of braves came and fought with the Toltecs, and defeated them. They took the princess captive to the land where there were many beautiful lakes and woods, where all was beautiful, and perpetual spring reigned.

But this little captive was not to be consoled for the loss of her country and kindred, and soon pined until she could hardly be recognized by her captor, who came often to urge his suit. She would not listen to him, though treated with the respect due her rank. Finally, as a last resort, she went to the margin of the beautiful lake not far away, and, taking the talisman from her neck, around which she had worn it all her life, she cast it into the clear, sparkling water, and pronounced a curse on all the land. She called on the gods of the homeland to avenge her; to dry up the lakes; to blight the trees and make the land desolate, so that nothing but thorns could grow there again. Next morning the lake was gone, the trees withered, and the hot wind blew across a

desert, where all the livestock was dead, and even the beautiful palace had begun to decay.

Ciuhuana disappeared that night, and it is said that she found rest in the lake.

What became of the Chief? He went to the edge of what had been the lake, and as he stood gazing into the sand, he saw something glitter under the rays of the sun. He stooped down to pick it up, for it was the talisman Ciuhuana dropped there, and the ground suddenly opened, and he went down, down, nobody knows where. But the spirit of the little captive is bound there, too, for she waits till the Great Spirit will permit her to be with her tribe."

When the old man had finished, he looked up at us with a look of great sorrow, and said: "You see how Ciuhuana has been avenged, so be it to all who do not listen to the wail of the Indian maiden."

The following week we announced to Yuma our intention of returning home. The faithful old man was unusually sorrowful that morning while we were making preparations for our departure. His voice trembled as he bade us good-bye, wishing the Great Spirit to guide us safely home, and grant us many happy, peaceful days in a land where nature is not bound under the curse of the Toltec gods.

—PEARL PUTNAM.



BY THE BANKS OF THE THAMES SO GREEN

There is an English lass so fair,
Where the banks of the Thames grow green,
And her lover is down in the distant South,
Fighting for home and for Queen.

"Good-bye," she said. The ship sailed down
On the Thames, 'twixt banks of green,
And in vain she strove to stop the tears,
"He is fighting for home and for Queen."

The ship sailed on to the foreign shore—
(Oft he thought of the Thames banks green)—
And like flashes of lightning before the storm,
The glint of that army was seen.

To the front he goes, to face the foe,
Far away from the Thames banks green,
"God bless my lass and keep her from harm,
God save my land and my Queen."

The war rolled on 'neath the fierce southern sun,
(But the banks of the Thames still are green),
And many a life has ebbed away,
Fighting for home and for Queen.

A maiden is weeping in England fair.
By the banks of the Thames so green:
Her soldier love fell with his sword in his hand,
Fighting for home and for Queen.

—R. E. WHITAKER.

YE MILKWEED TAVERNE

(An Anglo-Saxon Essay.)

THERE'S never a leaf nor blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

In a dry, dusty field grew a silvery green milkweed, a much-loved resort of the summer insects. Here they feasted or rested.

First came the caterpillars, prettily ringed with blue, white, and yellow bands, who ate the downy leaves and new young buds. When the flowers were ready to bloom, not a caterpillar was to be found. Instead, a throng of gay-hearted butterflies flew about, or poised lightly on the plant to think how happy life was.

Under the leaves' broad shelter was the haunt of wily spiders, who fared well off the careless flies, attracted by the sign of the sweet-smelling pink and white flowers.

Bees swarmed around the blossoms. There were the common workers, their small, grap-striped, wild kin, large black bumble bees and golden ones. Sometimes their attachment was repaid by another kind of attachment. The sticky excretions of the flowers held them as fast as the law of the Medes and Persians bound our forefathers. Hundreds of the never-idle ants toiled up the stalks to devour them.

Many-hued shining beetles cut queer patterns in the leaves; spotted lady-bugs nestled in the soft blankets; lace-winged, fairy-like flies enjoyed the sweets.

When fall came the wind wafted away the flat seeds, with their snowy, silken sails, the leaves shrivelled up, and the inn was closed for the year.

EDITH SPENCER, S. '00.



TEDDY, THE POSSESSED

HE ISN'T bad, not really, you know. Only it's just part of him, and he can't help it." That was the rather weak argument of Teddy's sister-in-law, made in behalf of that young gentleman to his austere older brother. She said it plaintively and coaxingly, but not with the force that lends conviction. She was not very clear in her own mind as to what "it" was possessed her husband's small brother. Her neighbors in the little country town shook their heads gloomily and prophesied an evil end. He was at the head of half the mischief in town. And mothers who aspired to gentility warned their good little boys to shun this desperado's company, and to study their catechisms like well taught children.

Yet Hamilton Barton was a gentleman, and the Barton family had long been respected in the little community. Why should this particular Barton have turned out such a black sheep? His brother had been a model boy to imitate. Yet Teddy from infancy had been a scapegrace. He early preferred the company of little boys who left their shoes and stockings at home. Most boys who go to school "play hookey" now and then. Teddy "played hookey" most of the time, and went to school now and then. His mother had died in his babyhood, leaving him to the care of an indulgent old maid who could not be persuaded that any spirit other than a seraph could possess her nephew, when he looked at her with his soft, dreamy eyes. When she called him to scold him for running away from school, the culprit, scenting a lecture, would forestall her by beginning the conversation himself. He described graphically the scenes of the ramble that had taken the place of those deary hours of school. With the skill of an artist, he spoke of winding brooks, tiny nests hidden in dark old trees, with tender mother birds guarding their delicate eggs, till gentle Miss Trent became convinced that her nephew was almost too good to live long; and that after all there were advantages gained by such improving walks, not found in a country school house. So she dismissed him with the gentle reminder that mornings he must attend school; which he received with a gentle humility, and quite as gently disregarded.

But as Teddy grew older, his grown brother decided that more authority in the up-bringing of Master Teddy would have a salutary effect. So on his marriage with a lovely young woman from the neighboring city, he relieved his aunt of her unmanageable charge, and took him home to his wife.

She was young. She had new ideas of training children. Teddy must be bound to his guardians by other ties than mere bonds of authority. So she tried to make him love her.

Our hero did not look precisely like a villain. He was little, wiry and brown. His round freckled face was topped by a mop of independent hair, that gallantly defied both brush and comb. He appeared at breakfast with these rebellious locks carefully licked down by the agency of water and several violent punches from the brush. But before the meal was over, it had completely reasserted its individuality and stood on end in its accustomed way. But the most delightful feature in that small face was the great hazel eyes, so innocent in glance, even when in the depths of mischief, and so unfalteringly steadfast and true. No wonder Miss Trent thought him a child angel. No wonder his sister on her first meeting with the famed one, thought his character basely libeled. She learned better afterwards.

And yet to go back to her last statement. He wasn't bad. No one ever accused him of virtue, except his aunt. But he was not bad. He was simply, as many weary mothers still express it, "possessed."

The circumstance that had occasioned the young wife's remark, was an early morning visit from a friendly, corpulent old man, one of the Bartons' more distant neighbors. He had presented himself at the dining-room door without much ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Barton were breakfasting alone. Teddy had already broken his fast and departed.

At the opening of the door, Mrs. Barton glanced up. "Good mornin', Mis Barton, good mornin', ma'am. How d'ye do Hamilton? Fine day, ain't it? Just dropped in Mis Barton," taking an offered chair, "to speak to yer husband about a little matter. Don't go; don't go. Taint exactly pertainin' to business." And then the old fellow went on to say his say, with many apologies and explanations and such alarming prefaces.

It seemed that his daughter, something of a village belle, had been "kind o' bothered lately in receivin' of her company" by certain village urchins, among whom, and leader, too, was the ubiquitous Teddy.

The garulous old storekeeper left them with the remark that

he must be stepping along. And the husband and wife were left to gaze blankly at each other and wonder what that boy had been doing to make them regret his existence. Matilda, the maid, was sent in search of the culprit. And Mrs. Barton retired, warning her husband not to be harsh but to get the truth by gentle tact.

Teddy appeared, and, with his head hanging just enough to make him look a little guilty, took a position near the door. Mr. Barton glanced up from his newspaper, and surveyed his small brother. He then besought him, in burning words, to remember what was due to their ancient and honorable name, and finally begged to know what dreadful thing he had been doing to sully its purity.

Teddy shifted uneasily from one bare foot to the other, grinned once, and then looked becomingly solemn. Finally he began: "Ye'see," he said, "there's a fella been comin' to see Miss Fanny from Springville pretty reg'lar now for most more 'an two months, and, when they're sittin' in the parlor, yu can see 'em from the garden pretty plain. And we fellas, Bob an' Tom an' me, we kind o' watch 'em, yu know, and when their heads are gettin' pretty clost together, we let fly a handful o' corn at the winda' and' then they jump."

Teddy giggled. Reminiscing brought back the scene. Then he looked furtively up at his brother from beneath his long dark lashes. "Don't hurt 'em," he mildly entreated.

It was no criminal proceeding. Teddy's proceedings were never that. But they deeply disturbed the mind of a man who had never done such things himself, and was too young to look leniently on faults he could not comprehend. But he dismissed the prisoner at the bar, after receiving the promise that the rest of his days should be days of grace. Teddy went out and was good for five minutes.

Teddy was ingenious in many ways. It was a family joke how he had reconciled the Barton dog and cat. Mrs. Barton had a beautiful Maltese kitten, possessed of an hereditary dislike for dogs. So it was with some doubt as to the result that one pleasant evening Mr. Barton appeared with a clumsy Newfoundland pup, for Ted's special benefit. But as the cat was a house pet, and the dog was to be reserved for the kitchen and barn, Mrs. Barton made no objections, and the dog remained.

Willie Peters had come to spend the afternoon with Teddy and Mrs. Barton had retired to her room feeling that the boys were safe to play quietly. Willie would never lead any soul into

evil. He wore snowy collars and never forgot to say ma'am. But Teddy needed no one to show him the paths of mischief. He could lead the way himself. And on that pleasant summer day Mrs. Barton was roused from her peace of mind by loud screeches of a feline creature in distress, mingled with melancholy howls of an unhappy dog, and over all the sounds of wheels being rapidly drawn over rough ground. She sprang to the window. Teddy, with the aid of the obedient Willie, was wildly rushing round the yard pulling after him his tin express wagon, on top of which and rocking side to side with the rapidity of the motion, was a packing box nailed up tight. From this prison came the sounds of animal life. At her command the poor creatures were released. And to her indignant inquiries as to the meaning of such brutality, Teddy meekly replied that he was trying to make the two friends.

Strange are the ways of fate. From that day forth the dog and cat were boom companions. Whether their common terror in the packing box, when no other friend was near, had drawn them together, we can not say. But the fact remained.

One fine morn of that June, Teddy rose in his might and decided to have a party. With his usual energy he set forth immediately after breakfast to invite the guests. His acquaintances were many, and one and all they accepted with alacrity. The master of ceremonies forgot to mention the coming festival to the members of his immediate family. They were not invited. But when the first comer, a tall, lanky girl, was seen opening the garden gate, he thought it time to explain matters. They came now in overwhelming numbers; children who carried the dignity of the occasion in their faces; children who grinned from ear to ear; pugnacious boys who greeted each other with the comforting assertion, "I could lick you with one hand!" The games were lead by the above mentioned lanky girl, who vigorously chewed gum through it all, much to Miss Trent's horror and disgust. Ted's friends were not always the choicest. But no one came to blows and the party was enough of a success to make Teddy feel that he had done his duty by society.

Bob Wampsey was visiting Teddy. And the members of the Barton household were aware that some one had come to see Ted. The noise was expressive. But suddenly there was silence. It was lasting too long to portend any good. Mrs. Barton hastened

downstairs and through the kitchen. Here she stopped. In one corner Teddy was down on his knees, guiltily wiping up with one of Matilda's clean glass towels something that looked extremely like a broken egg. The explanation was simple. Ted had bet Bob five dollars that if an egg was placed in the corner, said Bob could not break it with the cover to the sugar barrel. The circular shape of the cover protected the egg for some time, and Bob whacked valiantly, but in vain. But suddenly, the egg rolling forward, Bob seized his chance. Crash! and the egg was no more.

Teddy wanted a goat. So Teddy purchased a goat. But it took all the money in the little tin savings bank in the dining-room, besides some material aid from Mr. Barton, before the horned monster was established in his new home. He was Teddy's delight; far more delightful than the timid cat or obedient dog. But the only result of the little boy's attentions was a lasting animosity on the part of the goat.

Oh, the joy with which little boys dared him, always taking pains to be within reach of a place of safety. And, oh, the ingenuity it took to harness the warrior steed to the small goat cart. While the goat was still in his small box stall, Teddy mounted the partition and adroitly attached a long rope to each horn. Bob Wampsey was then called from the barnyard, and to that individual's care was entrusted the end of one of the tethers. Of the other Teddy himself took possession, and thus fortified they sallied forth. For as the two boys pulled vigorously in opposite directions, the goat could attack neither. Once outside a third comrade adjusted the harness. The first two heroes drew gradually nearer, until they were close to the goat, and then, with a splendid leap, they both landed skillfully in the cart, and the goat was off; over sticks and stones, ditch and field, the goat cared not what, and the boys cared less.

Sometimes the goat got the upper hand. As the time when having been to a neighbor's barn to perform in an amateur circus, he rebelled on the way home. An hour later, as Mr. Barton walked home from business, he came upon the goat keeping vigil beneath an oak, on the spreading limbs of which sat a small boy, very weary and very willing to be freed from his elevated prison. But the goat came to an untimely end. Perhaps the indignities

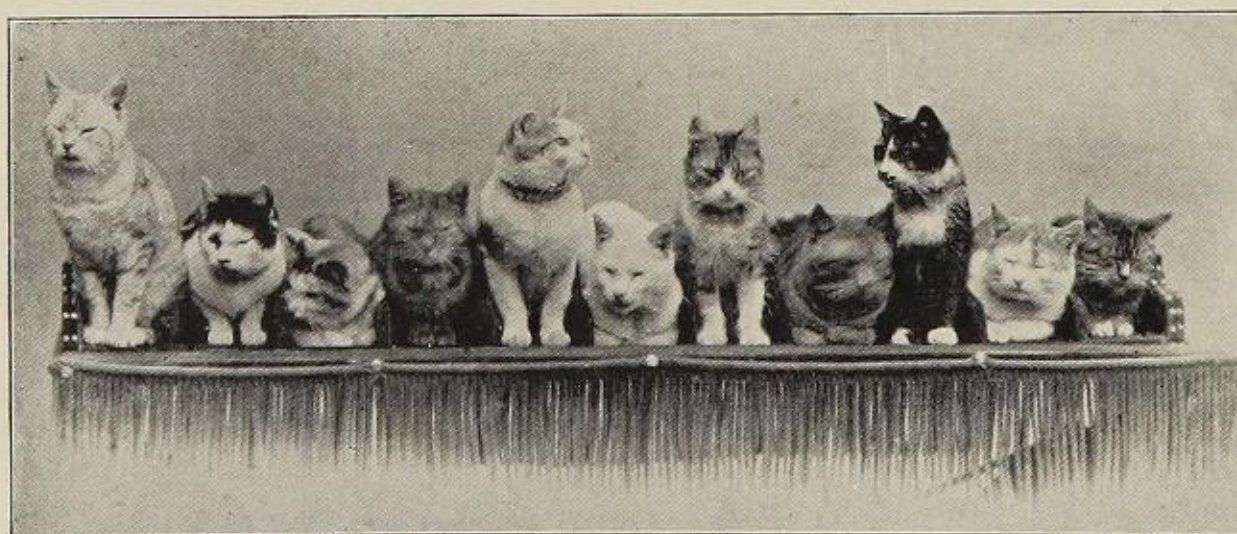
to which he was subjected, preyed on his his independent spirit. Perhaps his young Master was not regular enough in his care of his pet. At any rate there was a vacancy in the circle of Teddy's affections.

Since Mrs. Barton's marriage she had kept a journal in which she recorded all the events of importance that took place in her family. Any member of the household had access to its pages, but it was with some surprise and a good deal of amusement, that on opening the book one day, she found just beneath the record of her own little daughter's death, these words, written in a crooked childish hand: "June 23, 18—. My goet dyed to-day, partly from cold, but mostly from starvashun."

These are but one third of the performances of one short month of Teddy's life, and every one of the twelve is as full, with no duplicates. Is it strange that the inhabitants of L—— look grave and say he is possessed.

He is possessed. But by a spirit of energy and life rather than by a spirit of evil. And if the energy be turned in the right channels, it promises a useful life and a happy end.

JULIA S. BOYNTON, W. '01.



THE ISLE OF DESOLATION

THERE'S been a sort of inspiration,
That's been going through our whole nation,
And has come to realization,
In the last administration.

Now this sort of inspiration,
Which I speak of, has foundation;
'Tis not mere imagination,
But interests the whole creation.

To understand the situation,
And principal points of this narration,
We'll have to begin with civilization,
When Spain was, in truth, a powerful nation.

If you trace the colonization,
Conducted by the Spanish nation,
You will find, through cruciation,
She lost her former rank and station.

As she had a high taxation,
And for herself, much admiration,
She didn't like the humiliation,
Of borrowing from her capitalization.

So she shifted her taxation,
On the Cuban population,
And this caused wrath and indignation,
To flow freely towards the Mother nation.

For a time the Cuban capitalization,
Bore the brunt of Spain's taxation,
And bore it with such long duration,
That it killed half her population.

Of course the hateful Spanish nation,
Who forced on Cuba commination,
Wouldn't withdraw her heavy taxation,
And Cuba formed a confederation.

For ten long years, with determination,
Poor Cuba fought her mother nation,
Never giving the slightest indication,
That she would submit to Spain's taxation.

To shorten the continuation,
Of this long and weary narration,
Cuba called on this great nation,
To free her from Spain's cruciation.

We met with cheer Cuba's expectation,
Which filled Spain full of indignation,
And she swore she'd make our glorious nation
Repent of our hasty determination.

We sent to represent our nation,
And to protect our population
Who made their destination
In the Isle of Desolation,

The very pride and admiration
Of McKinley's administration;
And the Spanish representation,
Destroyed it through abomination.

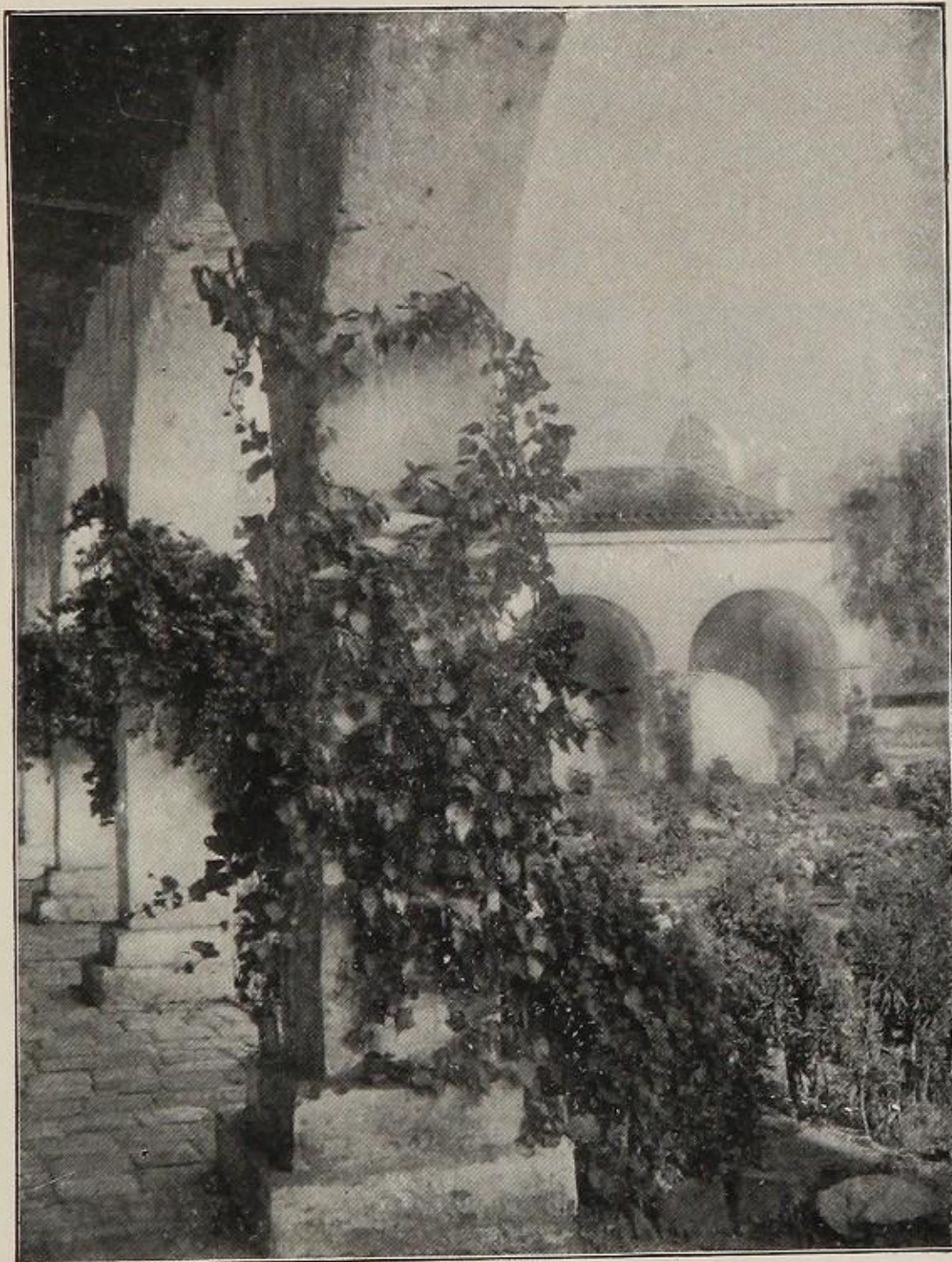
Perhaps you think that combination,
Of cowardice and contamination
Didn't raise the indignation
Of this great and wealthy nation.

Yes! it rose to so high a station,
That within the short duration
Of a month, the Spanish nation,
Was glad to withdraw her right of taxation.

You should have seen the consternation,
And the Spaniard's indignation,
When we sent a delegation,
To give Cuba co-operation.

So after some months of negotiation,
Spain has submitted, with degradation,
And now, on the Island of Desolation
There has sprung up a prosperous nation.

—ROYER W. GRAYBILL, A9.



Courtesy Lippincott

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE WHEN WEBSTER DELIVERED HIS BUNKER HILL ORATION

THERE had been showers before the great day, and I was afraid lest I be unable to wear my new pink gown to the ceremony, but June 17th dawned brightly, and as I opened my latticed window to the first rays of the sun, I thought that no more perfect weather could have been designed. The air was so cool and clear, and every green thing shone fresh from its bath, glittering with thousands of dewdrops.

We were on our way to Boston before the sun had kissed the valley into wakefulness, father driving, and I huddled under a huge robe, to protect my dainty skirts from morning mists. It was to be a fete day to me, for I had never been in Boston, though we lived but a few miles away.

Oh, the crowd and the noise, and skurrying people in the city! I crept timidly from my seat, but soon forgot my fears in watching the great parade.

First came the Military Department, with their gleaming uniforms and equipments, and magnificent restive chargers. The music of the bands and shouts of the crowd deafened me, but my eyes were glued to the spectacle before them. There were few dry eyes when the veterans passed, but enthusiasm broke its bounds before Lafayette. I myself tossed a bunch of dew-laden roses in his carriage as he passed, and his grave face brightened with a smile, as he raised the pink things to his lips with all the grace of a courtier of France.

When we arrived at the grounds where Webster was to deliver his address, such a spectacle met my eyes as I never had seen before. Thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, seemingly as far as eye could reach. The murmur as of a mighty sea came from this multitude as it swayed back and forth. Then a sudden hush as Webster stood forth upon the platform.

Slowly and calmly he began his speech, then, gathering power, poured forth its glowing thoughts as the cataract dashes over the

rocks. At times the sweet tones of his voice were the tones of the lark's matin song. The audience responded to his every thought. His magnetic presence swayed them as a wind sways the grasses. I gazed at him, fascinated. No tone of his voice, no change of his expressive face was lost to me. His very form seemed to dilate as his speech continued. Finally he raised his hand, and full in the rich sunlight, pronounced the future as a prophet of old. He stood there, impassioned. Then his arm fell. One moment of intense silence, and the mighty audience burst into a storm of applause. The ground fairly trembled. At last people began to move. I was pushed and pulled, nearly crushed to death, but never released my clasp of my father's side pocket.

When at last we reached the carriage, I was glad enough to hide my battered self beneath the protecting robe. It had been a glorious day. Even now I hear the tones of Webster's voice in my dreams, although I am sixty years old.

RUTH AUSTIN.



Courtesy "Western Graphic"

THE WITCH-BRIDE

THE young man stood beside his bride
Beneath a spreading tree,
And in his eyes she fairest was
Of all that wide countree.

He dropped her hand and looked away
(’Twas cruel as it could be),
For on his left he saw a maid
Who fairer was than she.

“O husband dear, why look so strange?
O pray, what do you see?”
“I see a maid in yonder glade
Who beckons unto me.”

“No maid I see, I swear to thee,”
She tremblingly replied.
He shook her off and cruelly
He left her loving side

He went away into the glade
That fairer maid to see.
And ne’er came back nor left a track
That he might followed be.

And now they say that on a night,
When storms blow fierce at sea,
When the moon shines dim, and a pale blue mist
Lies low across the lea,

When the watch-dogs howl, and the lone schreech owl
Cries out so weird and shrill,
That man’s pale ghost wails in that glade
And seeks the witch-bride still.

—MAY WILSON, S. 1900.

THE SMALL BOY IN PRINT

AN ESSAY is an instrument of torture to be applied to boys what is to young to protect themselves. Every essay has a beginning, but when you're a writing one it don't seem to have no end. It don't always have a beginning neither if you don't know what you're to write about. That's the time when the tortue comes in. Then you sit around like 's if you was mad at something (and you feel mighty mad at that teacher, too, and just let 'er wait till you get big enuf and then you'll see of you write any old essays for her), and you think, and you write a little, then you think some more and then do a little more writin', and just then you hear Bill a-playing outside and making a noise and having an orful lot of fun, and when you get to thinking of that there essay—well, you just don't care what happens, so you say—something under your breth like, and your sister looks up at you and she says, "Why, Jonathan, what orful language you be a-usin'!"

Then of corse you get mad, seein' as you're tired and cross from thinking o' that there essay you got to write, and you ups and says, "taint none o' your business," and she says, "Why, Mamma, hear Jonathan." After that for a few minutes you don't think of the essay—you've got other goose to cook after the roastin' you get—and you're lucky if you feel well enuf to write any more that day. Sisters is orful peculiar things anyhow. They never can let a feller work without a interruptin' him. Say, when your sisters is cross, don't you mind it—she can't do any worse 'n scold you. But when she calls you pet names, and offers you something nice, take my advice and skin out. She's just getting reddy to commence to ask you to do her a favor. That's the way mine does anyhow. Well, after you get the sister mindin' her own affairs, you starts to writin' again. Then you throw away the paper, and begin over again, and after awhile you have something like this: "A giraffe is like an elephant, only one has a double amount of neck and the other has a tail at each end. Besides, the giraffe is spotted, and the elephant isn't." Then you stop and think of that last circus what was in town, and how you got

in under the tent and had some pink lemonade insted of payin' for your ticket, and the more you think about the elephant and the giraffe the more you think about the circus, and so you have to stop writing about them or you'll never get done. The next thing you write is like this: "Electricity is what makes you drop a wire when you pick it up. Benjamin Franklin got electricity from the clouds and put it in a fruit jar. I tried it once with a jar of jam. The electricity wouldn't go into the jar, but the jam went into me. After awhile ma come home. Then I didn't have to go to the clouds for a shock." That's all you know about 'lectricity, so you stop to think about the weather, and what a fine time the boys are having playin' pirate. If I was there I'd be Captain, and make all the prisoners—and then you remember that you haven't written that essay yet. After a short time you commence again. "The pen is mightier than the sword—but I'd rather be Captain Kidd than a writer any day."

The next thing you think of is Injuns. "The injun is the original inhabiter of this country. He has nothing to do but hunt buffalo and scalp his enemy and capture the heroine, so that the hero can rescue her. Some day me'n Bill is going to run away and go West to fight Injuns and be heros." Then you have to tare that up, cause if you folks knew that you was ging' to run away they'd take you out into the woodshed to talk it over with you. Then you start in writin' on another subject, and as soon as you start, your sisters says, kind of pleasant like, "Jonathan." You've heard that tone so much before that you know what it means, so you make out like you don't hear. "Jonathan, will you *please* go to the postoffice? I'm expecting a letter from——" but she's told me she'll lick me till I can't talk if I tell his name. Anyway, you don't want to go, having that there paper to write yet, and when you says so, "Jonathan," says your ma, "put on your hat and be back from the postoffice in half an hour. And if you don't have the wood chopped when your pa comes home he'll make you wish you had."

Then the teacher licks you next day cause you ain't got nothing written. But some day I'll be even with her. Me'n the boys will have a gang of robbers, and some day we'll burn the old schoolhouse, and we'll holdup the teacher and make her write compositions till her head akes so she can't see straight. Then she'll repent, but it will be to late—to late.

JONNY.

MY FIRST DAY IN DIXIE

IF ONE has never visited in Kentucky, then a great pleasure has been missed, and one cannot know what real hospitality means.

My last visit there was one of constant surprises and pleasures from the time the train pulled in at the little station, early one June morning, till I waved a last sad farewell, some three months later. As we arrived at the little town of H—— an hour before we were expected, mother and I took what had been a hack during the war time, and drove by degrees to my aunt's house.

Well, such a time as there was when we arrived at the house, and the old darkey driver discovered that mother was "Miss Nannie's" sister. The cousins and aunts and uncles and friends began to come before we had finished breakfast, and they were all so glad to see us that I felt as if I were related to every one in Dixie land.

Then at half past twelve we had dinner. Everybody in Kentucky, you know, has dinner at noon, with such good things as fried chicken and hot biscuit. After dinner I was told something about a nap while all the men were trying to keep cool down town. I was quite indignant at the idea of sleeping in the day time, when I was well and wide-awake, but they only laughed at me, and said that I would soon learn to be lazy. We went up to our room, and my cousin pulled down the blinds, and gave me an immense palm leaf fan, and then we talked—for a while! I must have gone to sleep, but my first recollections were that some one was giving me warm bath. I never was quite so warm in my life, but I soon became used to that, and before many weeks I was the first to head the procession upstairs to nap-land.

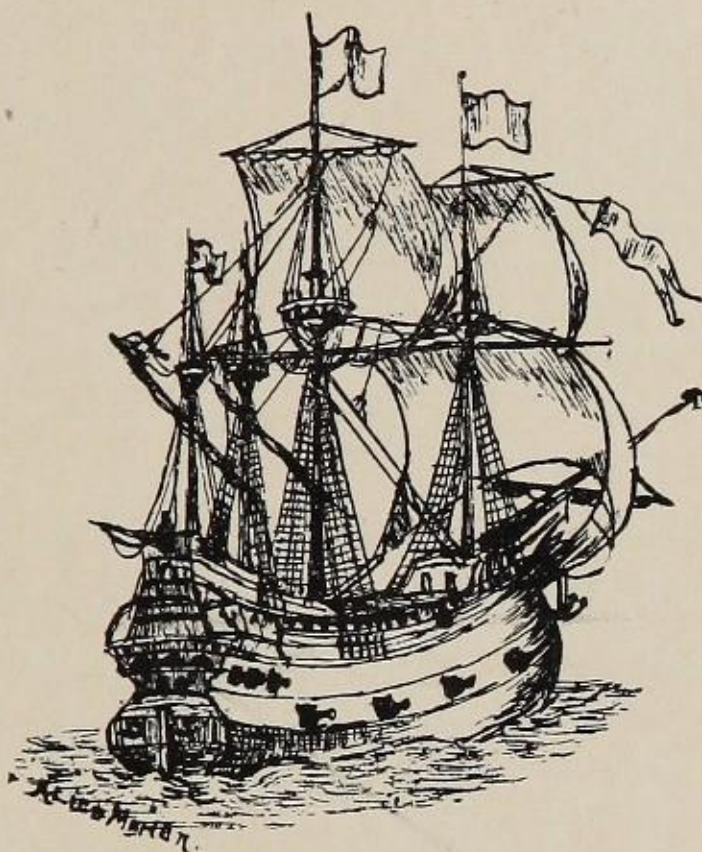
After five o'clock is gala time in H——, and we had another inpour of cousins. There were many lively discussions as to whether I looked like my mother or father, and I don't believe it ever was settled! Everybody drives at sundown, and I had just a glimpse of the beautiful cool dark woods before supper.

In the evening several young people dropped in, and as it was Saturday night a walk down town, or drive down Main street was suggested. The whole town was out on parade—the girls in pretty summer gowns and all bare headed, and of course with the boys in close pursuit. But oh! the darkies. Big and little, all black and all out for a good time! It was their night and they truly owned the town; whole families with the cutest little round black babies. They all looked so happy with their rows of white teeth showing from ear to ear, that I wanted to stop every few steps and watch them. Naturally I was teased about being so new, and when I innocently asked one of my cousins if the fire bugs flying about were sparks from his cigar, they never did stop laughing at me.

As we walked home in the bright moonlight of a Summer night, under the Southern sky, and heard gay laughter coming from the cool broad verandas, I realized that one of the happiest days of my life had come to a close. FRANCES COULTER.



Book Reviews



ON SHEPE SKINNES POEM BEOWULPH

THYS pome treateth of the hyhe adventures done, soo mer-
vyllous and straunge bye one Beowulf. How it happed that
he entryed into the Jutland and faught and overcam the monster
Grendel, whiche slewe moche peple in Kyng Frothgart's pavelione.
How he bataylled long and overcam Hrunting, Grendel's mother,
by the nable prowresse of hymself. How ther was grete dool
when he departyed of whens he was, honoured of the kyng with
grete rychesse and tresour. How he was made Kyng of the Gaets
and at laste slewe the Fire Drake and the grete pyte he departyed
thys lyfe after inhaling its fierie breethe.

“So with groaning sorrow all the Great folks,
All his hearth companions, for their house lords overthrown,
Quoth they, that he was of the world kyns all
Of all men the mildest, and to men the kindest,
To his people gentlest and of praise the keenest.”

PIERS, THE PLOWMAN

THIS poem is written in the old alliterative verse, without end rhyme. It is a revelation of the life of the common people in England during the 14th century, told in a succession of visions in an allegorical form. It tells of the terrible conditions of plague stricken England, of the suffering poor. It shows the everlasting and enduring struggle of the poor man for his existence. But, so runs the story, his hardships make him great, and Christ is the evolution of the plowman. Through the peasantry alone, England can be saved.

"A voice loud in that light to Lucifer cried;
Princes of this palace prest undo the gates;
For here cometh with crown, the King of Glory."



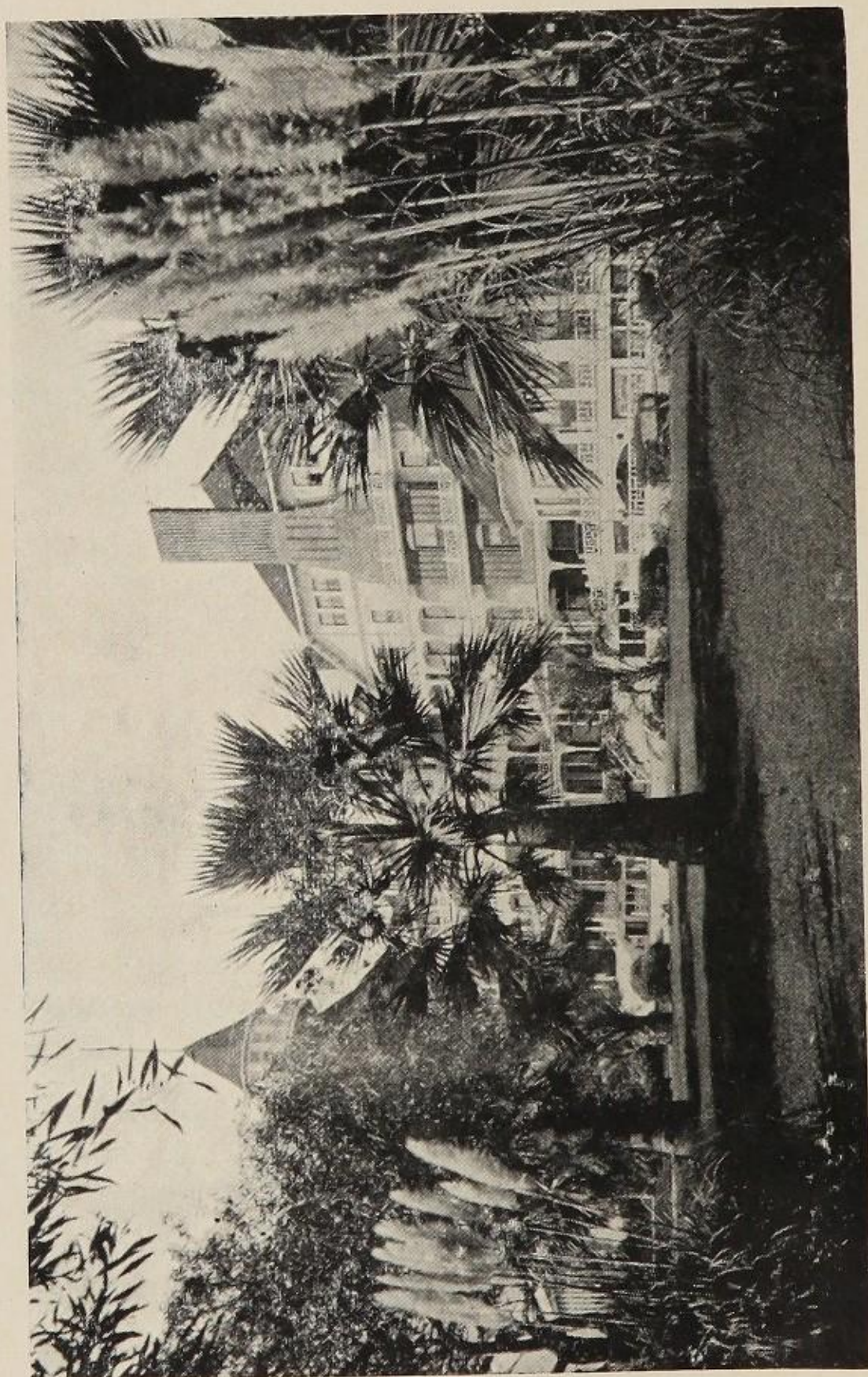
CHAUCE

"Whan that Aprille with his schoures swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour



Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour,
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breethe
Enspired hath in every holt and heethe,
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne,
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours ironne,
And smalle foules maken melodie
That slepen all the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in her corages,
Thanne longen folk to gon on Pilgrimages."

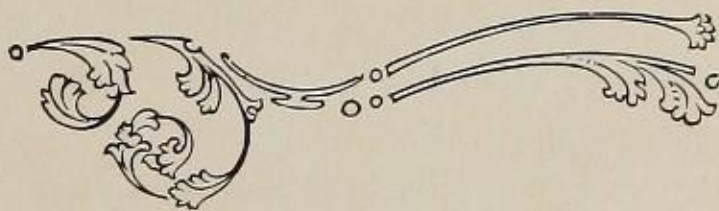
Thus in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Chaucer gives expression to the feeling which seizes everyone in the spring. Then in his simple, quaint style, he tells us about the monk, the nun, the knight, the lusty bachelor "with lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse," and all others from the highest rank to the lowest in the train. Chaucer is our first English poet; his poetry has end rhyme and he uses modern English grammatical construction. His Tales were written for the court and his exquisite wording is in a great part due to his residence both at foreign courts and at home. While abroad, he improved his exceptional opportunities and knew well the leading literary geniuses of each country. Since these tales were for the "merrie ladies and gentlemen," only the bright, happy side of England of the 14th century is portrayed; his merry humor, tender play of feeling, and love and delight in Nature, finds expression in the romancing in English meadows, the pilgrimages to Canterbury.



GLIMPSES OF HOTEL DEL CORONADO



Organizations



THE QUARTETTE

A quartet was organized a few weeks ago, with Powers tenor, Dunkleberger lead, Lanagan baritone and Galbraith bass. Up to date they have sung but once in public, that being at a Star and Crescent meeting, when their short but appropriate songs were well applauded. Lately Mr. Dunkelberger has withdrawn on account of lack of time to attend practice, being a member of another quartet. Mr. Baskerville has taken his place, but as he sings second bass, it has necessitated the change of Lanagan to first bass and Galbraith to lead. This change has not materially affected the quality of the singing, as Mr. Baskerville is a good second bass and Galbraith seems equally good in any position.

The quartet in its present arrangement sang at a meeting of the Ionian Society, and although I was not present I heard that the songs were greatly enjoyed. The one great fault with the singing was that their songs were too short. This was due probably to the fact that it was their first appearance and they were not quite sure of their abilities.

The present quartet is, however, a vast improvement over last term's, who were unable to finish a song, although hidden behind the scene.

I have heard from one of the members that they had some new songs on hand for a future Star and Crescent, when undoubtedly we will hear something that will test their endurance as well as the quality of their voices.

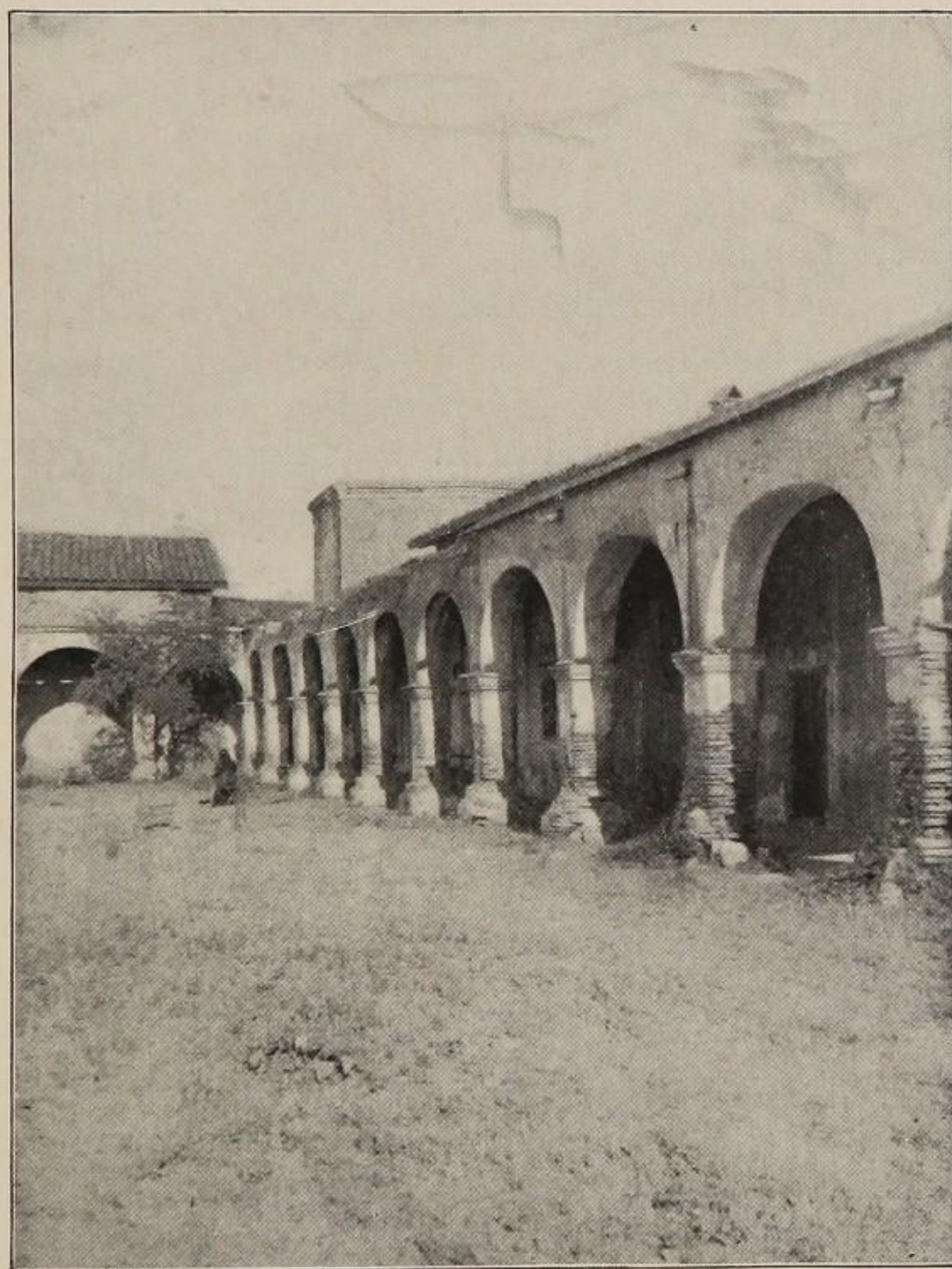
The Mandolin Club

The Mandolin Club, organized this term, has become very popular with the Star and Crescent, being called upon for several numbers and encores at nearly every meeting. Its excellence is due in great part to the efforts of Harry Lanagan, who was able with his past experience in musical work to organize and lead such an organization. The members include Messrs. Lanagan, Ward, Hendricks, Henry, Bainbridge, Bailey and Maxwell, who plays the piano. The club has extended every inducement to Mr. Goudy, the musical genius of the Senior A class, to play with them, but he has been unable to accept.

They now have quite an assortment of marches, waltzes, medleys and rag-time which they play exceedingly well, considering

the length of time they have been organized and the small amount of time they have been organized and the small amount of time they have for practicing. The club would be improved by a few guitars, but as some of the members play the alto or second part, their absence is not so noticeable as it otherwise would be.

Most of the members will not graduate this term, so that the organization will not be broken up, but will continue as a source of pleasure to future Star and Crescents.



Courtesy Lippincott

“ALPHA SIGMA DELTA”

The High School Scholarship.

THE girls of ‘Summer 1900,’ banded together in the “Alpha Sigma Delta,” have made an earnest effort to keep up the scholarship fund, which was begun by the girls of ‘Summer ’99.’

The object of the society is to support a girl’s scholarship at the University of California. To do this, it is necessary that each Senior A class shall raise one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The two preceding Senior A classes have raised this amount, and of course Summer 1900 has kept up the mark.

The members of Alpha Sigma Delta have aroused an active interest throughout the school; the usual excellent lunches, consisting of sandwiches, pie, candy, ice-cream, and pop-corn, have been sold by the girls of the various rooms for the benefit of the fund. Moreover the number of associate members in the lower classes has been largely increased by the earnest endeavors of the Senior A girls.

Never before in the short history of the Scholarship have the associate members contributed so generously. Especially is room 23 to be complimented, for by the diligent work of the chairwoman, Miss Ruth Sterry, and the associate members, the scholarship fund was increased by twenty dollars. No other room has ever contributed such a large amount, but it is to be hoped that next year many rooms will have a record equally good.

The list of Patrons for the fund, however, has not grown with the rapidity desired; we trust that the succeeding Senior A girls will supply this deficiency.

For a year now one of our bright girl graduates, Miss Ethel Magee, Summer ’99, has enjoyed the benefits of the Scholarship fund; she has made rapid progress at the University, and has received many marks of commendation from her professors; we all feel that Miss Magee is a credit to our High School.

Let us continue the work of the Scholarship fund, and keep abreast with the most enterprising High Schools of the United States. If the whole school will take an interest, ere long we will be supporting two scholarships at Berkeley.

LOUISE C. EHRMANN, S. 1900.

THE GLEE CLUB

SEVERAL boys got together about the middle of this present term and started a Glee Club. It was immediately put upon a business basis by the election of a temporary chairman and the adoption of by-laws and a constitution. These provided that the membership should not run over fifteen, and appointed a committee to report as to the qualifications of any one desiring admission. Fines are to be imposed for absence or tardiness to practice, thus putting a stop to unorganized and desultory work. Mr. Donnell of the Commercial Course faculty was asked to act as leader. He very kindly consented to do so.

The chief difficulty experienced was in the selection of bassos who would be able to bring out their part, but they have been found and there is little else the club needs except practice. It was not exactly like organizing a new club because several of the members belong to the Commercial Course Glee Club and are able to teach the rest some of the songs they sing. As they have sung only once for the Star and Crescent, it may be unkind to criticize, but I hope they will learn something that we haven't heard before. "Honey" seems to be an old stand-by, both for the Commercial and our own Glee Club, and I am sure would not be missed if allowed to rest a while.

The following are the members:

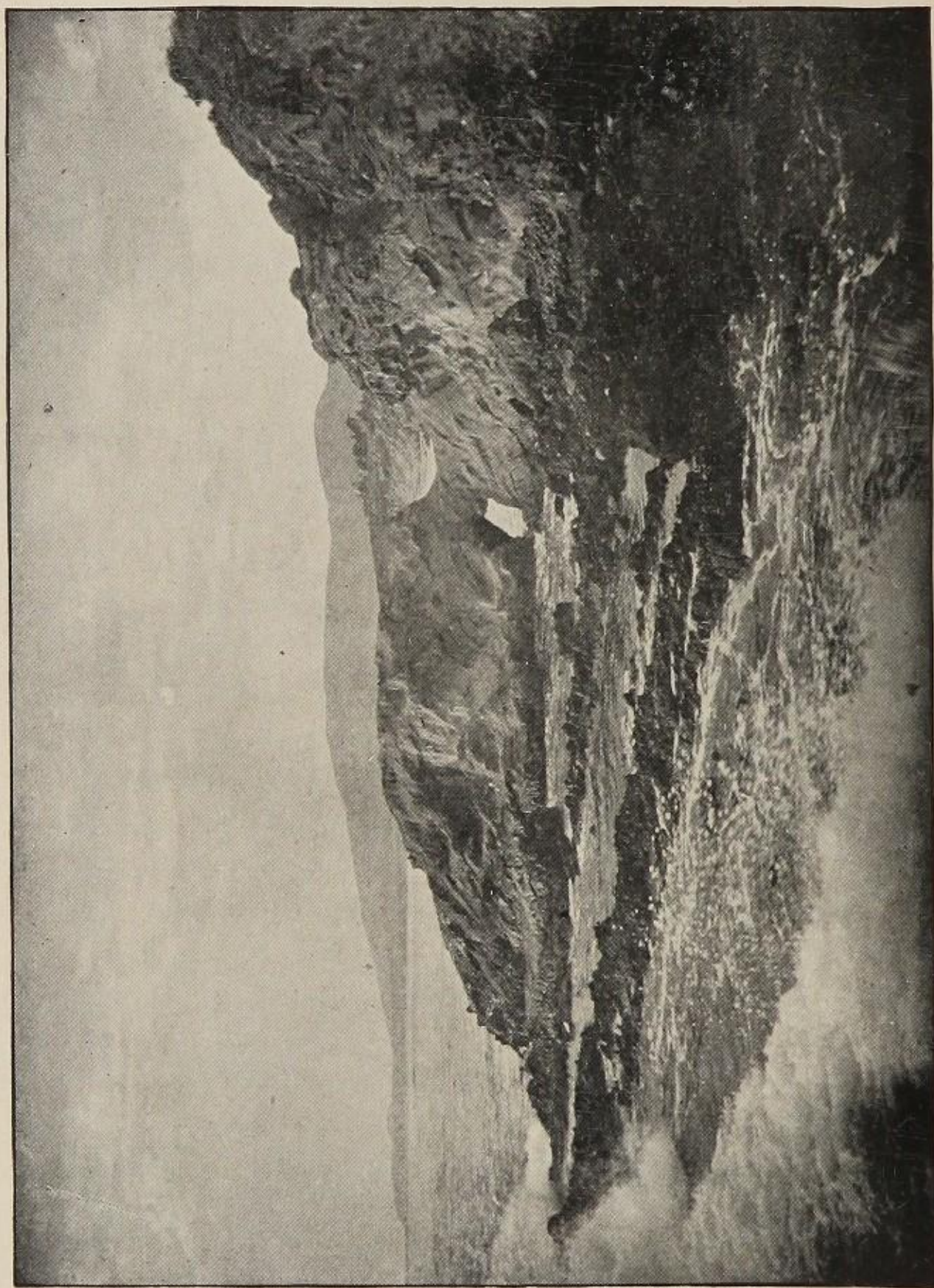
First Bassos—Maurice, Morton, Lanagan.

First Tenors—Powers, Galbraith, Schulman.

Second Tenors—Donnel, Sisson, Bailey.

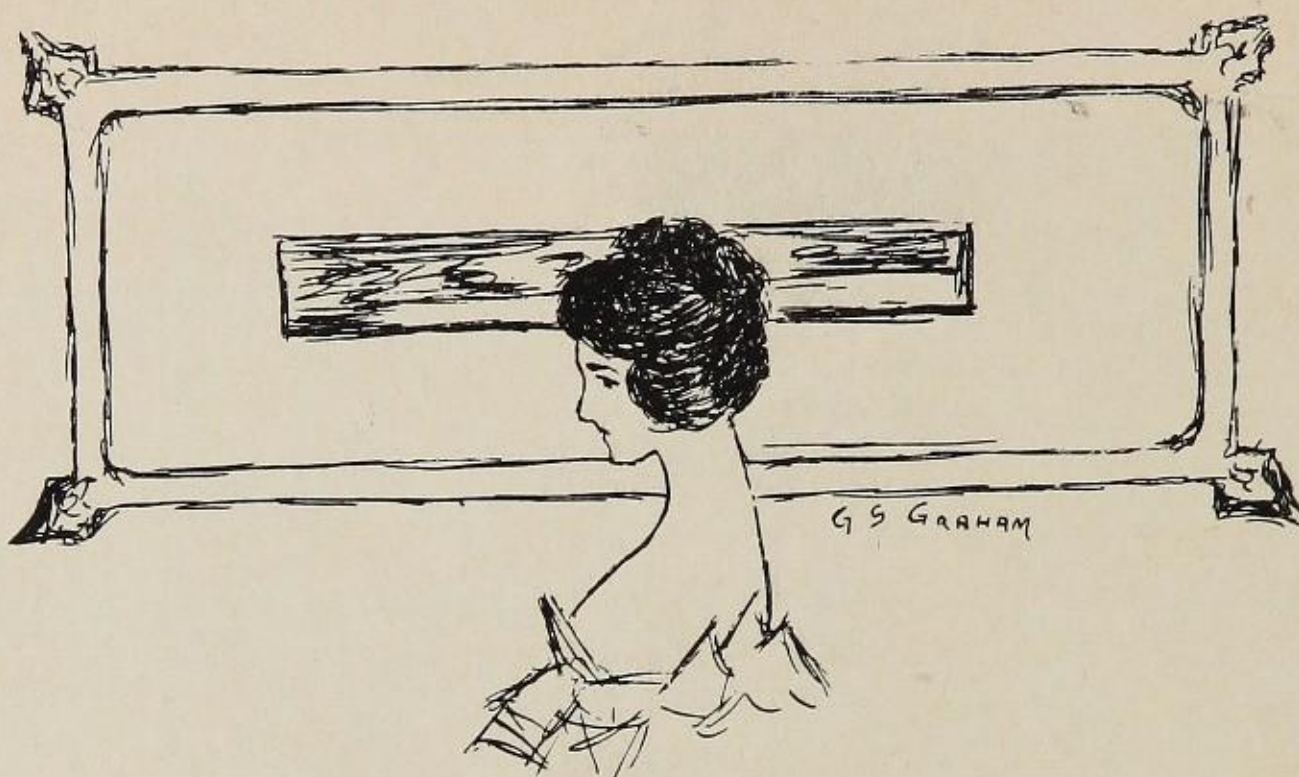
Second Bassos—Van Norman, Baskerville, Whitaker, Hill, Wynn.

Officers—President, Lanagan; Secretary, Powers; Treasurer, Baskerville.



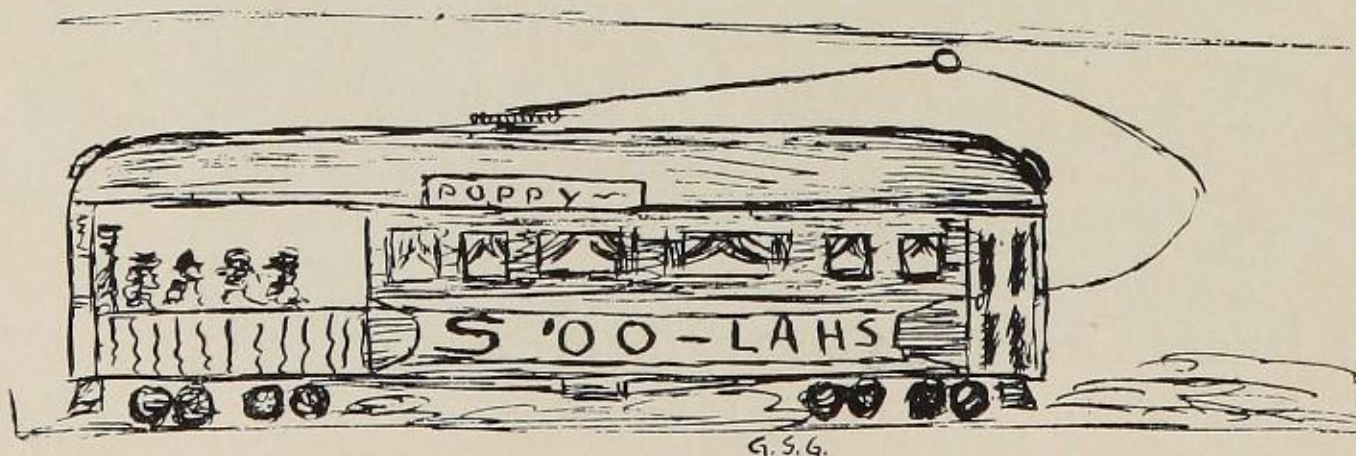


Society



THE thing called Society may be voted a bore,
 I've thought so myself in the days of yore,
 When I was a scrub—that was long ago,
 Now it is different, of course you all know.
 The parties of youth are the essence of life,
 The picnics and things are all but the strife.
 So of pleasures of life that in youth are dubbed fun,
 Their story I'll tell, which you know 's a true one.

The mighty class of Seniors A,
 On Father George's last birthday,
 In Poppy car, well decked throughout,
 Echoing with laugh and shout,
 To Altadena's golden fields,
 Rode, 'mid jolly, laughing peals.



They feasted full, then stole a sign,
Returned and danced—a lovely time!
At Edna's home on Bonnie Brae—
A fitting end for a time so gay.
Miss Dunham was the chaperone,
As such, she is surpassed by none.

The same day, in a tally-ho,
Girls and boys all in a row,
The P. D. Q.'s went to Millard's,
And Dave, who prints those pretty cards,
Found an overcoat quite new,
Received the reward for it, too. (And a half.)



The Deux Temps dance, the twenty-third,
Was a nice affair, but slightly blurred
By ending so early, but the music was fine,
And every one had a pleasant time.

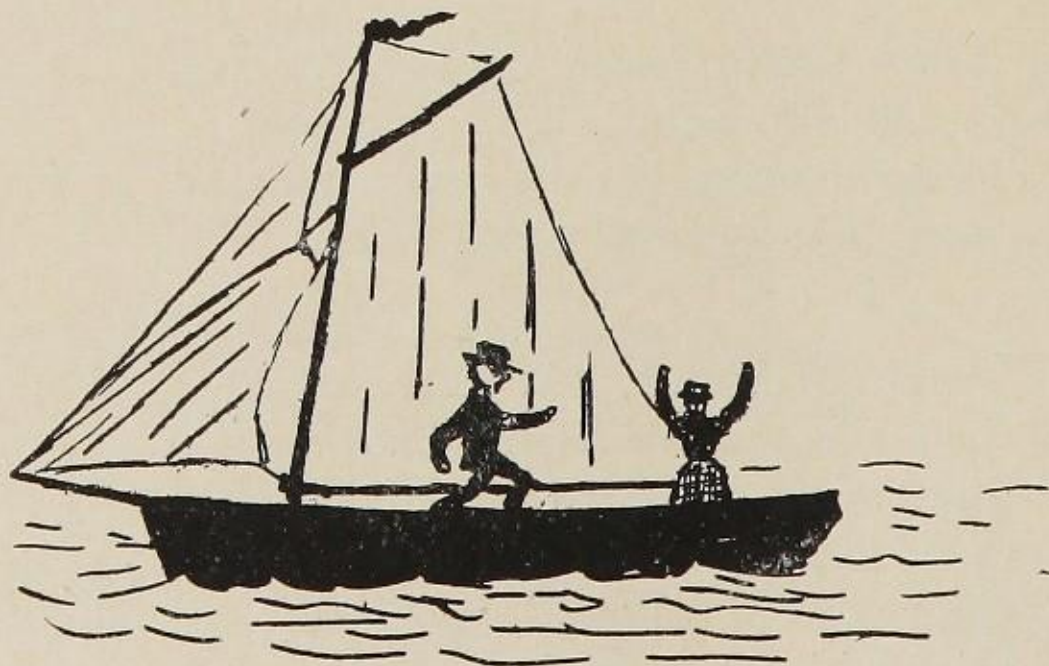
The second of March, just after lunch,
The Lambdas took in quite a bunch,
Phi Sigmas, too, initiated that night,
But the victims were stolen, there followed a fight,
The thieves were followed, and soon were caught,
Then tied with a rope, and manners were taught.



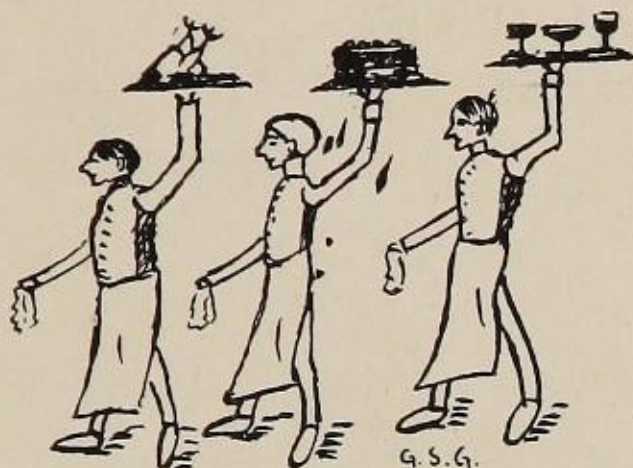
The Naughty Naught dance on the ninth was all right.
 Except for refreshments, which were somewhat slight.
 However, everyone had a good time,
 And the next Deux Temps was simply fine.



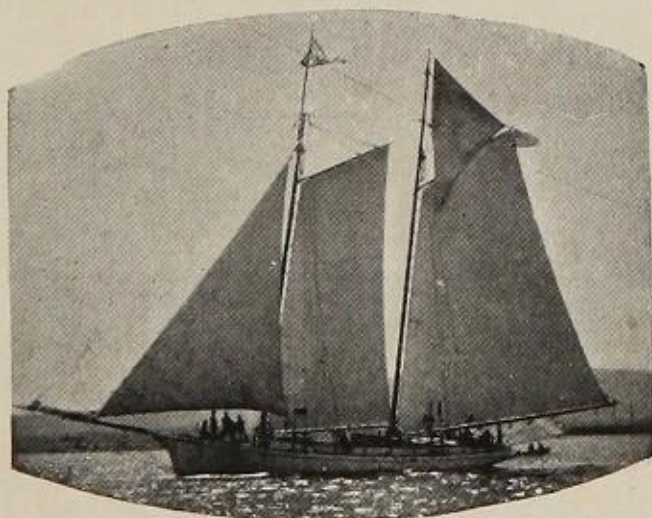
On the following day, the twenty-fourth,
 The Senior A's again sallied forth,
 To Terminal, there to dance and feast;
 'Twas a royal time, to say the least.
 And some went out to take a sail,
 Poor Edna, so scared, how she did wail.
 Mama! Mama! mama! she cried,
 Till handsome Harry came to her side.



'The Lambdas progressive dinner that night,
Was something novel, and just all right.
For while at Ruth's, Sam, Louis and Ed.
Turned waiters, served turkey, and passed the bread.
The dinner was given in honor of Blanche,
Who's now sweetening up on a sugar ranch.



Carl Bishop gave a delightful dance.
Every one went who had the chance.
At Casa de Rosas, that ideal hall,
Bedecked with smilax that covered the wall.
Japanese lanterns were strung' round the court,
And refreshments were served, of the very best sort.



Again at Terminal, that resort by the sea.
For initiation a fine place, you'll all agree,
The Phi Sigmas took in our little friend Bert,
And as every one says, How they must have hurt!
Then came the feast which one so enjoys,
But this was partaken of, only by boys.
That night they stayed by the sad waves, too,
But Olin and Walter, I don't envy you,
For a plunge in the sea at that time of night,
Is not, as a rule, deemed a delight.



Early next morn, the Middle A's went down,
With a bunch of bananas, and a caterer from town,
They went boating, swam, danced, and ate,
And took the train that came home late.
Miss Huston made the joy complete
By her presence, which all considered a treat.

At Sue's on the twentieth, the Senior A Class
Enjoyed a party and a dainty repast,
Cute little Willie the egg hunt won,
Games were played—we had lots of fun.

The last Deux Temps of the five was the best,
Refreshments and all were a grand success.
Profuse decorations all over the hall
And artistic white lights up high on the wall.

On the first of May, the Seniors B,
At Margaret's gave their first party.
That night we had a soaking rain,
Those Senior B's went just the same,
They danced the Lancers and Virginia Reel,
Got wet going home from head to heel.

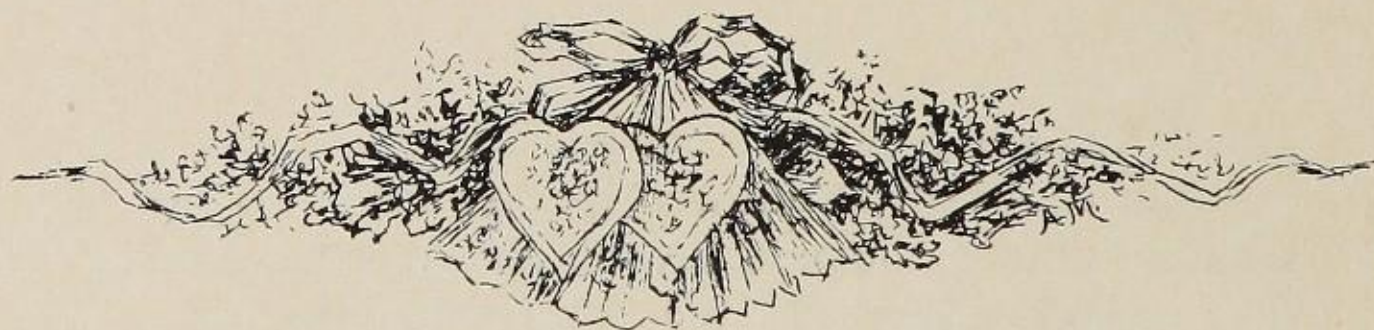


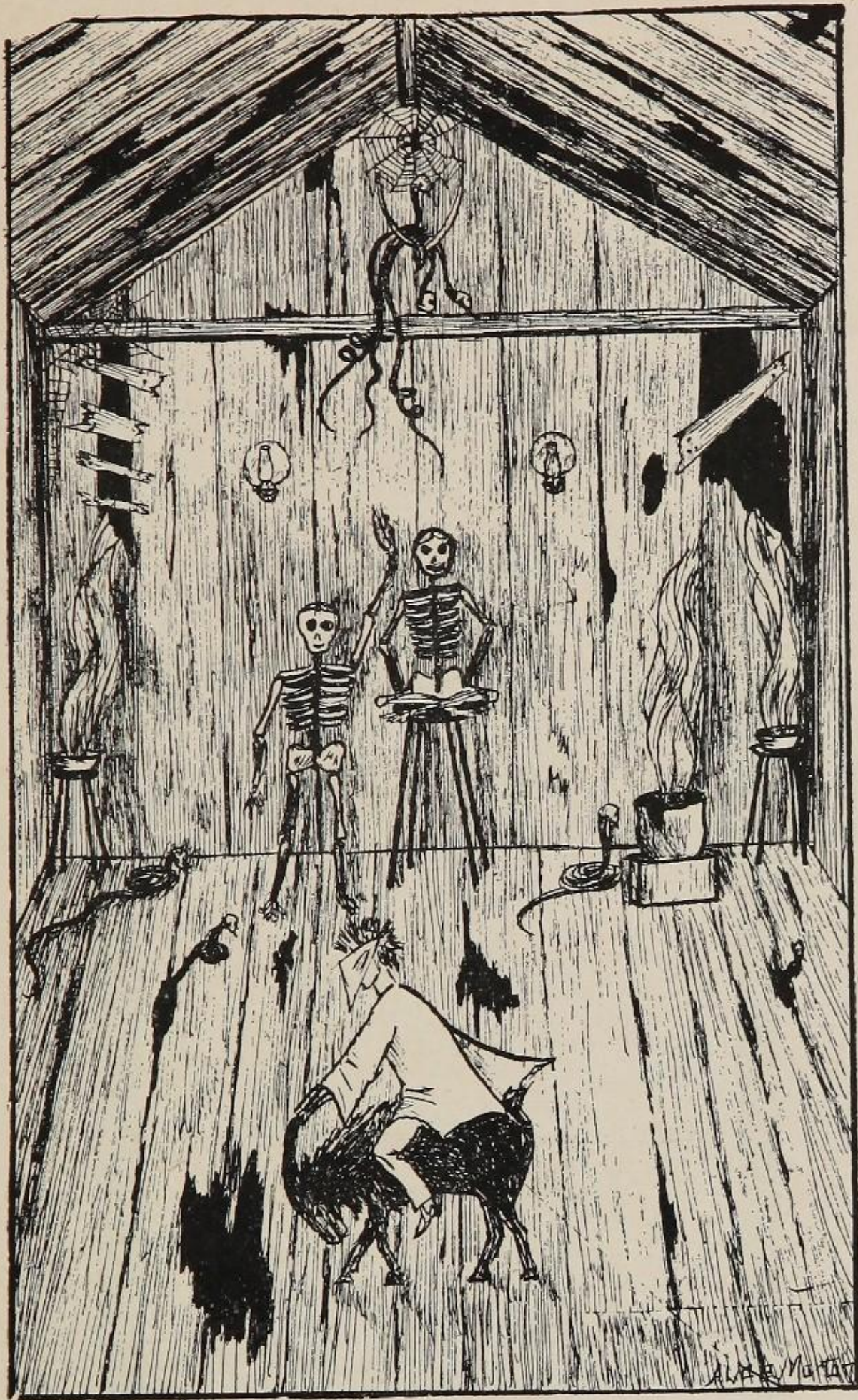
The D.I.X. party on the second of May,
For four of the girls who were going away,
Was at Juliette's home on Ninth and Westlake,
There a jolly crowd of much fun did partake.
The decorations which were as unique as could be
Showed artistic talent pleasing to see.
With many games the evening was spent,
Then closed with the daintiest of refreshments.

The Senior B spread was at Eastlake Park.
They went at three and stayed till dark,
Pirnie and Bryant had a ride on the lake
With as many girls as they could take.

On the eleventh, the Senior A's gave their spread,
At Ruth Clinton's house—they were royally fed.
They felt rather blue from that baseball game,
But they had a good time there, just the same.

The Lambdas, D.I.X. Phi Sigmas, and G.E.K.'s
Have all had meetings every few weeks,
The Phi Sigmas, 'tis said, have changed their tune,
And will become an orchestra very soon.





Fraternities

IN MEMORIAM

John Corson

Died April 19, 1899

Harry Spence

Died 1899

Burdette Jevne

Died 1899

Donald McCartney

GAMMA ETA KAPPA.

Zeta Chapter

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha

Beta

Delta

Epsilon

Zeta

Iota

Lambda

Kappa

Gamma

Omega

Mu

Nu

San Francisco High School.

Stockton High School.

Oakland High School.

San Jose High School.

Los Angeles High School.

Santa Cruz High School.

Fresno High School.

San Bernardino High School.

Portland High School.

Riverside High School.

Denver High School.

San Diego High School.

Honorary.

W. H. HOUSH.

Active Members.

Harry Gregory
John Posey
Albert Cook
Philo Lindley

Raymond Moore
Robert Campbell
John Harris
Benjamin Harwood

Thomas Nolan
Rowe Sandersen
William Nevin
Vaughn Temblin
Frank Alexander

Clarence Hubbard
Frank Gillelen
Albert Hubbard
Oliver Posey

Fred Hambright

Retired Members.

Leslie Hewitt
William McIntosh
Warren Carhart
Russell Taylor
Fred Engstrum
Harold Braly
Carl Tufts

Russ Avery
Otto Wedemeyer
Rory Strohm
Cyril Wigmore
John Glass
Ralph Carhart
Robert Allen

Ralph Hubbard
George Spence
Charles Stimpson
Clarence Strohm
Ralph Ware
Thomas Haskins
Otto Brodtbeck

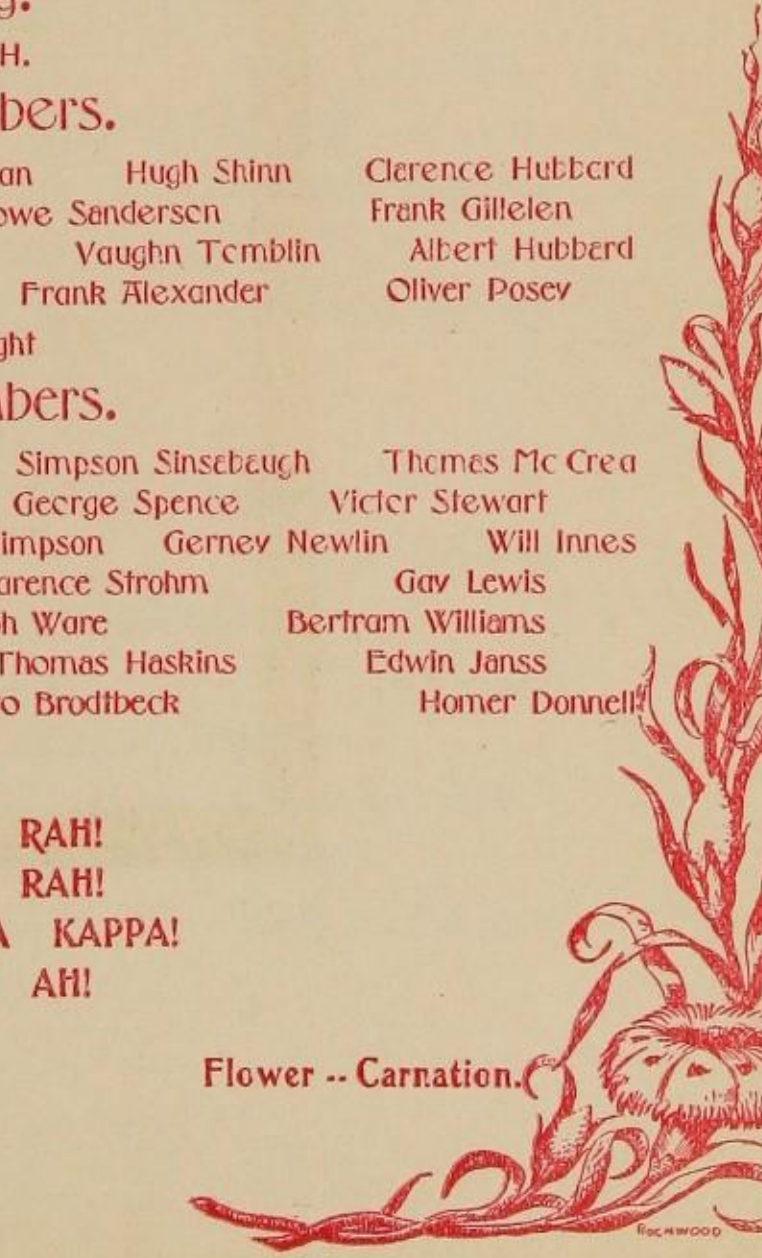
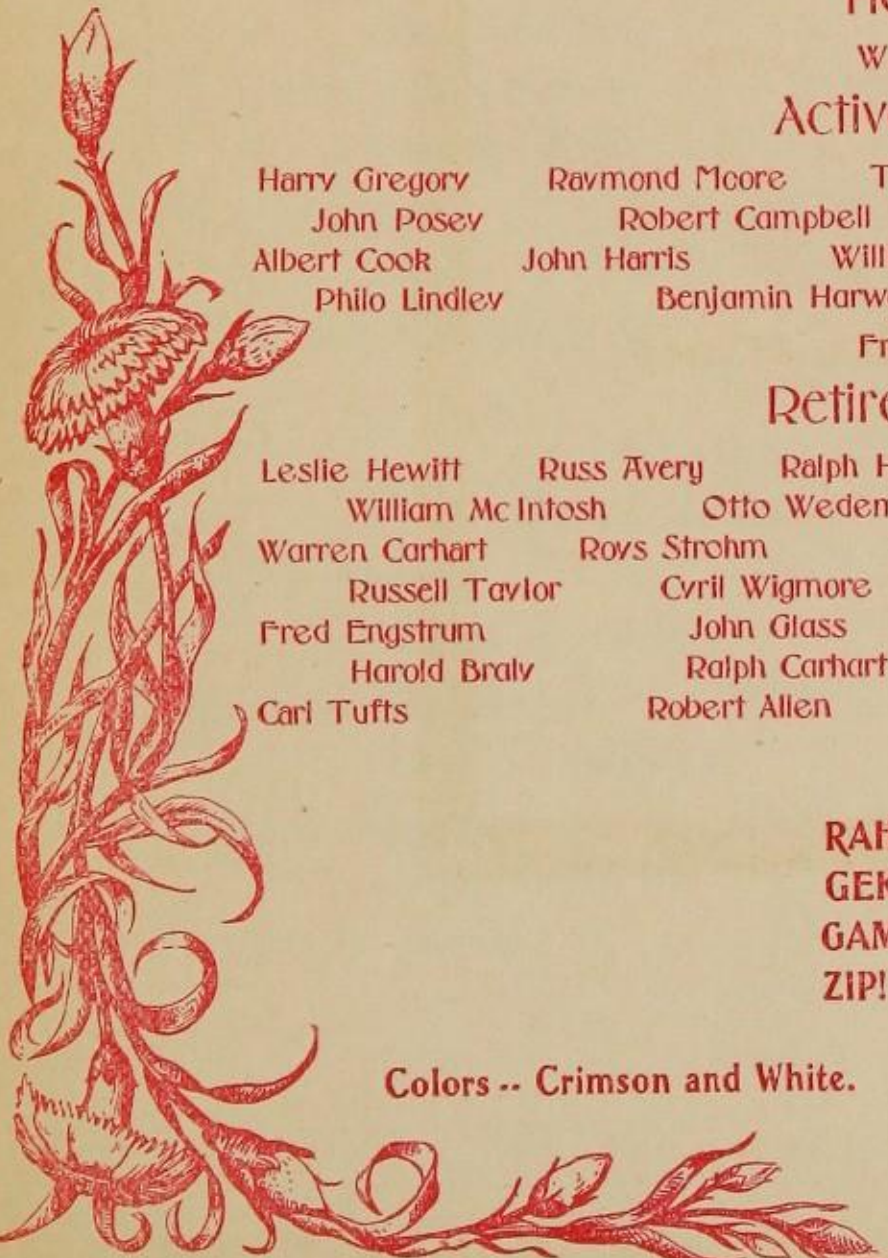
Simpson Sinsebaugh
Victor Stewart
Gerney Newlin
Gay Lewis
Bertram Williams
Edwin Janss
Homer Donnell

YELL.

RAH! RAH! RAH!
GEK! RAH! RAH!
GAMMA ETA KAPPA!
ZIP! BOOM! AH!

Colors -- Crimson and White.

Flower -- Carnation.



Fraternity of Phi Sigma



Established 1895

COLORS—Pearl, Turquoise and Gold

CHAPTER ROLL

GRAND—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

ALPHA—Central High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BETA—Central High School, Detroit, Mich.

GAMMA—Central High School, Kansas City, Mo.

DELTA—Lake View High School, Chicago, Ill.

EPSILON—Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.

ZETA—Polytechnic High School, San Francisco, Cal.

ETA—Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Ill.

THETA—Maston Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALPHA SAN—Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, Cal.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

ALPHA SAN CHAPTER.

Established 1898.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Dr. E. M. Pallette

Prof. H. A. Peairs

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

Olin Wellborn, Jr

Edward C. Bosbyshell

C. Woodford Davisson

Louis R. Everett

John T. Cooper

George B. McClain

Dane M. Holton

Walter Stone

Roy E. Ward

Hubert Harpham

Leslie A. Henry

Bryant Mathews

Robert H. F. Variel, Jr

Bert Campbell

John Kelsey

Winsor B. Walton.

MEMBERS OUT OF SCHOOL.

C. De Forest Howry

Fred W. Forrester

Roy P. Hillman

Sam N. Bonsall

Walter L. Krug

Virgil W. Owens

G. Hamilton Fay

Harry A. Walton

Robert H. Travers

G. Clark Briggs

Earl C. Anthony

Roscoe R. Sanborn

Earl H. Knepper

Harry L. Martin

Louis R. Garrett

John A. Givens

Harrison B. Alexander

Austin O. Martin

Wm. F. Lloyd

Ross T. Hickcox

Hiram H. Tebbetts



PHI SIGMA FRATERNITY

PI DELTA KOPPA FRATERNITY.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha
Illinois Beta
California Beta
Illinois Gamma
California Gamma
Illinois Delta
California Delta
California Epsilon
California Zeta

Michigan Military Academy.
University High School, Chicago, Ill.
San Jose High School.
Springfield High School.
Lowell High School, San Francisco, Cal.
Chicago High School.
Santa Cruz High School.
Los Angeles High School.
Santa Clara High School.

Epsilon Chapter.

Established 1898.

.....MEMBERS.....

HONORARY

Frederick Warde.

ACTIVE

Mark H. Slosson

Charles H. White, Jr.

Moye W. Stephens

Frank F. Barham

Albert G. Glass

Norman Bishop.

Trowbridge W. Hendrick

E. Pembroke Thom

Percy L. Wicks

Alfred T. Brant

David H. White

Colors....PURPLE AND CRIMSON.

Flower....POINSETTA.



PHI DELTA KOPPA



OWL AND KEY

Owl and Key Fraternity

(Formerly Beta Sigma.)



ALPHA CHAPTER.

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—Los Angeles High School.

BETA—Berkeley High School.

ALUMNI.

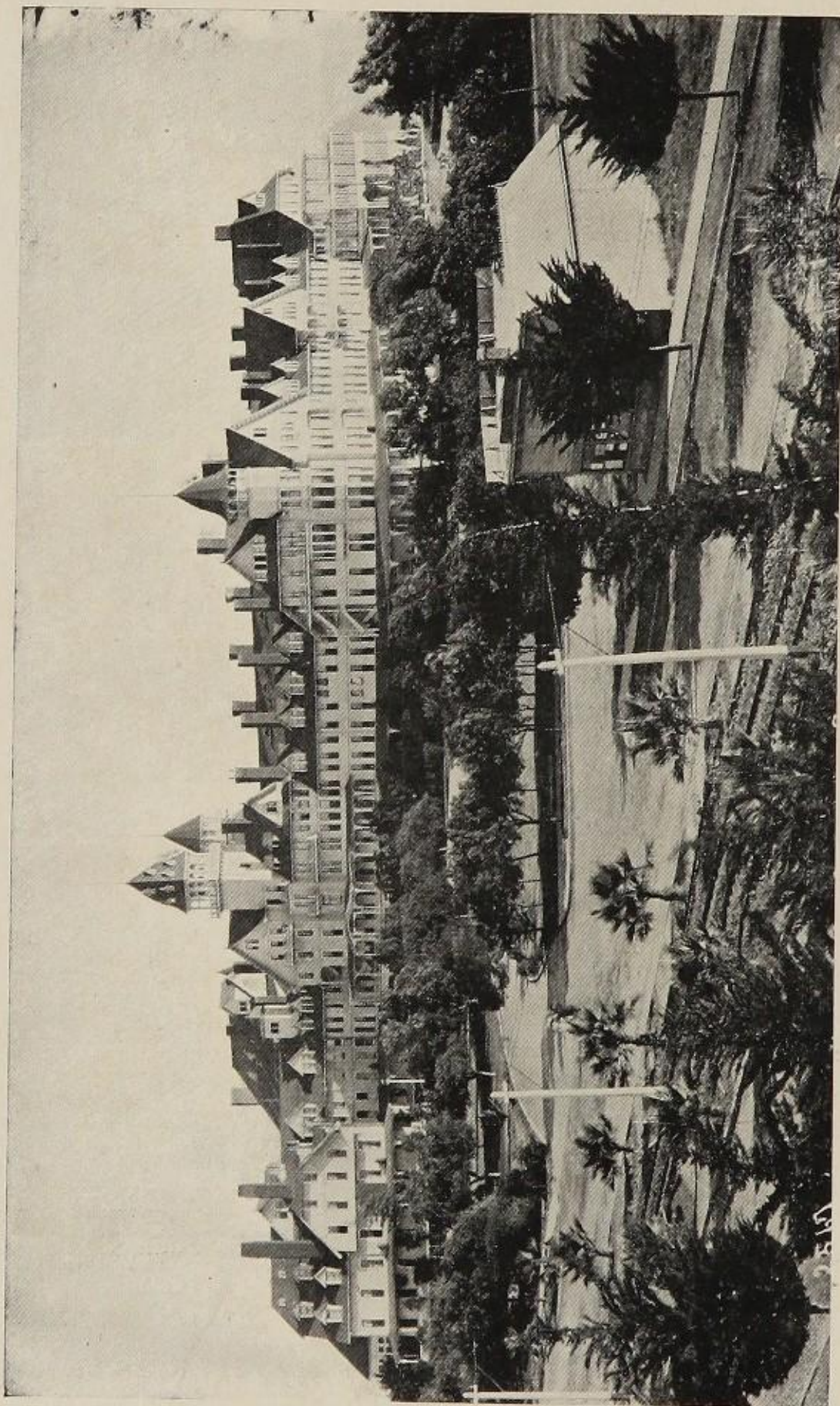
Earle Anthony		Carl Tufts
Harry Walton	Roy Hillman	Philo Lindley
John Bowler	Clinton Judy	Donald Irvin
Merick Reynolds	Hugh Neuhart	Thomas Douglas
Léo Gibson		Robert Edwards
Edward Calder	William Hunter	Wheeler North
Arthur McComb		Samuel Kreider
Perley Hulbert	James Case	Clarence Shultz
John Sashbrooke		Hilary Wixom
	Walter Munday	

W '00.

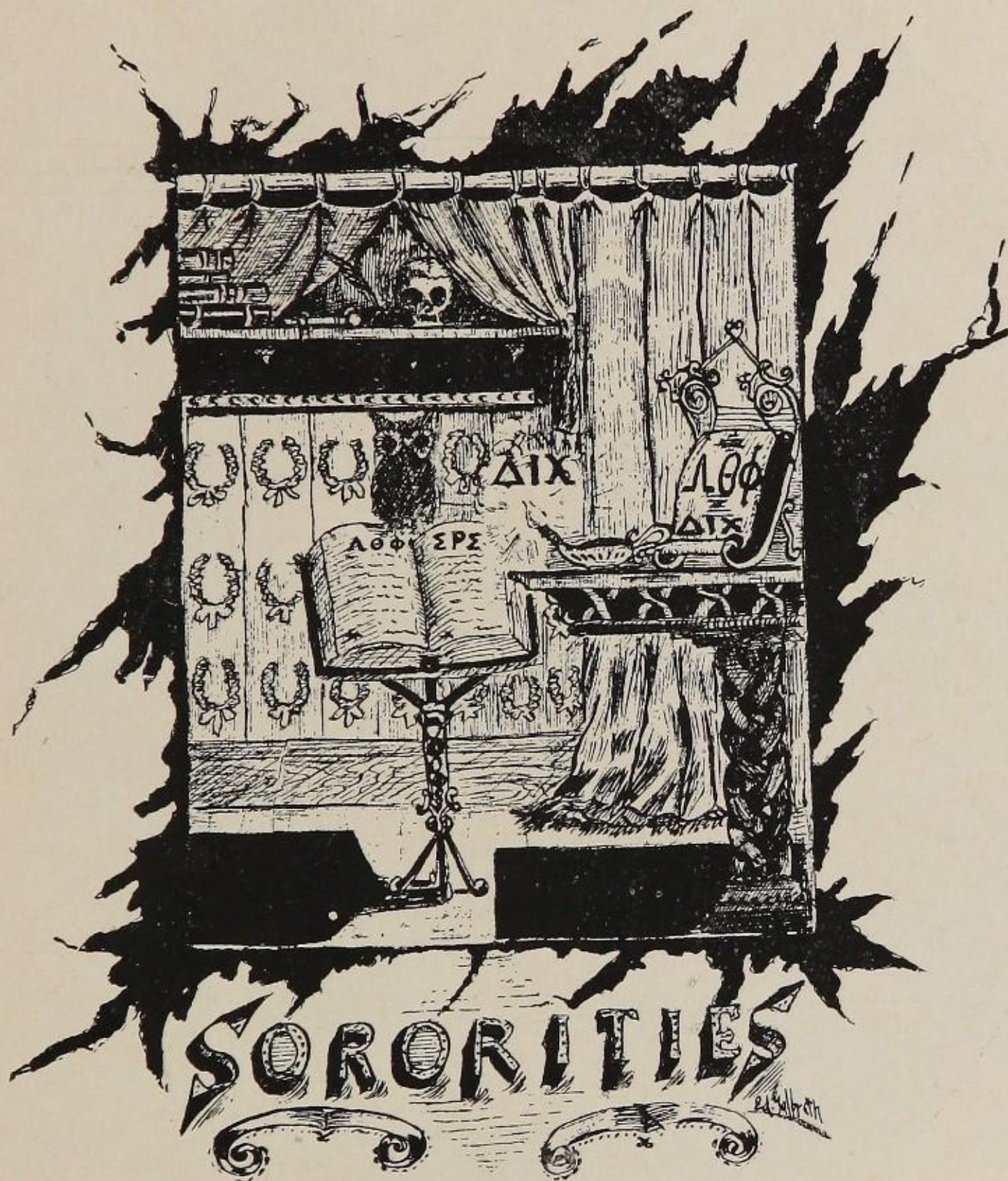
Clarke Miller		Truman Wiggins
Olin Wellborn	Elon Kanagy	Pembroke Thom
Walter Rees		Howard Wayne

S '00.

Gordon Wynn		Lynn Van Norman
Wallace Canfield	W. Henry Lanagan	Hubert Morrow
Raymond Hill		Harry Baskerville
	F. Burris Goudy	



HOTEL DEL CORONADO





DELTA IOTA CHI

Delta Iota Chi



Established San Jose 1894.

FLOWER—Fleur de lis. COLOR—Heliotrope, Violet.

CHAPTER ROLL.

ALPHA.	San Jose
BETA.	San Francisco
GAMMA.	Los Angeles
DELTA.	Santa Cruz
EPSILON.	Fresno
ZETA.	San Diego
ETA.	Portland, Oregon

GAMMA CHAPTER.

Established April, 1896.

FLOWER—California Violet

PATRONESSES.

Mrs. B. F. Coulter Mrs. C. Laux Mrs. I. W. Phelps

IN SCHOLA.

SENIORS.

Frances Coulter	Elsie Kimball
Adele Brothbeck	Inez Moore Elsie Laux
Ruby Kimble	Bonnye Anderson

MIDDLES.

Mary Isabelle Coulter Marie Gavagan

JUNIORS.

Pauline Botts Blanche Donnell

NINTH YEAR.

Cynthia Fay Edith Campbell

IN URBE.

Sabina A. Burks	Mrs. Betram Williams	(Helen R. Carhart)
Frances Barber	Nannie Snow	Longley
Marguerite Moore	Virginia Dryden	Pansy Louise Whitaker
Florence Nolan		Edith Whitaker
Edna Bumiller	Henrietta Janss	Ada B. Dryden
Bertha Pollard	Alice Harpham	Juliette Phelps
	Mary Jeanette Ridgeway	

EX URBE.

Rachel Weeks, San Francisco	May Kimble, Stanford University
Rowena J. Morre, University of California	
Jessie E. Hall, Mountain View, California	
	Mabel Ferguson, St. Helena, California
Marie Gordon, Glendora, Cal.	Ada Irene Ford, Central America



LAMBDA THETA PHI

Lambda Theta Phi



CHAPTER ROLL.

ALPHA	Oakland High School
ZETA.....	Stockton High School
DELTA	Lowell High School
IOTA.....	Santa Rosa High School
BETA.....	Los Angeles High School
GAMMA.....	Berkeley High School
OMEGA	San Bernardino High School
SIGMA.....	San Diego High School

BETA CHAPTER.

Established 1896.

IN FACULTY—Mrs. Margaret Frick.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Ruth Bosbyshell	Nell Brown
Mabelle Bowler	Blanche Engstrum
Florence Drain	Bessie Allen
Josephine Lewis	Nellie Stone
Tica Dorrance	Renna Kane
	Shirley Jenkins
	Katherine Thompson

ALUMNAE.

Lucy Sinsabaugh	Barbara Hitt	Charlotte Teal
Margaret Cornwall		Louler Lord
Florence Clute	Marian Shinn	Keturah Paul
Phila Johnson	Isabel Godin	Mabel Hill
Susie Barnwell	Emma Widney	Jessie Knepper
Winnie North		Florence Field
	Helen North	



SIGMA RHO SIGMA

Sigma Rho Sigma



Established 1898.

COLOR—Gold

FLOWER—Jonquille

HONORARY.

Miss Gertrude Henderson

GRADUATES.

Daisy H. Harrison

Margaret Henderson

Ethel Musgrove

Minnie R. Allen

Lucy Robinson

UNDERGRADUATES.

Edith Bond, S '00

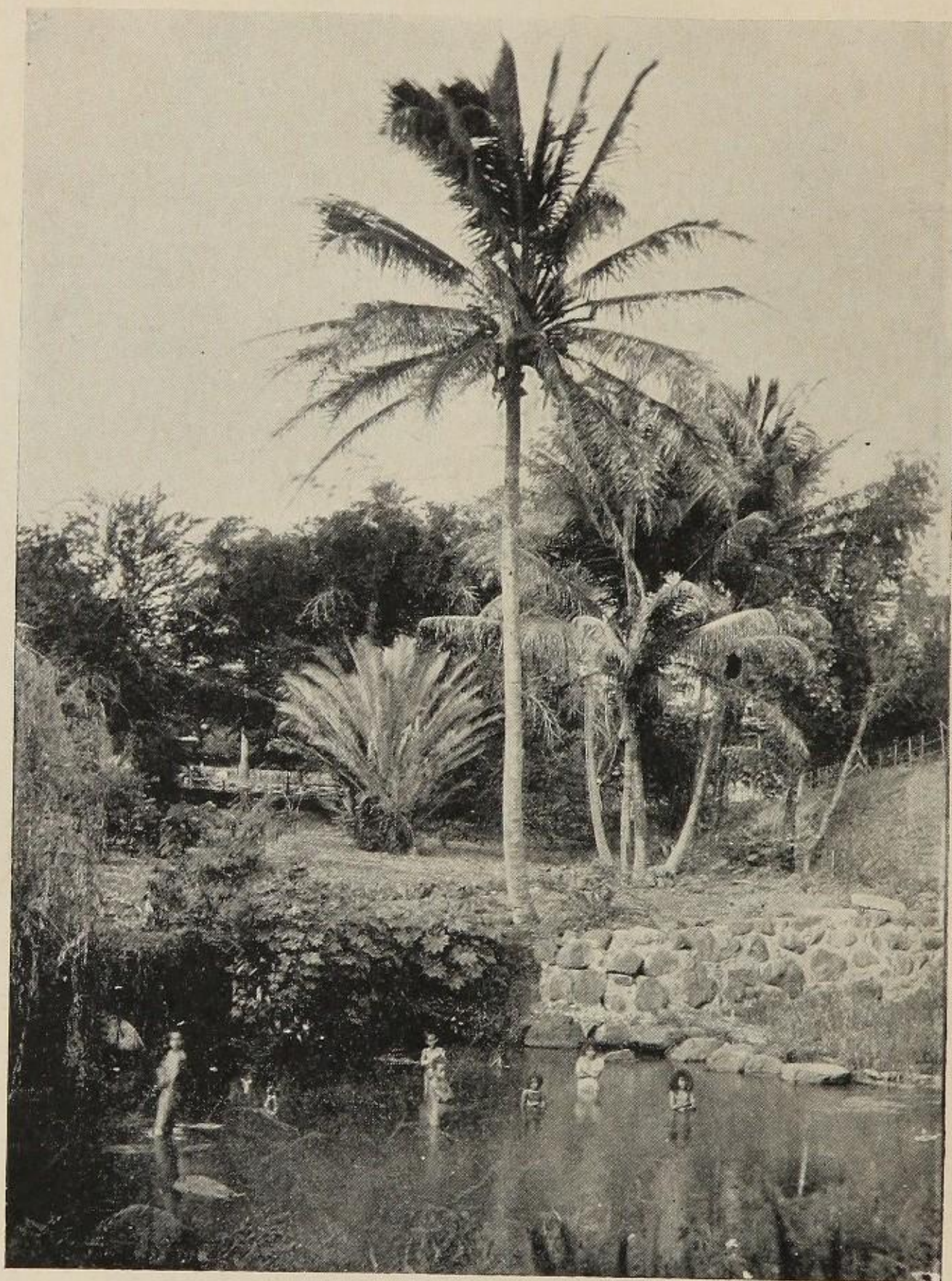
Ella C. Stepper, W '01

Alice M. Bond, S '01

Isabel McReynolds, S '01

Anna Belle Chase, S '02

Blythe Slaughter, S '03

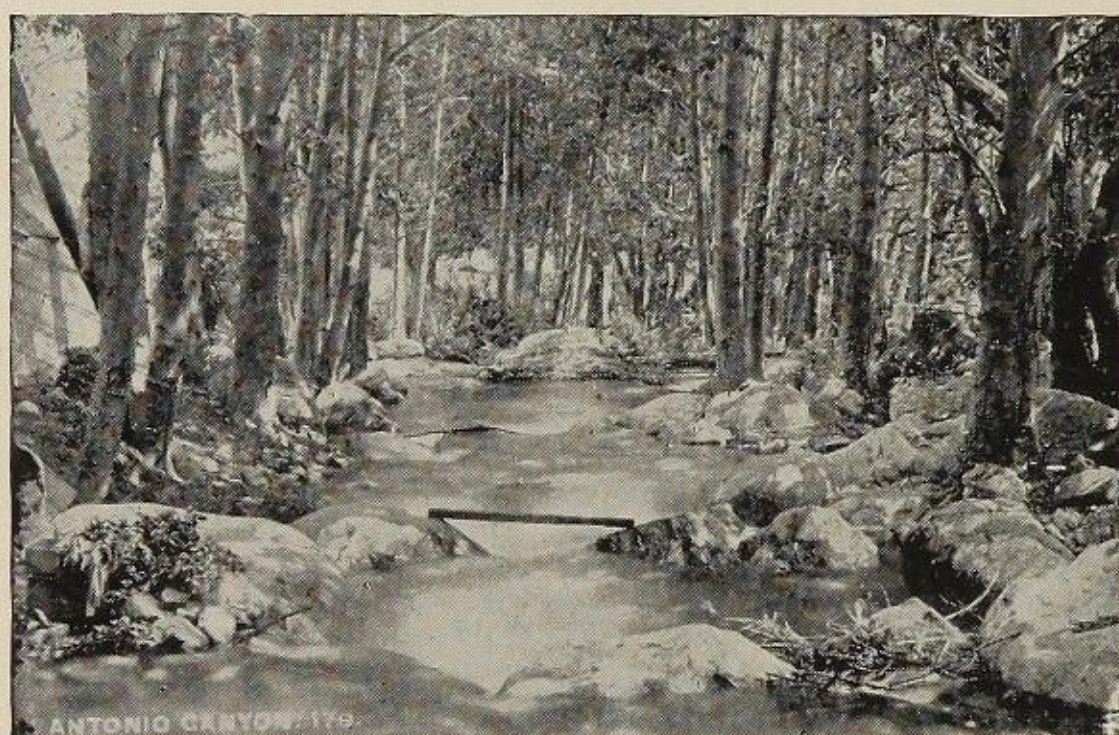


Courtesy "Western Graphic"

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT



EUGENE D. CONWAY. W. O. H.



THE COMMERCIAL COURSE

THE star of progress has certainly guided the Commercial Course, and it has guided it exceedingly well. Five years ago, when this department was instituted in the High School as a two years' course, it required but one small room. Today we are using the whole second floor of the Sand Street building, in addition to one room downstairs and a room in the High School, and still we are growing. The need of more room and better accommodations is painfully apparent.

We of the Commercial Course are getting a broad education. Besides studying book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting, commercial law, and those things essential to a business career, we are instructed in subjects which place us in touch with the great world of commerce. It is the aim of the commercial department

to turn out high-minded and intelligent citizens and to that end, the life, the thought, the issues of the day are studied, and the questions which confront the American people are discussed. This class of work is personally directed by the head of our department—a sterling American, whose ideas of citizenship are of the highest. The studies are full of interest, and are so arranged that the mind of the student is developed while he acquires a varied fund of practical information.

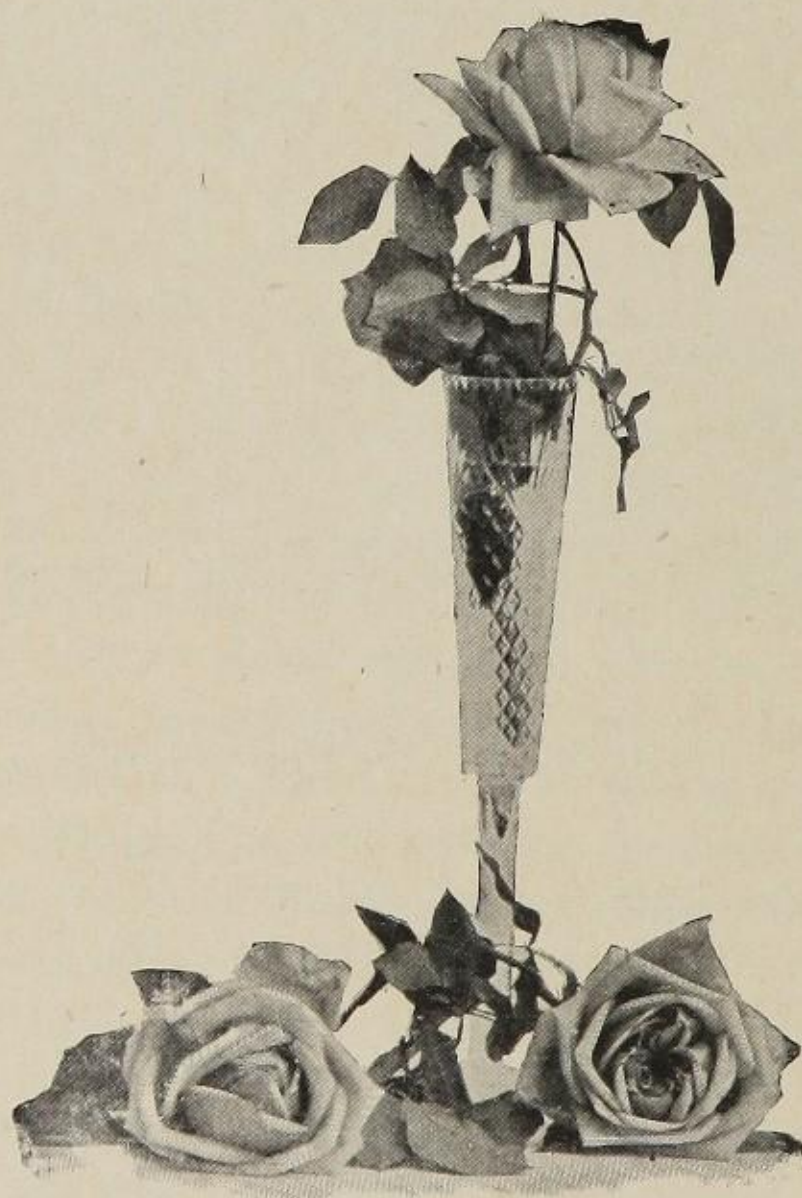
Naturally, this kind of study makes the average student of the commercial course an independent sort of chap, capable of thinking and acting for himself. Attend a meeting of any of our organizations, and you will go away with the fact firmly impressed upon you. You will find that the literary, and musical programs of the Ionian Society show skill and talent, while the interesting discussions, the thoughtful essays, and clever speeches delivered before the Debating Club, promise great things for the future. You will notice when a matter of business comes up before either society, that these boys and girls show a good knowledge of Parliamentary Law, and that they express their opinions clearly and concisely. Another very noticeable thing, is the spirit displayed by our students. It is indeed pleasing to see them so loyal to their department—and well they might be.

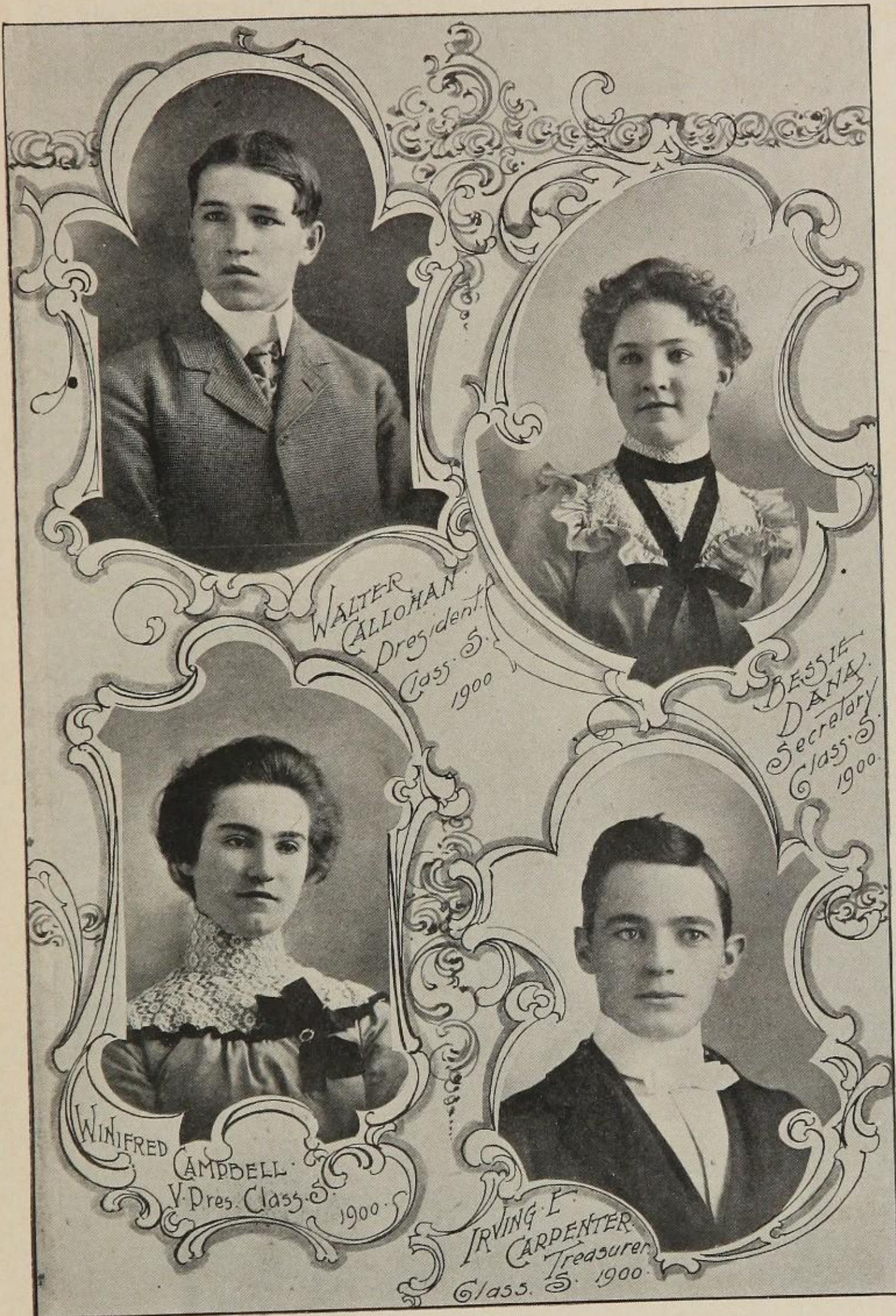
We are proud of the Commercial Course, proud of the work it is doing, proud of our teachers and proud of our schoolmates. We are proud of the splendid class which is about to graduate. They go forth well armored to the battle of life, capable representatives of their Alma Mater, and we are confident of their success. We are proud of our Alumni. It has always been a source of gratification to both teachers and students to know that the wearers of the little Ionian pins are holding good positions, and reflecting credit on their department. But it is not only in business circles that we hear from them, for some are making a name for themselves in the higher walks of life.

With the beginning of the next term, the Commercial Course will enter upon a new era of prosperity. The high standard of scholarship maintained, and the ability of her graduates have won for our department the respect of the business circles of Southern California. A glance over the work of our department will clearly demonstrate that this recognition is justly deserved.

May our Alma Mater, successful so far in her career, realize the great future which surely lies before her. May her students

continue to multiply, and may the love they bear for her increase, so that in days to come—when the great Commercial High School of Los Angeles rears up proudly to the skies—their memories will revert to their schooldays, and they will think of their Alma Mater with none but the happiest of recollections.





WALTER
CALLOHAN
President
Class S.
1900

BESSIE
DANA
Secretary
Class S.
1900

WINIFRED
CAMDELL
V. Pres. Class S.
1900

IRVING E.
CARPENTER
Treasurer
Class S. 1900



Sadie McBride
Thos. Connelly



Clarence Grayson
Wm. F. Durr



Will T. Mc Neely
Herbert A. Wheeler



Merton J. Miller
Adeline Stanton



CLASS COMMENTS

NAME	APPEARANCE.	PLEASURE.	REMARKS.
Adeline Stauton	Stylish	Talking over the 'Phone.....	O, I'm just about dead
Bessie Dana	Stately	Bike riding.....	O, say girls
Winifred Campbell	Sweet.....	Perfect lessons.....	That just makes me tired.
Sadie McBride.....	Dignified.....	Studying all night.....	I haven't time.
Mamie Aspinall	Nobby.....	Being admired.....	Now. Walter, don't hold my hand.
Leola Allen.....	Jolly.....	Being up to the times	He's all right; but there are others.
Nelle Reynolds	Affected	Showing her diamond	V——E——S.
Irving E. Carpenter	Divine.....	Being seen and heard.....	Ain't I funny?
Walter Callahan.....	Charming	Dancing	Now you stop.
Clyde Dick	Grimming	Reciting Physics...	I'm such a nice little boy.



John Hanley
Clarence Belt



Leola Allen
Nelle Reynolds



R. Podlech
Clyde Dick



Mamie Aspinall
J. M. Danziger



IONIAN SOCIETY

ONE morning early in the present term, a visitor came to the Commercial Course, and inspected its workings. He was surprised and delighted with the enthusiasm displayed, and ventured to approach within hearing distance of a small but vociferous group standing in one of the doorways at the end of the fourth period. Five people were talking at once. Frantic gesticulation accented heated argument, and the names of Grayson and Miller were heard by the listener. The visitor stepped closer and found himself weighing the arguments of the Millerites, and Graysonites, these partisans each lustily championed their candidate for the Ionian Presidency. The convention was brought to "kindling temperature" by an announcement put on the front board—"Ionian Society meets this afternoon in Room 10 for election of officers"—and a spontaneous explosion of wrath burst from the gathering. Then thirty minutes of concentrated electioneering delighted the disinterested onlooker.

Pursuant to announcement the Ionian Society met that afternoon, and a stormy passage they made of it. Fevered speeches stirred up dissent, and the names of the principal candidates were placed before the meeting. Then closure of the nominations announced the more important business of voting, and the members quieted down to something remotely resembling order.

Miller was elected and the society has never since regretted its choice.

Miss Broneer being the only nominee for vice-president, Secretary Dickison cast a ballot for her.

Tom Connelly was selected to extort dues from delinquents, and the new president was extremely fortunate in the society's choice of Miss Handley as Secretary, in as much as that young lady has proven an ornamental as well as a useful one.

Four critics were chosen, one of whom, Mr. Knighten, has since left school. The others have rendered their reports, but have not found much fault with the programs, which justifies the supposition there was not much to criticise.

When the Ionian meets for the election of officers, no program is rendered, and on the completion of the business for which a meeting was called, an adjournment is taken.

We are sorry to lose our orchestra; it was our pleasure and our pride. But business interests called Nick Laraia, "ever with an eye to the main chance," and with him went all of our regular music. However, the society is far from devoid of native talent, as the Glee Club, and various piano, violin, and cornet solos will testify. Lately a new organization which bids fair to replace our lamented orchestra, appeared and its initial performance was so great a success that we now see our way to regular music—"as in the olden time." All success to the girls' orchestra!

The usual number of recitations, grave and gay, have been placed in every meeting, and a critic's report is an invariable accompaniment. Occasionally a debate takes place, and after the announcement of the decision it is usually thrown open to the house, when a lively time ensues. Sometimes the decision is reversed.

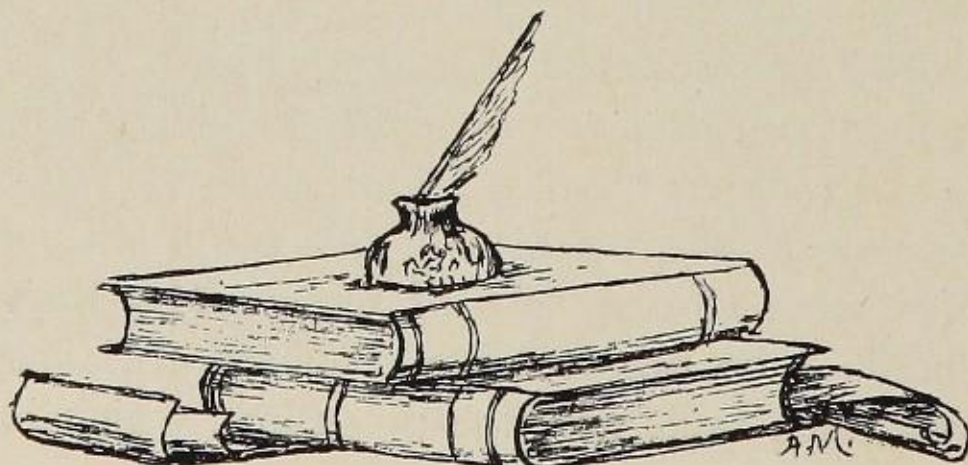
Reviews of books, essays on current questions, speeches, extemporaneous and prepared, have all been enjoyed during the past term.

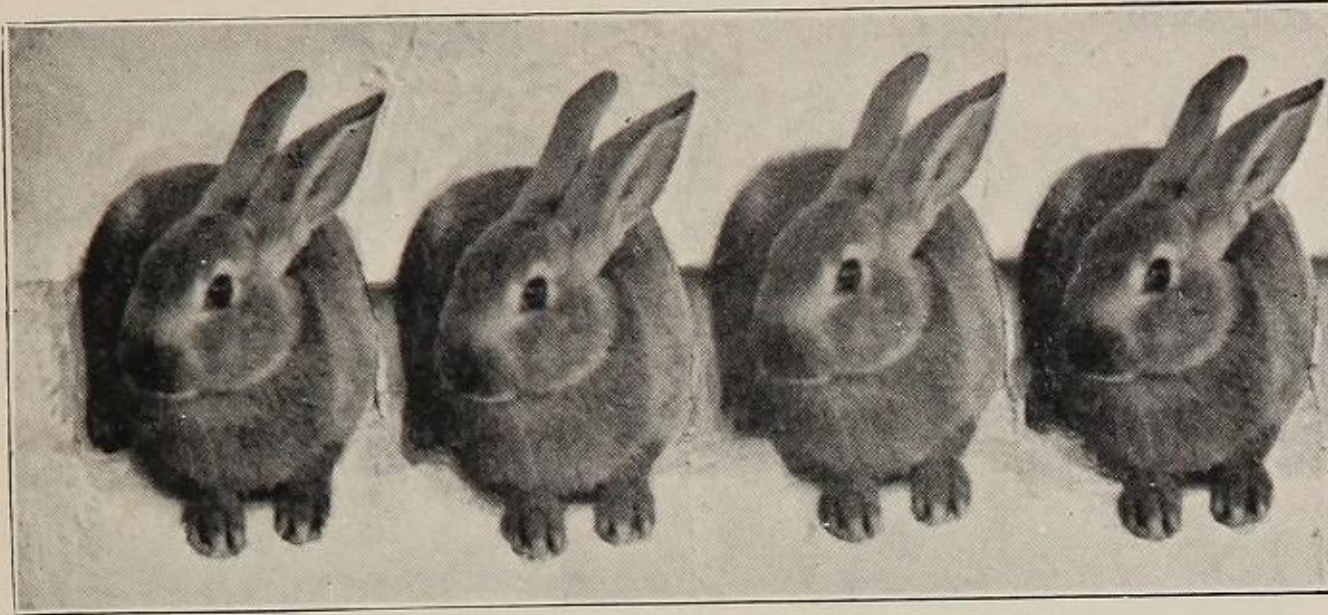
On the whole, Ioians have no cause to be dissatisfied with the past semester, either as to programs rendered or as to government, for both have been efficient.

Great credit attaches to the Vice-President, Miss Broneer, for her painstaking work on the programs, and the society feels greatly indebted to her.

For the benefit of those who have never enjoyed an Ionian meeting, I will say that admission is as free as egress, and visitors are always welcome.

E. L. HEDDERLY.





THE COMMERCIAL COURSE DEBATING CLUB

John T. Hanley—President.

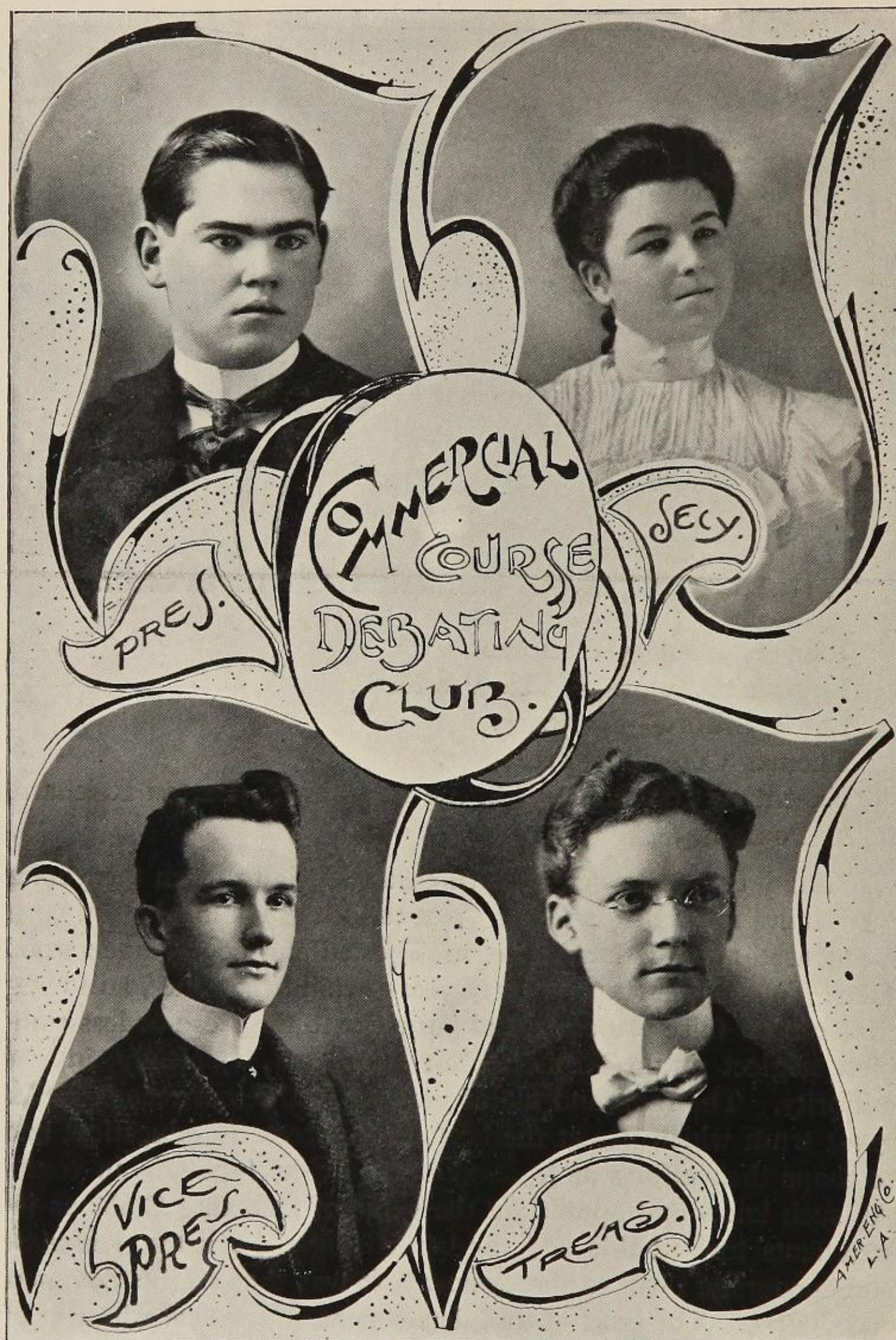
Eugene P. Conway—Vice-President.

Lottie Gifford—Secretary.

Thomas Connelly—Treasurer.

Executive Committee—Eugene P. Conway, Barton Reichard,
R. A. Podlech.

THE prime object of modern education is to teach the young mind to think for itself. Not to fill the youthful brain with a confused mass of intangible, ill digested and poorly understood facts. A few instructors, forty years behind the times, still cling to the latter false principle, and pursue it to the more or less complete neglect of the former. But they are hopelessly in the minority. The rank and file of modern instructors recognize the great truth which lies at the bottom of successful education, and so shape their efforts as to stimulate individual thought in youth. All such know and appreciate the value of Debating Clubs as instruments toward this end; and, realizing their value, stimulate and encourage them to the utmost. It was thus in the Commercial Course. The head of that department, a practical educator of soundest judgment, applauded every suggestion of the Debating Club, and under these auspicious circumstances, one was organized



John T. Hanley
Eugene P. Conway

Lottie Gifford
Thos. Connelly

in the winter of 1898, by Messrs. Hopkins, Hanley, Hedderly, Schulman, and King.

Its first meeting was an enthusiastic one, and by the appointment of committees on Constitution and By-Laws, organization was speedily effected. The principles of that Constitution have been faithfully carried out, and the cardinal purpose of such a club—perfection of its members in the important art of public speaking—subserved to the letter.

The casual visitor to the Debating Club during this term, would first see the portly form of our honored president, John T. Hanley, in the chair. In his right hand reposes the orange-wood gavel. Ah, there is a tale in connection with that gavel; a dark vision of a despoiled orange grove, a youthful turner making his first effort at the lathe—but enough. At his left sits the secretary, who will call the roll as soon as the club becomes orderly. The critic for the preceding meeting now finds fault for a few minutes, and then comes the debate. It may be on politics: “Resolved, That the Republican Party is entitled to the suffrage of intelligent American Citizens,” or it may be on more strictly economical questions. Ten minutes are allowed to each speaker, but a customary proceeding is to extend the time in case the speaker does not finish within the time limit.

The debate disposed of, two, and sometimes three essays are given. These discuss a variety of topics of interest—Current Events, Presidential Possibilities, Naval Affairs, Biographies—indeed, any subject of more than passing note receives consideration in this manner.

Occasionally, by way of variation, extemporaneous speeches are called for, and much amusement is generally the result. A majority of the boys stand on the ground taken by Demosthenes, when asked to speak extemporaneously: “I would not insult my audience by coming before them unprepared.” The audience is seldom thus insulted.

The program disposed of, a lively time ensues on the announcement of new business. Three or four members usually want the floor at once and it requires all the president’s executive ability to preserve order, and grant the minority a hearing. Objections, postponements, amendments, and the previous questions are disposed of in their correct order and the club having heard the reports of all the committees, standing and special, adjourns.

The Debating Club has enjoyed two years of prosperity; two pleasant years its members will ever look back upon with delight and fond recollections. We can never forget the many stormy meetings, nor the hard fought debates; the many interesting essays on topics of current interest, nor the strenuous parliamentary battles. It is my sincere hope and desire, as I believe it is the sincere hope and desire of all my fellow members, that some day now in the dim and misty future, the club may once more meet in the good old-fashioned style, and the old friends come together once again to re-enjoy one of the greatest pleasures of our school life.

E. L. HEDDERLY.



ANNALS OF THE WINTER CLASS OF 1901

AND it came to pass that during the stormy days which followed the sinking of the Maine in Havana harbor, there arrived at this Temple of Learning a goodly band of mortals whose fair brows gave promise of great lore, and they were called "scrubs."

And they numbered more than half a hundred, and the wise men who were to guide them through the halls of Knowledge marvelled at the brightness these mortals displayed, for in all their years of teaching they had never beheld the like. And it filled them with hope, and they spent many sleepless nights in devising some means of providing for such a number, and at last it was decided to form the youths into one section and the maidens into the other, and it was done accordingly. But, alas! it proved to be an unwise plan, and there lies a tale.

And at that time our nation entered into a great war, and our patriotism rose to the highest pitch. We rallied in our class room and decorated its walls and blackboards with flags and emblems in a way that was greatly admired, and then it was that the fame of our class began to spread, like unto molasses.

Time passed, and then came the welcome summer. We departed from the temple and spent many happy days among the hills and by the shores of the great blue sea, but ere long we were back again with faces bronzed, eyes clear, and a heart for the work before us. And, behold! there was a new band of mortals wandering open-mouthed through the corridors of the temple, looking quite as green as we had looked but a few months before, and they, too, were called "scrubs" by some; but we, remembering our own experiences, were silent. And we were distinguished by the title of "subs," and though our number was much diminished we were happy, for all the youths and maidens were united in one class.

The days and weeks and months went by, and we were soon Juniors. Our time of tribulation was past, and we were wel-



Paul B. Aitken
Lottie Gifford

Lottie Alf
Thos. Murchison

came with open arms into the Society called Ionian, and great joy filled our hearts. And it happened that we heard tidings of an election which was to take place, and excitement reigned supreme. And we were much sought after by the Ionians, for we were to cast our first ballot. The great day came at last, and when the smoke of battle cleared we found ourselves victorious, for a certain youth named 'Gene Conway, with forehead high, and hair which appeared not unlike the waves of the sea, had been elected Treasurer; while he, who bore the name of Barton Reichard, with curly hair and features good to look upon, had been chosen critic. And for many days we celebrated, while merrily did the former gather in the shekels, and gravely did the latter offer his criticisms.

But all too soon came the summer time again, for we were loath to part with the wise men to whom we had endeared ourselves. Sorrowfully we went away, gladly did we return, and we were soon at our studies again. And the Ionians did hold another great election at which the integrity of our class was again recognized by the choice of Barton of the curly locks to care for the money, and this time the fair Edith was selected to criticize, and all went well. And at that time the walls of our class room were almost bare, but we did institute a great change, and now on all sides hang flags and banners in graceful folds, while the faces of illustrious men beam kindly down upon our labors.

The present semester dawned bright and clear, and a pleasant one it has been for us, for many are the honors which have descended upon our heads. When the Ionian Society met to choose its officers, our bonnie Kate Handley was selected to sit in the Secretary's chair, and well has she performed her duties, with gentle grace and queenly dignity. The youth with the wavy locks, whose name is 'Gene, was called to the Vice-Presidency of the Debating Club, while he who is called Barton was chosen to serve on the Executive Committee, and the little maid Lottie with the sunny smile, was given the minutes to write.

And when we did assemble at our first class meeting, he of the quiet habits and studious mien who is known as Paul, was made President, and none deserved it more than he. And Lottie the smaller was chosen to assist him, while the other Lottie was bidden keep the records, and the youth who writes with style and flourish—Tom Murchison by name, was placed in charge of our

countless wealth. And at that meeting there were many others who have added lustre to our name. There was the dainty Pearl Ryder—the jewel of our class, the quiet Alice, the dark-eyed Josie, and the other Pearl so silent and industrious. And there was a pleasant youth named McCarty, a tiny one named Mattern, a larger one called Lockwood, and one who answered to the name of Lee, and there was Johnny Kroeger, the happiest-hearted lad that ever trod this earth. What a dreary existence ours would have been, were it not for him! And this assemblage did select beautiful colors of cerise and white, and well do they blend, and proud are we to wear them.

How the time has flown. It seems but yesterday that we first crossed the threshold of our beloved class room. We have played an active part in the drama of our school life, and it may be said to our credit that the parts imposed upon us have been faithfully carried out. Our class is not as large in number as it might be—'tis the old, old story of the survival of the fittest, but our joys have been innumerable and our sorrows very few, none ever enjoyed their schooldays more than we. We are now about to blossom into Senior A's, and the future spreads out bright and rosy before us. In after life when we recall the happy days spent here, we will remember with pride our connection with the Winter Class of 1901.



SOCIETY

A MERRY crowd of "Commercialites" held a picnic at Rubio Canyon on March 17th. The party started on the 9 o'clock Pasadena electric car, after being reinforced by Mr. and Mrs. Francis, and Mr. Francis, Jr.—who proved to be quite an acquisition. At Altadena a stop was made to allow Mr. Francis to run a race with the girls. He attempted to run backwards, and ended in defeat—and dust. After more athletic contests in which the girls came out victorious, a hand car was appropriated and some thrilling rides enjoyed. On reaching the canyon the party proceeded to the falls, where the girls spread an enjoyable lunch which the boys did justice to. Two members of the party formed a fire brigade for the purpose of furnishing the rest with drinking water, and almost drowned in the attempt. After lunch a climb was made up the trail to Echo Mountain, where games were enjoyed. On the way down, Mr. Mattern distinguished himself by rolling about twenty feet, and many of the others followed his example.

The picnic was a complete success, and the party arrived home after sun-down, tired but happy.

The "Illustrious Nine," an organization composed mostly of boys of the Senior B Class, gave a moonlight hay ride to Redondo on March 30th. The party had a splendid time, met with many exciting adventures, and arrived home in time for breakfast Sunday morning.

On the evening of April 24th, the boys of the Senior B class entertained at the home of Paul B. Aitken, E. Twenty-eighth Street. The invitations were dainty affairs in cerise and white—the class colors, and the same effect was carried out in the parlor decorations. The time was pleasantly passed with cards and other games. Refreshments were served and the party adjourned at a late hour, after a very enjoyable evening. Among those present

were Misses Alf, Dickison, Hanson, Aitken, Cody, and Graham; Messrs. Reichard, Kroeger, Murchison, Aitken, Conway, Mattern, and Lee.

The young ladies of the Senior A Class acted as hostesses on the evening of April 25th, at the home of Miss Adeline Stanton. The amusements consisted of cards and crokinole, followed by dancing. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Joy, Mr. Donnell, Misses McBride, Dana, Campbell, Aspinall, Reynolds, Cronkhite, A. Stanton, C. Stanton, Handley; Messrs. Grayson, Rees, Belt, Stanley, Collins, Schwab, Boyd.

A number of the irrepressible spirits of the Commercial Course gave a party on May Day, the principal amusement of which was hanging baskets. The party was in the nature of a surprise.

A bicycle party was given by the Junior A Class on Tuesday evening, May 15th. The first stop was made at Eastlake Park, where a moonlight row on the lake was enjoyed, DeDe Broneer winning the first prize in the rowing contest. Garvanza was then visited, and then return home was made via Pasadena avenue.

On Thursday, May 31st, the A 10 Class entertained with a very enjoyable spread, at the school. The invitations were delightfully novel, on blue paper, and worded as follows:

On the last of May, as sure as you live,
The A 10 Class a spread will give,
At half-past three in the girls' cloakroom;
Now don't forget and come at noon.

A picnic was held on June 2nd at Santa Monica. Two parties were formed, one going a wheel and the other by electric car, joining each other on the beach. All who participated report a splendid time.

E. P. C., W. '01.



COMMERCIAL EDUCATION

By Milton Carlson.

AFTER comprehensive instruction in those very valuable essentials, Spelling, Arithmetic, Commercial Geography and Oral Exercises, the observer finds the pupil advanced to that part of his commercial education where he is supposed to learn that a promissory note should not be made out and dated on a HOLIDAY, and that the legal rates and usury laws are not all modeled after those of our own fair State; perchance, the said student may learn also why an article may be quoted at \$1.60 in San Francisco, and 83 cents in New York. This particular place, in which the observer finds the student, is called the Business Practice Department, but, while it is so named, its environments are, to the casual observer, an unsolved enigma, for he observes that the once forward, and probably over-bearing student becomes somewhat cautious as to the terms of his lease or the working of his contracts. He is struck with amazement at the amount of business done by the banks, rail-ways, and CON-WAYS, and upon inquiry, he finds that the Central National Bank has done a good business, because ORRIE RUSSELS. We all know that we have FAIR-BANKS.

The ordinary mortal wonders how we can ship merchandise by boat in Business Practice, but the observer will notice our RIVERS and BEACH; the desert traffic may be done by CAMP-BELLS. Naturally the matter of finance is of interest. In Alaska they have gold fields, in Africa they have diamond mines, but here we have PEARL BOGGS. We draw drafts of \$27,000 each, but our NICOLLS and SCHELLINGS are not so very small. Our general industries engross the attention of the observer. We have our CARPENTER, MILLER, and STEWART; the Man-With-the-Hoe commonly known as HOMANN; the SKINNER, the TANNER, the SMITH, and even MORE.

Activity is found everywhere. A merchant with a STEARN(S) voice said or more properly yelled, "If you can't

SAL-YER (sell your) CLAY--WARE, WHEEL-'ER to the Storage Company, and HAUS-'ER." More GRACE-ful terms are also spoken, for we hear whispers such as McBRIDE (my bride) and MA-RY. But the observer was not permitted to meditate long on matrimonial subjects; his attention was called to a series of words that might make a STOUT man's blood run COLE. At first the sound was somewhat indistinct, but the observer soon perceived that it must be a heated argument, undoubtedly GERMAIN to the English-African question, for he heard plainly the words—BOHRER, KROEGER, and FREEMAN. Then the noise became more audible and he heard in rapid succession, "ROBB! STEELE! DU-'RR BELT, GRAY-SON!!! O. KNIGHTEN KUTZ GIBBS!!! CHRISSIE B. (be) WHITE!!! JAMES KIL-PATRICK!!! The observer would have rushed to the rescue if a voice had not called out, "HOLSER (hold sir), B. STELZER (be still sir)! He then realized what had taken place—it was merely roll-call. A. BLAND smile spread over the face of the observer, for as he looked at his HUNTER-case watch, he heard the last word—NIESWINDER (nice winder). I might give MORE if I tried REICHARD (right hard), but I must close, as my attention is called to an AITKEN (ache in) MEINE (my knee).

*The names used are those of students of the Commercial Course.



Commercial Course Personals

Don't Bessie look dignified in her new glasses?

Didn't Miss Campbell look sweet the other day, when she was crying?

Johnny K. has blossomed into quite a lady's man. He is an ardent believer in moonlight bicycle rides.

Georgie does not wish any contributions of blocks, toys, etc., this term.

What is the age limit entitling one to play with dolls? Mr. Bransby has asked Lottie if she still amuses herself with such playthings.

Some one has remarked that Connelly is just in his element when with girls. Connelly's friends do not deny the accusation.

Mr. Carpenter had to put the proof of his pictures in salt.

There is a girl in Room 10 who has a most gorgeous tie. Everyone wants to get one like it.

Leola goes around with a sorrowful face. It is not known whether she is mourning for Flora or Herman.

Lee has oratorical aspirations.

There will be a new political party when Denubila gets to voting.

What would Mr. Francis do if "Cal" didn't suggest ideas.

No wonder the Senior A's look sad—Miss McBride has gone East.

WANTED—An honest gavel committee. Apply at the Debating Club.

It has been much quieter at the Commercial Course since Rees left. Rees wore golfers occasionally.

Belt has decided to abjure the loud necktie in the future. But

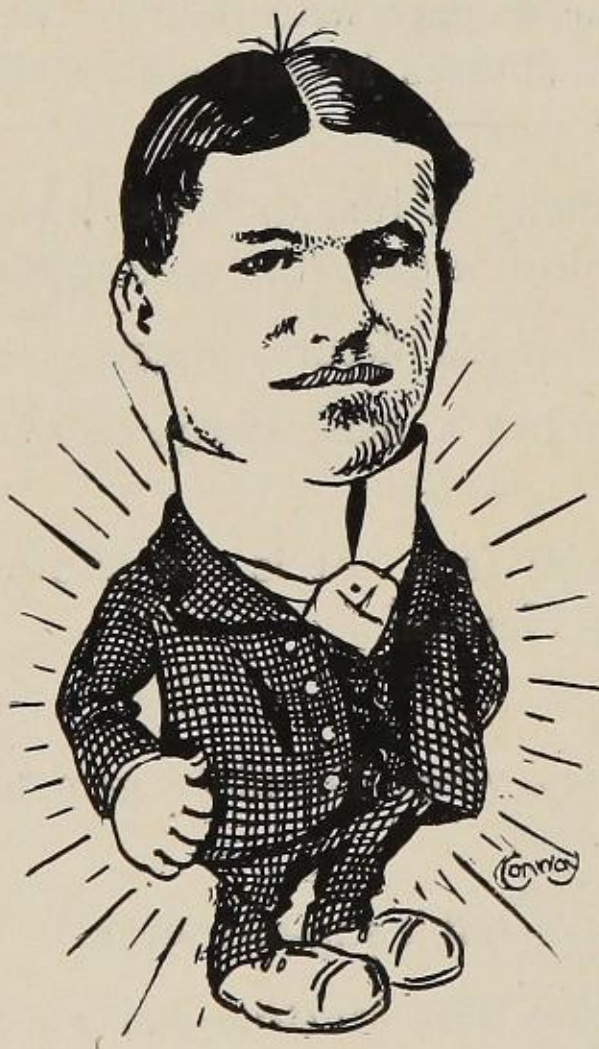
he squares matters at the feet. We heard a loud noise the other morning and on inquiring into the cause, found it was a red and a blue sock running away with Belt.

WANTED—To know how much money Danziger, Hanley and Hopkins have sunk in fake oil stock.

Who put the initials "A. S." on Miss O'Neil's bracelet?

Mr. Connelly is such a modest sort of a boy, you know.

How those Debating Club announcements make the "scrubs" stare.



Walter Callahan's new suit is the cause of all that unearthly noise heard round the Commercial Department, for the last few weeks.



Carl Grayson, in one of his characteristic poses before the Ionian Society.

Mr. Wagner—"Mr. Conway, how long did you study shorthand?"

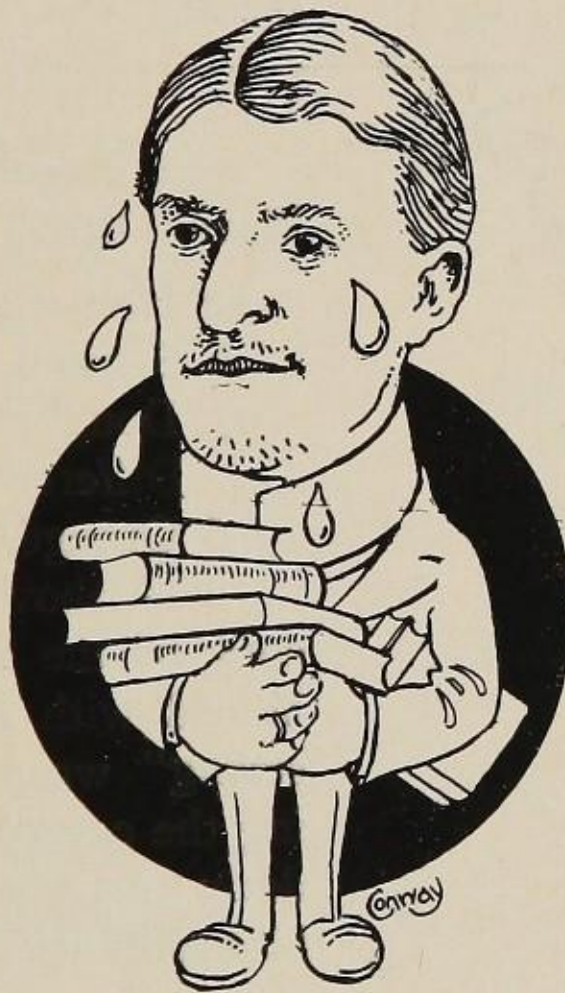
Mr. Conway—"I—er—I got my dates all mixed up."

McNeely and Hedderly got hot the other morning; in fact, they got simply red-headed.

I wonder if Mr. Denubila has found any one whose ideas are the same as his own.

Why is the Commercial Course so near a graveyard?
To give the students a grave view of life.

Why is a composition a failure in the High School?
Because they have essayed too much.



Clarence Belt really looks studious when he comes to school in the morning with her books under his arms.



Ned Hedderly, and his mighty lunch continued to be the wonder and admiration of the scrubs.

KROEGER and Skinner went to a party one night, and while the former was enjoying himself, Skinner quietly took a party of girls out for a ride in Kroeger's buggy. When Johnny passed his rig he thought it was stolen, and rushed excitedly to the Police Headquarters, returning with a squad of officers, just in time to see Skinner's triumphant return.

Teacher—Miss Symons, you may sit by Mr. Murchison.

Then, oh! did you see them blush?

An inventory of Hedderly's "Daily Bread:"

- 12 Ham Sandwiches.
- 6 Sardine Sandwiches.
- 13 Doughnuts (4 ply).
- 7 Different kinds of Cake.
- 6 Oranges (full weight).

The above is tied up in a copy of the New York Sunday World with one bale of "extra strong" wrapping twine. During the course of the meal, Hedderly enlightens those around him with selections from the paper.

Alice is afraid some one will put some personals in about her, so we wouldn't do it for the world.

What everybody knows :

That Merton has a new tie.

That Cal can dance.

That Walter is popular among the young ladies.

Why Belt don't shave.

Whose picture is it that is missing from Miss Cody's purse?

Take your watches to Chester. He is a Nice Winder.

How Mr. Connelly did blush when the (Le) Compton Constitution was mentioned in history!

Miss Dana (getting ready to go home)—"Let me see, Winnie, how many books are you going to take."

In the morning before school—"Oh, Mr. Connelly, please sharpen my pencil"—is heard from all corners of the room.

The telephone business is a very profitable one. If one knows how to set up and operate a 'phone, he will not have to be a book-keeper all the days of his life. Ask Ward about it.

Mr. Francis (as Belt comes into the room laden with school books)—"Clarence, I am glad to see you so studious."

Chorus of Scholars—"They are not his; they are Miss Reynolds'."

We think it was real mean in Mr. Carlson not to name his little daughter after some of the beautiful young ladies of this course. He might for instance have named her Mazeppa, or Lottie or Stella, or Pearl or Kate.

What is it that takes Mr. Clarence Rees on the Maple avenue car every fine evening?

The picnic at Laurel Canyon was a great success—such delightful liquid refreshments you know.

One of the teachers looks very fine in a Turkish cap, and lounging robes.

Notice—Anyone having merchandise which they want shipped—see Ned Hedderly.

He who "flunks" and "flunks" away,
Will live to "flunk" another day.

A new definition for "Babes in the Woods:" BIO's just entering Business Practice.

Definition of an Absent-minded Person (applicable to a number of pupils in the High School): One who goes around thinking of nothing, and when he remembers it, he forgets that which he thinks of, is something entirely different from what he wanted to remember.

For some A 11's and other equally affected: Sand Street Building was once used as a *court* house. It should be used as such no longer. It is now a school house.

The Glee Club came into the first Ionian Meeting with a roar like a lion (on the part of the audience) but it went out like a lamb.

Teacher—When do you debit drafts?

Pupil—I think—

Teacher, interrupting—We don't want what you think!

Pupil—Pardon me, I can't talk without thinking.

“Through thick and thin”—Hanley and Freeman.

Have you noticed Belt's mustache?

Muskat—“Say how do I look in my new golf trousers?”

Reichard—“Like an idiot.”

Callahan is on the road to destruction—he has begun to wear red socks.

Who took Murchison to the picnic?

Look out for A. Skinner in Business Practice.

What a pretty lot of “Scrubs” there are this year!

Kroeger is fast becoming proficient in the art of carrying bottles and bricks under his coat.

WANTED—A razor. Address “Babe” Lockwood.

Ask Mattern about the “Illustrious Nine.”

“I saw your brother today, Josie.”

Josie—“Which one?”

Does any one know whether Mr. Mattern got the University car home from the Senior B Class party.

Notice Bert's hair; some days it is curlier than others. Can any one tell why?

Gertrude is an “East Sider.” When asked the name of the

signers of the Declaration of Independence she promptly replied, Jeffries.

If Mr. Lockwood were to have all his first names (that is, the names he goes by) attached to his surname, it would read something like this: Victor Elbert William George Babe Lockwood.

Quotations:

"Are you going to the Deux Temps dance?"—LEOLA.

"I just know I won't pass in history."—ADALINE.

In History—"Oh, they are mounted soldiers, either cavalry or infantry, I don't know which."—MAMIE.

Gertrude Symons wants to borrow Five Hundred Dollars on a "Good Consideration" (love or affection). Now, boys, here is your chance.

I wonder why:

A girl wasn't elected Senior A class president?

Rees quit school?

Miller was chosen?

Denubila wasn't?

Old Lady (to Hedderly who is taking the census)—"If you want something to eat, go around to the back door."

Hedderly—"Madam, you mistake me; I am an enumerator."

Old Lady—"O, pardon me, appearances are deceptive."

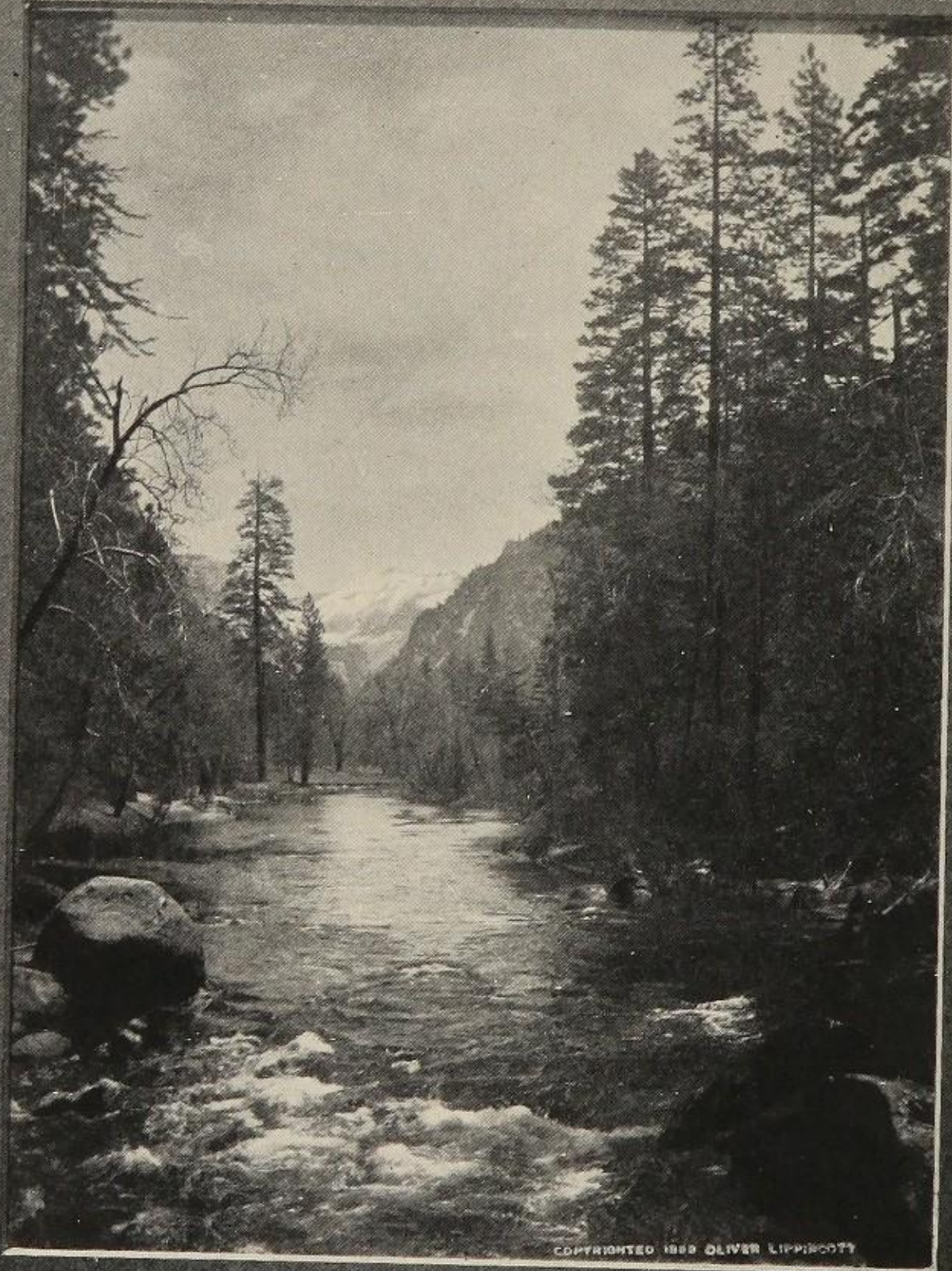
Hedderly—"Thank you, madam. How many children did you say you had?"

We were very glad to hear from Mr. Denubila at the last Ionian meeting. This young gentleman spoke so touchingly about his "first appearance" that he brought tears to the eyes of many of his hearers. Truly it was a sad occasion.

There is the cutest little curly headed boy in the B 9 Class. Josie can tell you who he is.

Ask De De, Bert and Mae what time they got home on the night they wrote the invitations for the "spread."

Nearly every one in the Senior A Class wears glasses. Perhaps you wonder at this, but listen: Nelle wears a diamond, and holds it so that it can be seen. Now if you had that diamond sparkling in your eyes all day, you'd have to wear glasses, too.



COPYRIGHTED 1899 OLIVER LIPPINCOTT

COPYRIGHTED 1899 =
BY OLIVER LIPPINCOTT.

Courtesy Lippincott

HIGH SCHOOL PERSONALS

Teacher in Botany class—

Children, | when you're | through with | work or play,
Always | put your | tools away. |

Truman and young lady walking down the hill; Truman telling a "fairy tale."

Young lady—Oh, Gorden!!

With Coronado Mineral Water, Coronado climate, fishing and boating, good restaurants, stores, bakery and all good things to eat, and new furnished tents, and all as cheap as any camping place, no wonder Camp Coronado is all the talk. It is best as well as cheapest.

Don't you think Annie is a cute little girl? Our treasurer thinks so.

What a beautiful young lady Eddie makes!

We feel sorry for the Senior B's. Just think they have only ten boys!

Teacher in the 4th period English—I shall have to call names the next time I see any one talking.

What jolly times the Astronomy class has at the observations. There are so many boys!

-
1. Studious Randall with a candle,
 Studies every night;
 Says studious Randall to his candle,
 I pray you give more light.
 2. Says the candle to studious Randall,
 Indeed I have not any.
 Says studious Randall to the candle,
 My friend, you cost a penny!
 3. In spite of his candle, poor Studious Randall,
 Has managed to scrape through;
 So now victorious studious Randall
 Bids you all adieu.



Poor Boynton catching it
for riding on sidewalk

CORRECTED TIME CARD
OF THE
Los Angeles & Redondo Ry.
AND
Santa Fe Route

Summer Time Card
Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.
In effect June 3, 1900. Depot
corner Grand avenue and Jef-
ferson streets.

EVERY DAY	
Trains leave Los Ang's	Trains leave Redondo for Los Angeles
8.10 a. m.	7.00 a. m.
11.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	1.30 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	5.00 p. m.
*12.00 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.

*Every day but Sunday

Santa Fe schedule opposite.
Tickets interchangeable.
City ticket office 246 South
Spring street. Telephone M.
1031. Freight and passenger
depot, Grand ave. and Jeffer-
son streets. 'Phone West 1.
L. J. PERRY, Supt.

Daily Time Card Santa Fe Route	
Leaves Los Angeles	Leaves Redondo
8.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
9.55 a. m.	11.00 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	3.45 p. m.
5.34 p. m.	6.35 p. m.
*7.00 p. m.	*8.00 a. m.

*Sunday only.

Tickets interchangeable with
Los Angeles and Redondo Ry.

Redondo Floral Company
have Fifteen Acres of
Carnations at Redondo

In Astronomy class:

Teacher—If a comet should fall on the sun, would we all burn up?

Miss Mayo—Some of us are delegates to Heaven.

It is a wonder Wheeler North ever knows a thing in BII History. Girls are so interesting!

She now calls him Bryant.

We are so glad, Louis, that your mother liked the photograph.

What makes Olin Wellborn so popular in Per. I, Mondays and Fridays?

Puzzle—Find the quartette in the High School, whose favorite song is "My Josephine."

Blossom, won't you have a Graham cracker?

How well Mr. Straube recites in Physics!!!

Will Boynton never tire of playing with that electric light in the Physics laboratory?

Epic:

I love to feed the little doggie,
And hear him wag his tail,
When I give him his bread and milk
Out of a little tin—bucket.

—James Lynne Van Norman (Narcissus), Pres. S. '00.

How did those loquats which Wynn borrowed (?) from a tree on Trinity street agree with him?

Elsie Laux says there are no personals to get about the Senior B class, because they never do anything. We quite agree with her.

Did you say Cupid was passionately fond of flowers?
Yes, when they "mill dood."

George Nicholson Fuller says, "Do I look like a golf club?"

Walter Artman says there is good "Eaton" at Terminal Island.
"That Beats me."

Ask Ben Harwood about celery.

We wish to tell Hattie Bradford and Helen Safford that live rats are very injurious to the hair.

Mr. Goudy is (the) "douze." He said so himself the other day in French class. Queer isn't it, that he would admit it.

This is Adele's version of "Don't Send Her Away, John."

Oh! send her away, John,
Oh! send her away;
When she is here, John,
We can't be gay.

I wonder if the Phi Sigmas have paid up that debt of Dane's yet. They have been trying pretty hard to do it, taking in new members, etc.—The Enquirer.

From your description, Mr. Galbreth, of yourself, I should say that the colors orange and black would be decidedly unbecoming to you.

How brave Woodford is to consider himself a member of a class of girls.

To Eugene Demens—By no means do I consider your opinions foolishly sentimental, but most natural for a boy of your years. I feel much honored by your confidence.

Miss Teal went down to the beach on visiting day to finish up her work. She evidently must have had a good deal to do, for she didn't appear the next Monday.

George McLain—The editors of this department regret that all of the personals you put in about yourself do not appear, for only a limited number of personals may be put in about one person. Yes, we know you are a queener, anyhow.

Who said the Pies were rushing Hattie Bradford?

The following has been received:

To the Personal Editors—Be sure to have a scorcher in the "Blue and White" about Morril Boynton's arrest for riding on the sidewalk.

Kingsbaker, making a Spanish recitation—"What is it, Thompson, what is it?"

What kind of baking powder does May prefer?
Royal.

If fortune favors her son, there will be a Ray of sunshine in his heart.

Johnny Powers,
By the hours
Muses on Adell;
Sweet the flowers,
Johnny Powers,
Makes you quite a swell.

Say, Adele, what is injected fear?

Why are Mabel Hill and May Hill so much alike? Because they both desire the reflection.

It's funny that Bingham would be satisfied with a negative of Miss Coulter.

Teacher (in Physics)—Miss Walker, is the current increased or decreased?

Miss Walker—Decreased—oh, really, I don't know anything about this.

Teacher—That's right, Miss Walker; that's right.

When a certain young lady of the Senior A Class is seen by a crowd of "scrubs" they ask, "Who is that tall handsome young lady?" Now, children, she is "Our Bessie."

The Commercial Course has no cause for Sorrow, for *Joy* abides with them.

All information on kids and curlers cheerfully given by little George Mattern, Room 10.

Katie McK.'s favorite song should be, "Barney, Oh, Why Must You Leave Me."

Miss Tanner—"What is that rumbling noise that is frequently heard in the Economics Class?"

Miss Stelzer—"Oh, that's only Mr. Denubila arguing."

What would the ante-room be without that looking-glass wherein the Senior A's gaze on their charms?

Ask the girls that went on the bicycle ride, if the boys of the A 10 Class are not very gallant.

Ask Bert Timmons and Arthur Dakan why they don't learn how to row. My, but the girls' hands were blistered! Especially De De's.

Harbinger shouldn't tell Mr. Lockwood to "go to China." Really it would break our hearts.

What is the matter with our vice-president, when called to the chair? She was not afraid, only nervous.

Callahan wants to know if Los Angeles City is in Kern county.

"The Heavenly Twins"—Beach and Ralphs.

CURRENT TOPICS

Phi Sigma

Yes, Dane is a luxury, but still we can't get along without him.

Gamma Etta Kappa

We wish to announce that one of our members is going to graduate.

Phi Delta Kappa

We are still rushing Dunkelberger. We hope to catch him soon.

Owl and Key

We want every one to know, that our name is not Beta Sigma any more. We copied that idea of our name from one of the colleges. It's all the rage.

Lambda Theta Phi

We have actually given a dance! A big one at Kramer's. We had to because we had so many new children in.

Delta Iota Chi

Everybody knows we are noted for our nerve.

Sigma Rho Sigma

We wish to announce that we are still in existence, though we haven't taken in any new members lately.

Teacher (in fourth period English class)—How did you feel when you discovered there was no Santa Claus?

Miss Wilson—Why it was so long ago I can't remember.

Most High School pupils patronize Bowman for their pies and cakes. Why don't you?

The management is indebted to Schumacher for most of the beautiful half-tones of the different Greek letter societies.

Ask Dell Broddeck about coming out the wrong "door."

Carry Ling and Irene Buell should not wear their hair the

same way. "A little girl with her hair parted on one side," is not a very good description—especially when there are two little girls.

When anonymous poetry is found around on desks, just go to Ella for the author.

Dear Editor—I was so afraid you wouldn't put in anything about me, that I thought I'd better write. Don't you think I look nice in stock collars, especially lavender ones? I think they make me look swell, and that's why I wear them.

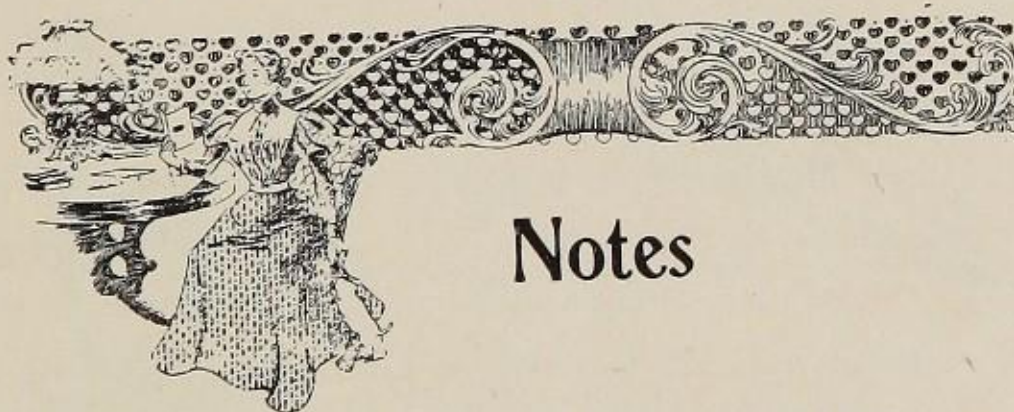
Humbly yours,

LOUIS EVERETT.

Dear Mr. Editor—My name is Leslie H——, and I am a Phi Sigma. I also belong to the High School Mandolin Club, and I want you to know that I am now big enough to stay behind the scenes (and bother the vice-president) every Star and Crescent meeting. Respectfully yours,

LESLIE.

Dear Editor—I am a little boy in the B 10 and I am just bothered to death by the girls. They find so many excuses to talk to me, even asking me to sharpen their pencils, that I cannot study. Please tell me how I can reject their unwelcome advances, and I will be forever your dutiful debtor, RAY LEWIS.



Notes

The management take pleasure in thanking Messrs. Marceau, Schumacher and Lippincott for the many courtesies received from them in the way of the loaning of pictures, and especially in their kindness in rushing photographs for us.

The thanks of the whole Senior Class are due Geo. Rice & Sons for the excellent work they have done on the book.

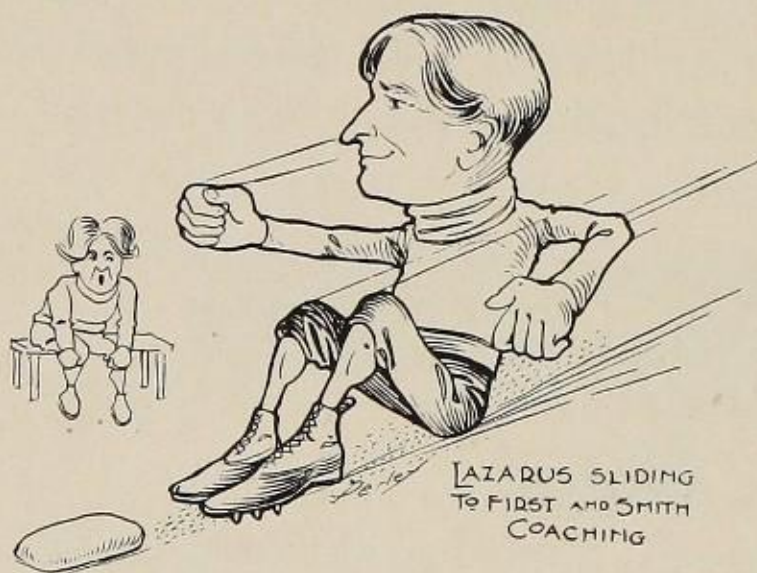
The manager also wishes to thank Mr. Eugene Hallet who has heretofore taken charge of the financial part of the Blue and White for the advice he has given, without which he would have stumbled many times.



OUR PRETTY BOY MORRISON



OUR DIGNIFIED
CLASS
PRESIDENT



LAZARUS SLIDING
TO FIRST AND SMITH
COACHING

OUR ARTIST AT THE BASEBALL GAME



VAN AND CARDYELL
HAVE A COLLISION
ON THIRD



THE HONORABLE BURRIS GOWDY



Mission Santa Barbara

\$3.00 Will take you to Santa Barbara and return, leaving Los Angeles June 15-16; July 3-4; August 10-11; August 31 and September 1. Tickets good for return 30 days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges at Ventura.

220 miles for 300 cents

All the attractions and pleasure of a seaside and mountain resort combined.



Enroute San Fernando [ruins of San Fernando Mission, founded 1788], tunnel through mountain, Newhall Ranch, Camulos, Home of Ramona, Oil Fields, Sespe and Santa Paula, Asphalt Mine and submerged oil wells in the surf at Summerland, Ventura, County Seat, Ventura County, [Mission San Buena Ventura, founded 1782]. Beautiful coast views between Ventura and Santa Barbara. For 40 miles the train is in sight and sound of the surf hence "The Shore Line."



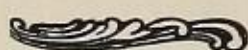
Ask any agent for particulars.

G. W. LUCE, Asst. Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agent

261 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles

The Los Angeles Law School

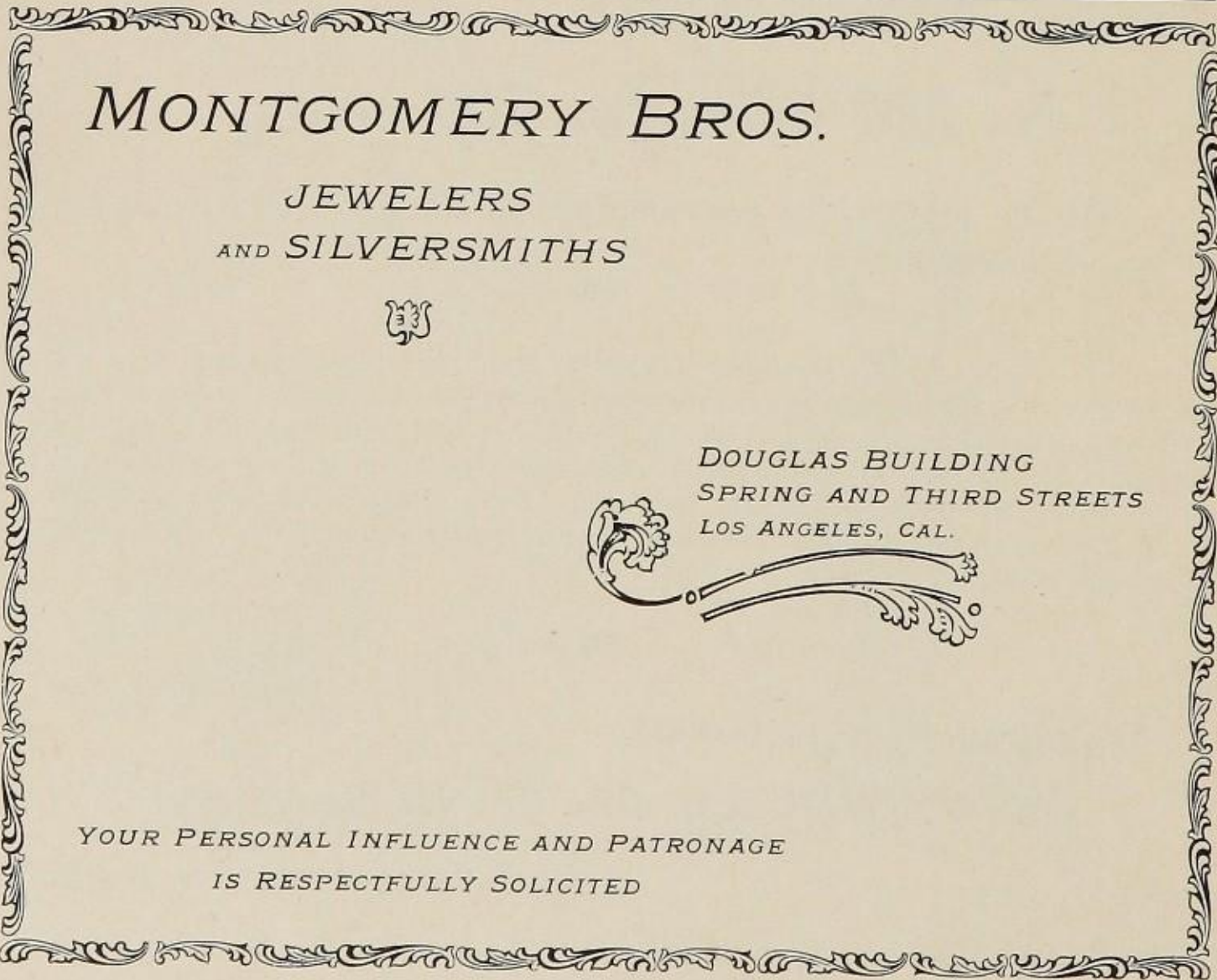
In Affiliation with the
University of Southern California



THE constant aim of the Los Angeles Law School has been to give its students advantages for legal instruction equal to any obtainable elsewhere. In addition to instruction given covering all ordinary and fundamental branches of law provision has now been made for several courses by specialists upon such subjects as Mining Law, Insurance, City Ordinances, Patents, Medical Jurisprudence, Public Officers, etc. Students may, without extra charge, take limited work in the Department of Liberal Arts of Univ. of So. Cal. Excellent facilities afforded for oratorical, debating, and practice court work. School has commodious quarters close to the city, county, state and United States courts. Hours of instruction are arranged to accommodate students who are in law offices, banks, etc. Terms reasonable. For further particulars address

FREDERICK W. HOUSER, Secretary

11-15 Temple Block, Los Angeles, Cal



MONTGOMERY BROS.

JEWELERS
AND SILVERSMITHS



DOUGLAS BUILDING
SPRING AND THIRD STREETS
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



YOUR PERSONAL INFLUENCE AND PATRONAGE
IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED



BURNS...

Always Reliable Money Back Shoeist

Shoes for Men,
Shoes for Ladies,
Shoes for Misses,
Youths and Babies

240 S. Spring St. Los Angeles, Cal.

REMEMBER! We supply everything . . .
Don't buy a thing till you know our price

325-326-327 Potomac Block
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Pacific Coast Home
Supply Association

COOPER BROS.

HOME MADE PIES

Delivered daily to any part of the city at reasonable prices

Factory, cor. Mission and Baldwin Sts.
East Los Angeles

NOUGHTY-NOUGHT.

What's in a name?

Nought precious about Pearl but her name.

Nought straight about Morrison but his hair.

Nought small about Van but his feet.

Nought clear about Glass but his name.

Nought sweet about Randall but his face.

Nought cute about Louie but herself.

Nought swell about Wynn but his head.

Nought Irish about Goudy but his face.

Nought Irish about Lanagan but his name.

Nought explosive about Gunn but his name.

Nought cute in the class but Maurice.

Nought loud about Harry but his voice.

Nought queer about Ivalo but her name.

Nought unknown about May but her age.

Nought supporting about Renna but her name.

Nought long about R-e-g-i-n-a-l-d E-m-e-r-s-o-n W-h-i-t-a-k-e-r but his cognomen.



Y. M. C. A. DEBATING CLUB

HOW ABOUT IT?

HOW MANY ❀❀❀

Students of the High School attend the meetings for men at the Young Men's Christian Association every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock? A vigorous, non-sectarian, straight-from-the-shoulder talk is made by some good speaker, often of state or national reputation. It is a good place for thinking young men to attend, who wish to build their lives upon the best lines.

THE GYMNASIUM ❀❀❀

Is still "doing business at the old stand" and boys and men who persist in its use will find the time thus expended one of the best investments of their lives. The boy who does not take exercise "because he has to study so hard," is gradually killing the goose that will lay the golden egg, and casts a reflection either upon his own judgment or else upon the school curriculum.

DO YOU TALK? ❀❀❀

If so, the Debating Club may interest you. It is a valuable adjunct to a general education. It meets every Friday evening.

All young men of good character, irrespective of religious belief, are cordially invited to join the Association. For full particulars apply at the

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
209 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

GOOD CLOTHES

FOR

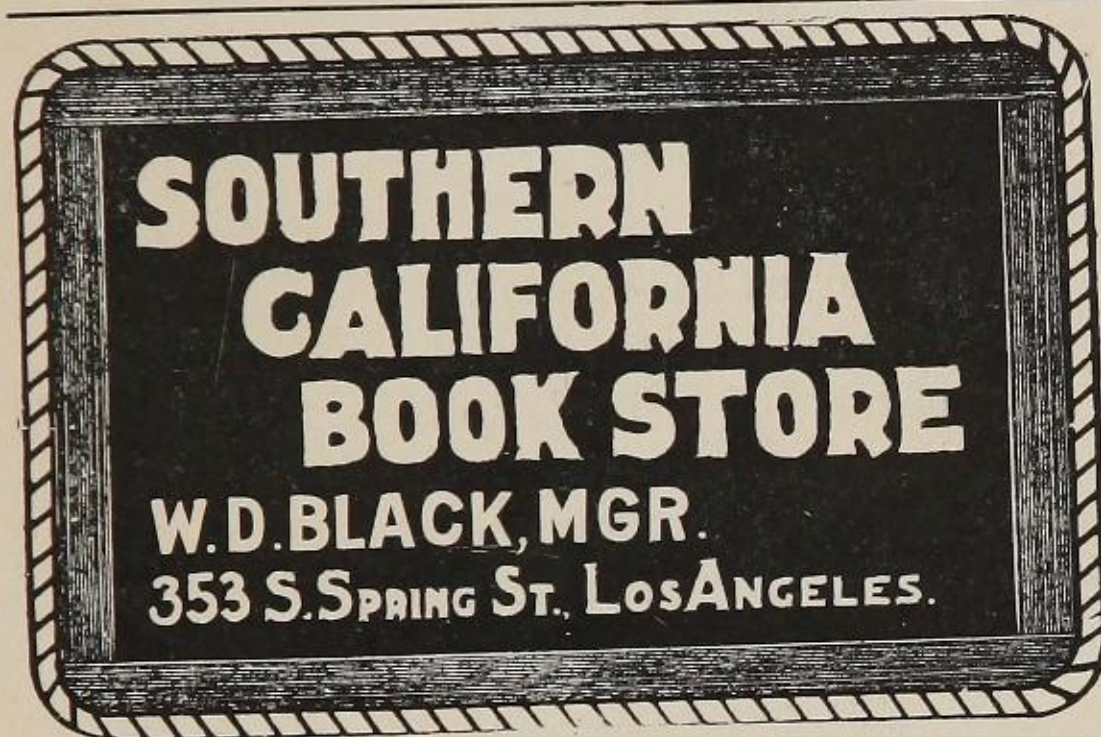
BAD BOYS

**LONDON
CLOTHING
COMPANY**

HARRIS & FRANK
Prop's

119-125

N. SPRING STREET



Fine Stationery,
Novelties, Office
Supplies, Views,
Blank Books,
Souvenirs, Curios
Periodicals, etc.
We also have the
finest line of Fic-
tion in the city.

Picture Frames
and Matting a
specialty.

**Southern
California
Book Store**

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S AMBITION.

Five little studies are on a card,
Thought she'd drop Algebra
'Cause it was hard.

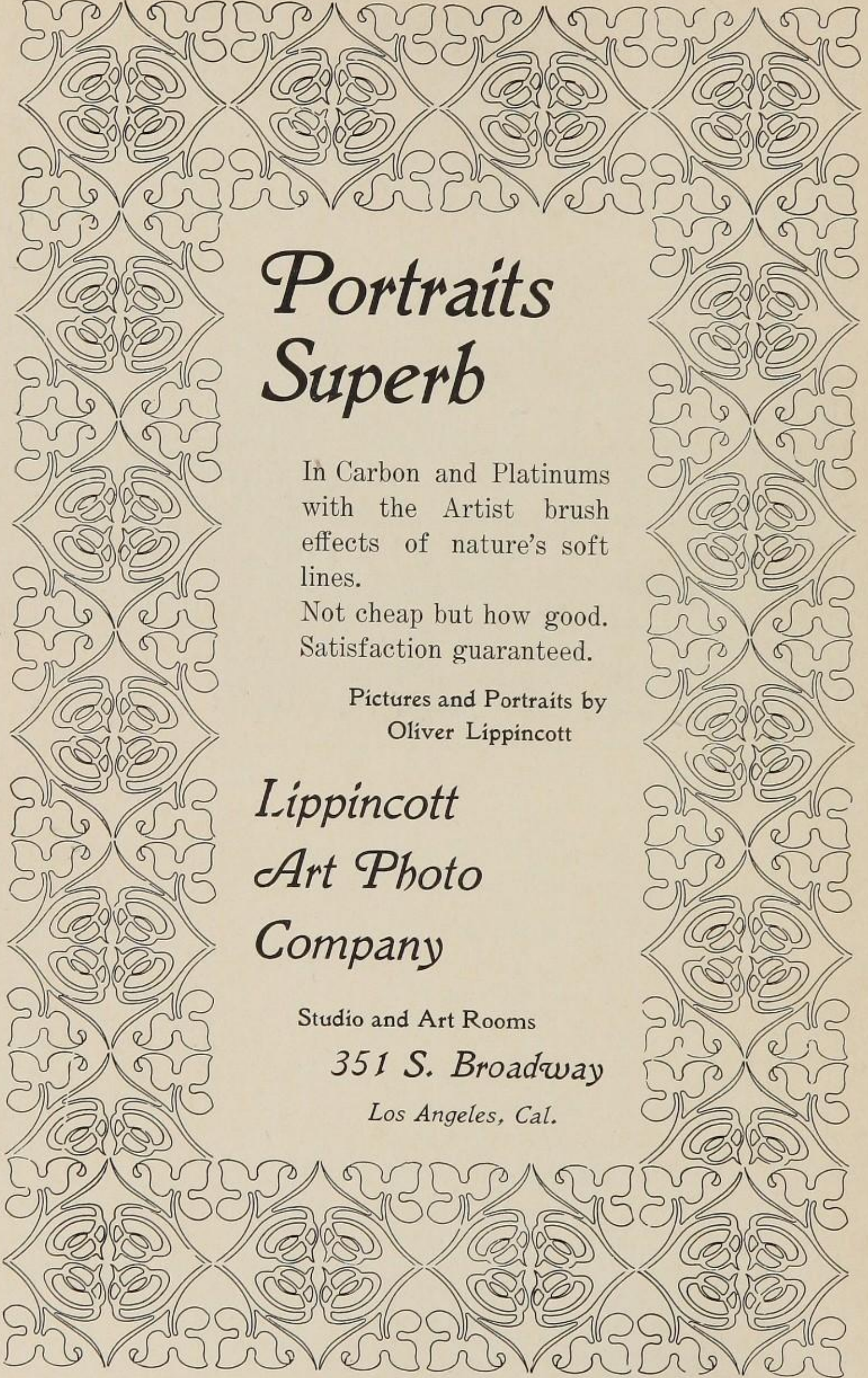
Four little studies.
Killing cats made her grieve
So of Philosophy
Then she took leave.

Three little studies.
P. G. was no stew
So she dropped that
And then there were two.

Two little studies.
Drawing was dry,
So to Room Seven
She said good-bye.

One little study.
That made her tired,
So she dropped that
And she was fired.

—M. B.



Portraits Superb

In Carbon and Platinums
with the Artist brush
effects of nature's soft
lines.

Not cheap but how good.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Pictures and Portraits by
Oliver Lippincott

*Lippincott
Art Photo
Company*

Studio and Art Rooms

351 S. Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.

CARL ENTENMANN

FRED'K G. BORST

ENTENMANN & BORST

Jewelers and Watchmakers

Diamond Setters
and Engravers

DEALERS IN

Diamonds and Precious Stones

Medals, Society Badges and School Pins

Any description of Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order and repaired

217½ SOUTH SPRING STREET (UP-STAIRS)

Telephone Green 1953

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

... WE will check your baggage at your hotel or residence
to any point.

LOS ANGELES TRANSFER CO.

Telephone Main 49 or 249

432 S. Spring Street



Are we coming to this

I wonder why Mr. Van Norman forgets his chemistry key so often?

Ans.—By so doing he has an opportunity to read just (read-just) his golden locks.

Rubie at the ice cream wagon
—Wait, girls, till I get a spoon.

Glass (trying to translate Latin)—May, May, May.

It must not be suspected that the recent holdups were perpetrated by the Wiggins Bros. on account of their size.

Dunkleberger — A person born with red hair will keep it until he dyes.

The Oak Shaving Parlors

The Finest Shaving Parlors in the City

POPULAR PRICES

Haircutting, 20c

Shaving, 10c

Shine, 5c

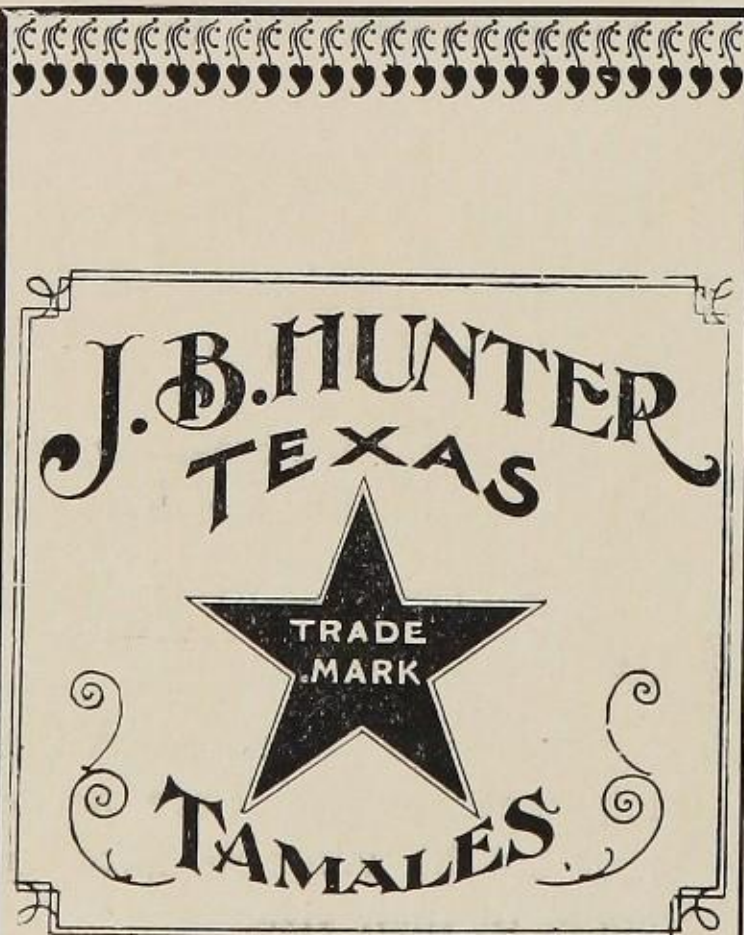
...TEN CHAIRS...

W. F. BALL, Prop.

THEO. R. SMITH, Mgr.

106 N. SPRING ST.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



The highest grade of Tamales in the United States of America, and the Pride of Los Angeles. They are served upon the tables of the cultured and refined.

Hunter's Texas Tamales

Hunter's Tamales have been pronounced by competent judges to be superior to any in Los Angeles.

Try Them

J. B. HUNTER

626 Bellevue Ave.

Los Angeles

Our Specialties...

..Mocha and Java Coffee

..Downey Butter

..Delicacies

Imported and Domestic

Lunches for Seashore and Mountain Trips



Anderson & Chanslor

Wholesale
and Retail

Grocers...

136 S. Spring Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

Cupid Galbreth says that an ad. in the last Blue and White did him lots of good.

Little Ruby Kimble;
Pretty Ruby Kimble;
She is so sweet,
So very petite,
I think of no one else,
But Ruby Kimble.

(Signed) Biggest G.

Anne, are all Savages barbarians?

It is stated that Ed Clinton is going on the stage next year.

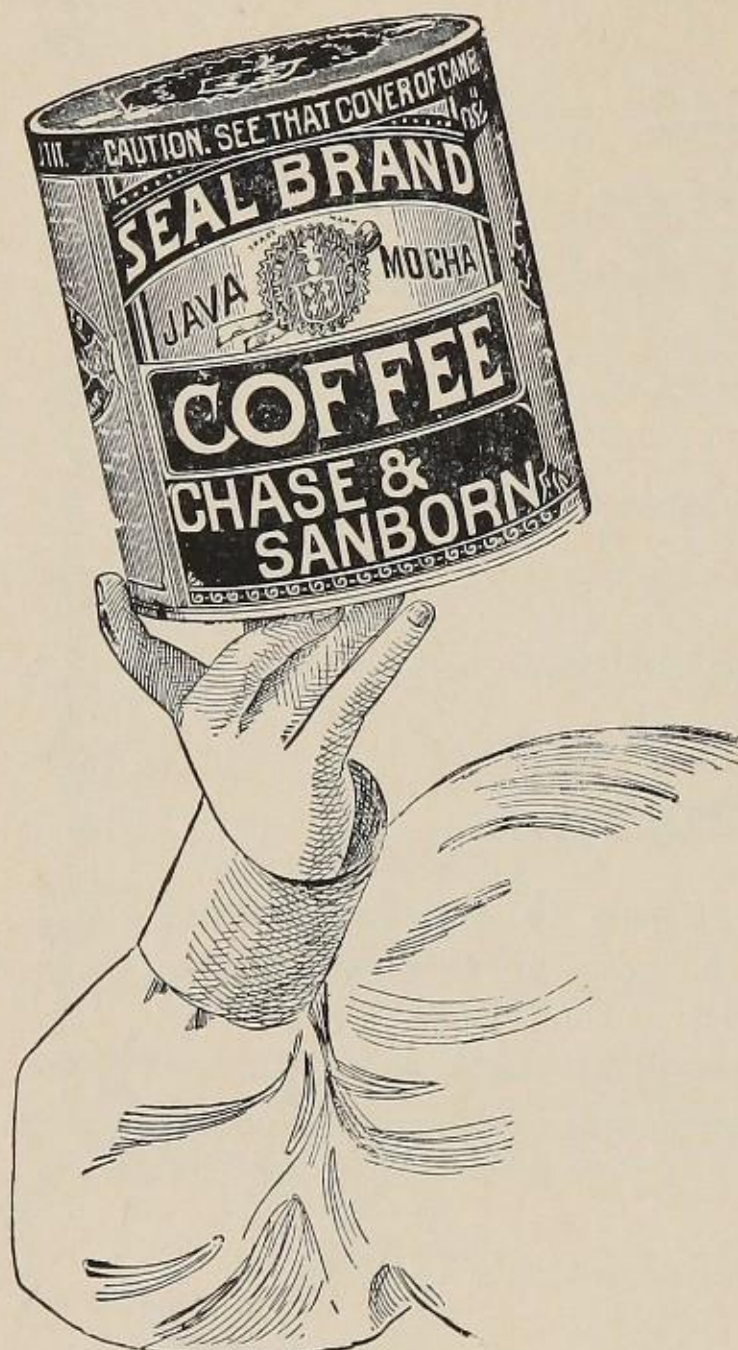
Maude Bigelow to Van (in class meeting)—When shall we meet? Where? How?

Ask Glass about schotching schnakes.



Harwood riding the goat on June 16, 1900, at Figueroa and Seventh streets

AGENTS FOR



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

B. WYNNS & Co.

TEL. MAIN 728

CHOICE GOODS LOWEST PRICES
FREE DELIVERY

449 S. SPRING ST.

LOS ANGELES

Vacation Time...

Is at hand. Have you decided on your trip and looked through your outfit to see what is lacking?



If it is any thing in the line of Fire-arms, Camping Outfits, Kodaks, Golf or Tennis Goods, Fishing Tackle, etc., we can supply your wants and at the right prices.

Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.

132-134 S. Spring St.

Los Angeles

TRAIN a boy in the way he should go when young; when old he will never depart from it ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

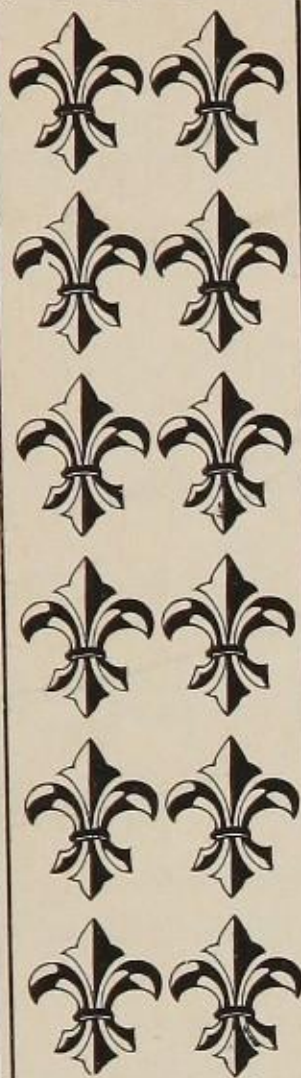
BRING YOUR BOYS UP ON HOT BREAD

MADE FROM

**Dr. Fox's Health
♣ Baking Powder**

It is a Pure Pepsin Cream of Tartar Baking Powder





W. G. Terrems

Successor to

Nicoll The Tailor

Dress Suits a Specialty

142 S. Spring Street

Los Angeles, Cal.

Tel. Main 959 . . .

WANTED—Some boys to apply Room 20.

WANTED—A bell boy for Trow Hendricks the 3rd.

WANTED—Some new members for the Dix and Lamba.

WANTED—Some boys in A 10 English class, the 6th period.

WANTED—By Mr. Gunn, a book that will give Latin words in English of Latin derivation.

WANTED—To know of Bennie Harwood how long the court of St. James has been in Russia.

WANTED—An instructor to teach Mr. Ling the difference between a row of boxes and a row of young ladies.

WANTED—To know whether Carrie Lang likes cookies.

W. E. CLARK

Tel. West
69

Dealer in
**COAL
WOOD
HAY
GRAIN**

1249
S. Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

Mojonier

Photographs



326½ S. Broadway

R. K. HOLMES

Dealer in the

... Napoleon Bicycle

Constructed throughout with the celebrated **Thor** hubs and forged frame fittings.

Also big bargains in second-hand wheels. Artistic enameling. High-grade bicycle and sewing machine repairing. Wheels called for and delivered.

208 W. Fifth St.

Tel. Green 1095

1854

1854

The Oldest Business House
in Los Angeles

Samuel C. Foy

Saddlery, Harness and Leather
Whips, Lap Robes, Saddles, Silver
Inlaid Spanish Bits and Spurs

Tel. Green 1724

315 N. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Haas, Baruch & Co.

*Importers, Wholesale Grocers
and
Wholesale Druggists*

New York Office
140 Franklin Street
San Francisco Office
100 California Street

320-326 N. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Cal

Boynton Normal

525 Stimson Block

A permanent, successful school in its 10th year; prepares for the Co. Exam. of Teachers. This is as lawful as any way of entering the profession of teaching.

The Fisk Teachers' Agency

in the same rooms, supplies teachers everywhere. Call.

PARAMORE'S

*ICE
CREAM*

IS THE BEST

MADE BY

CHRISTOPHER & SPARKS

J. G. SCHAEFER

Dealer in all kinds of

Fresh and Salt Meats

Fine Poultry a specialty

Highest prices paid for fat cattle

PEARL MARKET

1263 Figueroa Street

Telephone West 8

Bookbinders to His Royal Nabobs the American
Citizen, and others

• • We do Art Bookbinding • •

This Book is a sample of our Work

Kaestner & Brown 317 New High Street
next door to Geo. Rice & Sons

GO TO **G. M. STAUB SHOE CO.**

255 S. BROADWAY

FOR FINE SHOES

MISS LUCY WHEELER
STENOGRAPHER AND NOTARY PUBLIC

508 STIMSON BLOCK TEL. MAIN 839 LOS ANGELES, CAL.

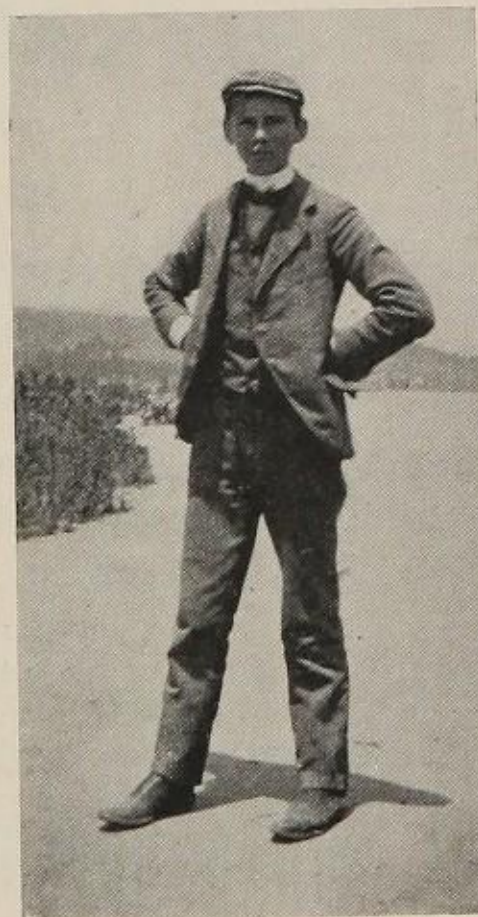
COPYING FOR PLAYS A SPECIALTY

MAY 16,

A. D. NINETEEN HUNDRED.
MR. WILLIAM WIGGINS,



FORMERLY
MASTER WILLIE WIGGINS.
UNDERWENT A CHANGE.



SCHOOL BOOKS

NEW AND
SECOND-HAND



CHURCH AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL
SUPPLIES



FICTION, STANDARD
AND MISCELLANEOUS
BOOKS



STATIONERY AND
COPPER PLATE
ENGRAVING....



FOWLER BROS.
221 WEST SECOND ST.
LOS ANGELES

HICKS

HAS MOVED TO

233 SOUTH
SPRING STREET

Elegant and commodious room
with a large private Banquet
Room.

THE BEST ICE CREAM AND
ICES IN THE CITY

\$1 00 per Gallon

A Fancy Line of chocolates and
Bon-bon Creams. Catering a
specialty.



TEL. MAIN 328

HICKS
233 SOUTH
SPRING ST.

TOWNSEND

MAKER OF

PORTTRAITS

Special Rates
to Students

Carbon-Autypes
in Color
Charming and Imperishable

Platinums, Medallions, Miniatures
and all the Latest Novelties
of the Year

VISITORS WELCOME

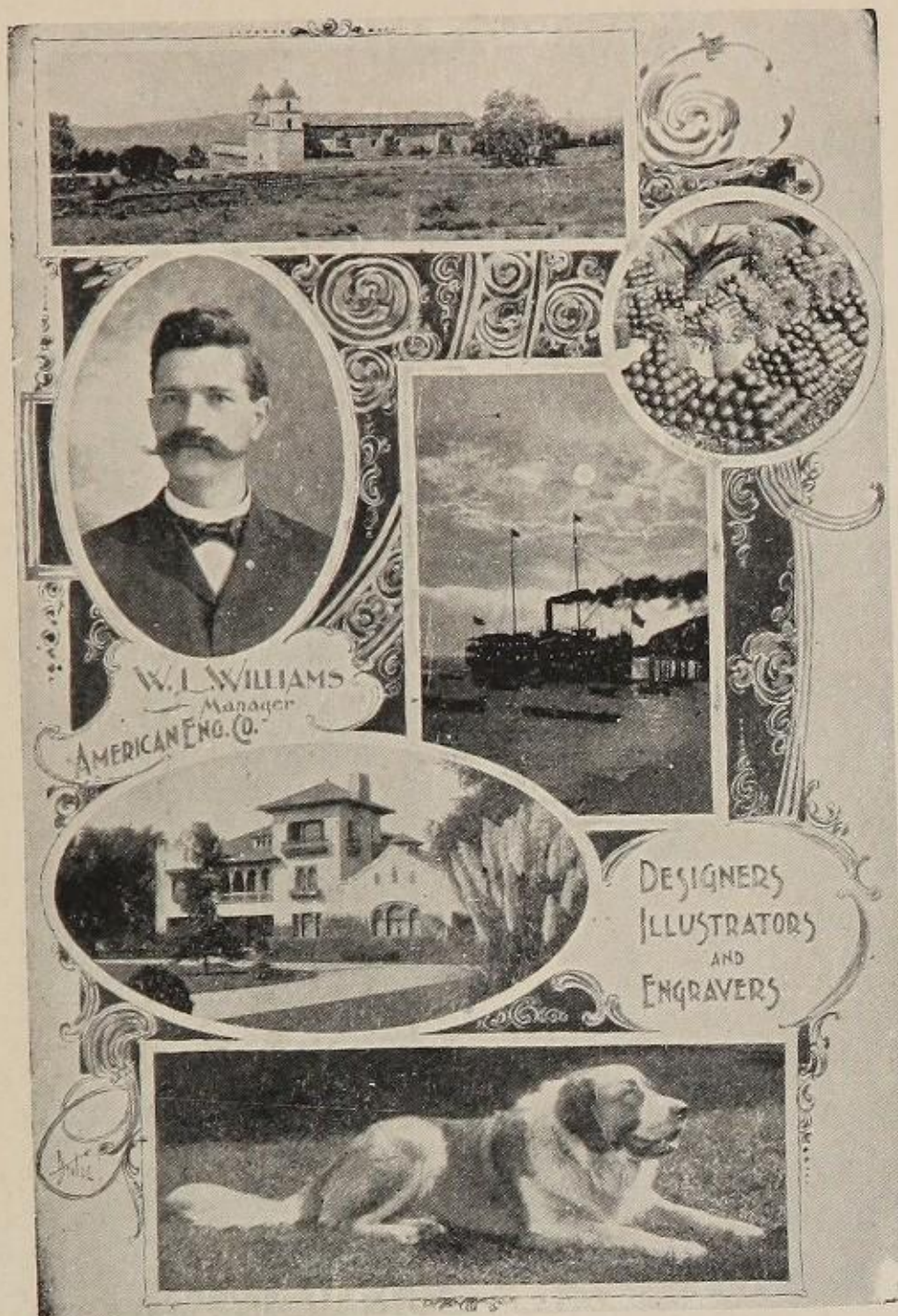
340¹/₂ SOUTH BROADWAY

School Books....

Bought
Sold and
Exchanged

JONES' BOOK STORE

226 West First Street
Los Angeles



Zinc Etchings
High Grade
Half Tones
Just anything for
newspapers or
illustration work
of any kind



Telephone Press 4
or call at
110...
N. Broadway
Los Angeles, Cal.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

By an oversight of the manager's due credit was not given to Lippincott for the elegant pictures he made of the Commercial Course, and the manager wishes to take this opportunity to thank him and also call the reader's attention to the pictures.

Ask Leo Meyberg whose picture he has in his watch.

It is recorded in the office that May Langbean's age is 21. Does this mean years or months?

Baskerville (in astronomy class)—The moon causes the earth to wobble in its course.

Maurice Armstrong—It is called a magnet because it was found where it was discovered.



DO YOU KNOW THAT

SANTA MONICA

IS THE FINEST SEASIDE RESORT ON THE PACIFIC
COAST?

THAT'S NO "JOSH"

If you want to go down there
you will take the . . .

 **Santa Monica Cars**

WITH A CHOICE OF THREE ROUTES

Take the new Hollywood line and see what you will
see. Get your money's worth by riding on the best
up-to-date

ELECTRIC RAILROAD

in the United States, and

THAT'S NO "JOSH"

If you want a Trolly Party with an evening at the
ball-room of the Arcadia, you will engage a special
car immediately to avoid the rush, for

EVERYBODY GOES TO SANTA MONICA

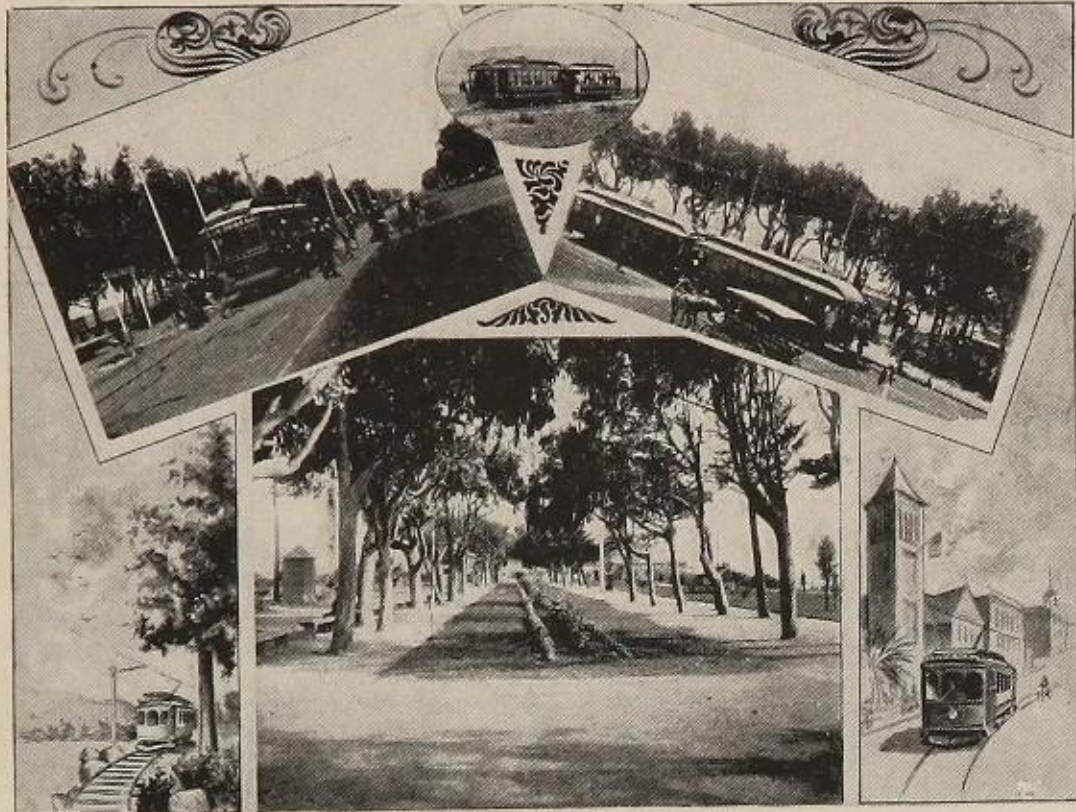


Office of....

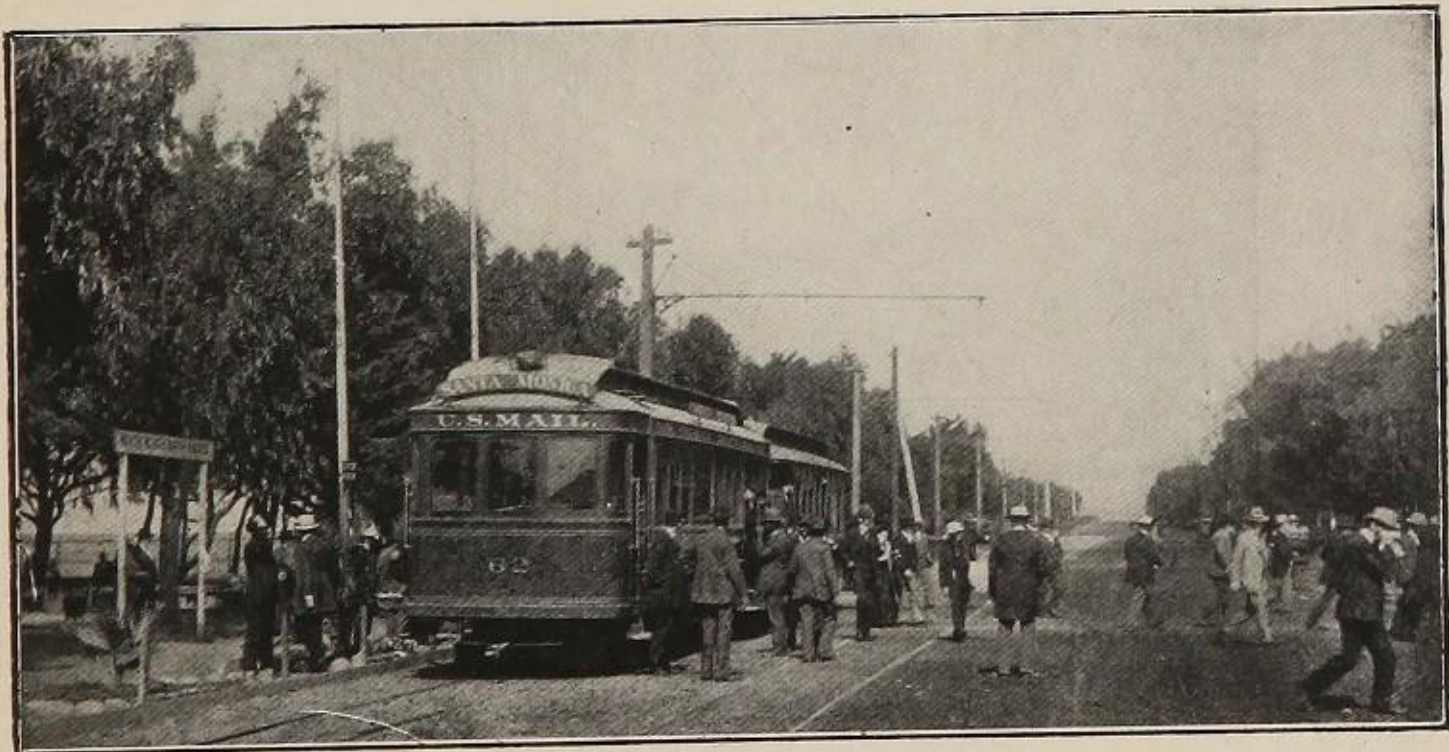
LOS ANGELES PACIFIC

RAILROAD

On Fourth Street between
Spring and Broadway



Scenes on the Los Angeles Pacific Railroad and the Santa Monica Terminal



Arrival at Santa Monica

